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THE

WORKS

OF

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JOHN DONNE, D.D.,

DEAN OF SAINT PAUL'S,

1621—1631.

WITH A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

BY

HENRY ALFORD, M.A.,

VICAR OF WYMESWOLD, LEICESTERSHIRE, AND LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.

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SERMONS.

SERMON CXLVII.

A SERMON PREACHED TO QUEEN ANNE, AT DENMARK-HOUSE, DECEMBER 14, 1617.

PROVERBS viii. 17.

I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.

As the prophets, and the other secretaries of the Holy Ghost in penning the books of Scriptures, do for the most part retain, and express in their writings some impressions, and some air of their former professions; those that had been bred in courts and cities, those that had been shepherds and herdsmen, those that had been fishers, and so of the rest; ever inserting into their writings some phrases, some metaphors, some allusions, taken from that profession which they had exercised before; so that soul, that hath been transported upon any particular worldly pleasure, when it is entirely turned upon God, and the contemplation of his all-sufficiency and abundance, doth find in God fit subject, and just occasion to exercise the same affection piously, and religiously, which had before so sinfully transported, and possessed it.

A covetous person, who is now truly converted to God, he will exercise a spiritual covetousness still, he will desire to have him all, he will have good security, the seal and assurance of the Holy Ghost; and he will have his security often renewed by new testimonies, and increases of those graces in him; he will have witnesses enough; he will have the testimony of all the world, by his good life and conversation; he will gain every way at God's hand, he will have wages of God, for he will be his servant; he will have a portion from God, for he will be his son; he will have a reversion, he will be sure that his name is in the book of

life; he will have pawns, the seals of the sacraments, nay, he will have a present possession; all that God hath promised, all that Christ hath purchased, all that the Holy Ghost hath the stewardship and dispensation of, he will have all in present, by the appropriation and investiture of an actual and applying faith; a covetous person converted will be spiritually covetous still.

So will a voluptuous man, who is turned to God, find plenty and deliciousness enough in him, to feed his soul, as with marrow, and with fatness, as David expresses it; and so an angry and passionate man, will find zeal enough in the house of God to eat him up.

All affections which are common to all men, and those to which in particular, particular men have been addicted to, shall not only be justly employed upon God, but also securely employed, because we cannot exceed, nor go too far in employing them upon him. According to this rule, St. Paul, who had been so vehement a persecutor, had ever his thoughts exercised upon that; and thereupon after his conversion, he fulfils the rest of the sufferings of Christ in his flesh[1], he suffers most, he makes most mention of his suffering of any of the apostles.

And according to this rule too, Solomon, whose disposition was amorous, and excessive in the love of women, when he turned to God, he departed not utterly from his old phrase and language, but having put a new, and a spiritual tincture, and form and habit in all his thoughts, and words, he conveys all his loving approaches and applications to God, and all God's gracious answers to his amorous soul, into songs, and epithalamians, and meditations upon contracts, and marriages between God and his church, and between God and his soul; as we see so evidently in all his other writings, and particularly in this text, *I love them*, &c.

In which words is expressed all that belongs to love, all which, is to desire, and to enjoy; for to desire without fruition, is a rage, and to enjoy without desire is a stupidity: in the first alone we think of nothing, but that which we then would have; and in the second alone, we are not for that, when we have it; in the first, we are without it; in the second, we were as good as we

[1] Col. i. 24.

were, for we have no pleasure in it; nothing then can give us satisfaction, but where those two concur, *amare* and *frui*, to love and to enjoy.

In sensual love it is so; *Quid erat quod me delectabat, nisi amare et amari*[1]? I take no joy in this world, but in loving, and in being beloved; in sensual love it is so, but in sensual love, when we are come so far; there is no satisfaction in that; the same father confesseth more of himself, than any commission, any oath would have put him to, *Amatus sum, et perveni occulte ad fruendum, I had all I desired*, and I had it with that advantage of having it secretly; but what got I by all that, *Ut cæderer virgis ardentibus ferreis, zeli suspicionis et rixarum;* nothing but to be scourged with burning iron rods, rods of jealousy, of suspicion, and of quarrels; but in the love and enjoying of this text, there is no room for jealousy, nor suspicion, nor quarrelsome complaining.

In this text then you may be pleased to consider these two things, *Quid amare, quid frui*, what the affection of this love is, what is the blessedness of this enjoying: but in the first of these, we must first consider the persons, who are the lovers in this text; for there are persons that are incredible, though they say they love, because they are accustomed to falsehood; and there are persons which are unrequitable, though they be believed to love, because they love not where, and as they should. When we have found the persons, in a second consideration we shall look upon the affection itself, what is the love in this text; and then after that, upon the bond, and union and condition of this love, that it is mutual, *I love them that love me;* and having passed those three branches of the first part, we shall in the second, which is enjoying, consider first, that this enjoying, is expressed in the word finding; and then that this finding requires two conditions, a seeking, and an early seeking, *And they that seek me early shall find me.*

The person that professes love in this place is wisdom herself, as appears at the beginning of the chapter; so that *sapere et amare*, to be wise and to love, which perchance never met before nor since, are met in this text: but whether this wisdom, so

[1] Augustine.

frequently mentioned in this Book of Proverbs, be *sapientia creata* or *increata*, whether it be the wisdom, or the root of wisdom, Christ Jesus, hath been diversely debated: the occasion grew in that great council of Nice, where the catholic fathers understood this wisdom, to be intended of Christ himself, and then the Arian heretics pressed some places of this book, where such things seemed to them to be spoken of wisdom, as could not be appliable to any but to a creature; and that therefore if Christ were this wisdom, Christ must necessarily be a creature, and not God.

We will not dispute those things over again now, they are clearly enough, and largely enough set down in that council; but since there is nothing said of wisdom in all this book, which hath not been by good expositors applied to Christ, much more may we presume the lover in this text, (though presented in the name of wisdom) to be Christ himself, and so we do.

To show the constancy and durableness of this love, the lover is a he, that is Christ; to show the vehemency and earnestness of it, the lover is a she, that is wisdom, as it is often expressed in this chapter, she crieth, she uttereth her voice; yea in one place of the Bible (and only in that one place I think) where Moses would express an extraordinary, and vehement and passionate indignation in God against his people, when as it is in that text, his wrath was kindled, and grievously kindled, there, and only there[3], doth Moses attribute even to God himself the feminine sex, and speaks to God in the original language, as if he should have called him *Deam Iratam*, an angry she God; all that is good then, either in the love of man or woman, is in this love; for he is expressed in both sexes, man and woman; and all that can be ill in the love of either sex, is purged away, for the man in no other man than Christ Jesus, and the woman no other woman, than wisdom herself, even the uncreated wisdom of God himself.

Now all this is but one person, the person that professes love; who is the other, who is the beloved of Christ, is not so easily discerned: in the love between persons in this world, and of this world, we are often deceived with outward signs; we often

[3] Numb. xi. 15.

miscall and misjudge civil respects, and mutual courtesies; and a delight in one another's conversation, and such other indifferent things, as only malignity, and curiosity, and self-guiltiness, makes to be misinterpretable, we often call these love; but neither amongst ourselves, much less between Christ and ourselves, are these outward appearances always signs of love.

This person then, this beloved soul, is not every one, to whom Christ sends a loving message, or writes to; for his letters, the Scriptures, are directed to all; not every one he wishes well to, and swears that he does so, for so he doth to all; *As I live (saith the Lord) I would not the death of a sinner;* not every one that he sends jewels, and presents to; for they are often snares to corrupt, as well as arguments of love; not though he admit them to his table and supper, for even there the devil entered into Judas with a sop; not though he receive them to a kiss, for even with that familiarity Judas betrayed him; not though he betroth himself as he did to the Jews, *Sponsabo te mihi in æternum*[4]; not though he make jointures, *in pacto salis*, in a covenant of salt, an everlasting covenant; not though he have communicated his name to them, which is an act of marriage; for to how many hath he said: *Ego dixi, Dii estis*, I have said you are God's; and yet they have been reprobates; not all these outward things amount so far, as to make us discern who is this beloved person; for himself says of the Israelites, to whom he had made all these demonstrations of love, yet after, for their abominations, divorced himself from them, *I have forsaken mine house, I have left mine own heritage, I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies*[5]. To conclude this person beloved of Christ, is only that soul, that loves Christ; but that belongs to the third branch of this first part, which is the mutual love: but first having found the person, we are to consider the affection itself, the love of this text; it is an observation of Origen's, that though these three words, *Amor, dilectio*, and *charitas*, love, and affection, and good will, be all of one signification in the Scriptures, yet says he, wheresoever there is danger of representing to the fancy a lascivious and carnal love, the Scripture forbears the word love, and uses either affection, or

[4] Hosea ii. 14. [5] Jer. xii. 7.

good will; and where there is no such danger, the Scripture comes directly to this word love, of which Origen's examples are, that when Isaac bent his affections upon Rebecca, and Jacob upon Rachel, in both places it is *dilexit*, and not *amavit;* and and when it is said in the Canticles[6], *I charge you, daughters of Jerusalem, to tell my well-beloved*, it is not to tell him that she was in love, but to tell him, *quod vulneratæ charitatis sum;* that I am wounded with an affection and good will towards him; but in this Book of Proverbs, in all the passages between Christ and the beloved soul, there is evermore a free use of this word, *Amor*, love; because it is even in the first apprehension, a pure, a chaste, and an undefiled love, *Eloquia Dominis casta*, says David, All the words of the Lord, and all their words that love the Lord, all discourses, all that is spoken to or from the soul, is all full of chaste love, and of the love of chastity.

Now though this love of Christ to our souls be too large to shut up, or comprehend in any definition, yet if we content ourselves with the definition of the schools, *Amare est velle alicui quod bonum est*, Love is nothing but a desire, that they whom we love should be happy: we may easily discern the advantage and profit which we have by this love in the text, when he that wishes us this good, by loving us, is author of all good himself, and may give us as much as pleases him, without impairing his own infinite treasure; he loves us as his ancient inheritance, as the first amongst his creatures in the creation of the world, which he created for us: he loves us more as his purchase, whom he hath bought with his blood; for even man takes most pleasure in things of his own getting; but he loves us most for our improvement, when by his ploughing up of our hearts, and the dew of his grace, and the seed of his word, we come to give greater scent, in the fruit of sanctification than before. And since he loves us thus, and that in him, this love is *velle bonum*, a desire that his beloved should be happy, what soul amongst us shall doubt, that when God hath such an abundant, and infinite treasure, as the merit and passion of Christ Jesus, sufficient to save millions of worlds, and yet, many millions in this world (all the heathen excluded from any interest therein) when God hath a

[6] Cant. v. 8.

kingdom so large, as that nothing limits it, and yet he hath banished many natural subjects thereof, even those legions of angels which were created in it, and are fallen from it; what soul amongst us shall doubt, but that he that hath thus much, and loves thus much, will not deny her a portion in the blood of Christ, or a room in the kingdom of heaven? No soul can doubt it except it have been a witness to itself, and be so still, that it love not Christ Jesus, for that is a condition necessary: and that is the third branch to which we are come now in our order; that this love be mutual, *I love them*, &c.

If any man loves not our Lord Jesus, let him be accursed, says the apostle; now the first part of this curse is upon the indisposition to love; he that loves not at all is first accursed. That stupid inconsideration, which passes on drowsily, and negligently upon God's creatures, that sullen indifferency in one's disposition, to love one thing no more than another, not to value, not to choose, not to prefer, that stoniness, that inhumanity, not to be affected, not to be entendered, to wear those things which God hath made objects and subjects of affections; that which St. Paul places in the bottom, and lees, and dregs of all the sins of the Jews, to be without natural affections[7], this distemper, this ill complexion, this ill nature of the soul, is under the first part of this curse, if any man love not; for he that loves not, knows not God, for God is love.

But this curse determines not upon that, neither is it principally directed upon that, not loving; for as we say in the schools, *Amor est primus actus voluntatis*, The first thing that the will of man does, is to affect, to choose, to love something; and it is scarce possible to find any man's will so idle, so barren, as that it hath produced no act at all; and therefore the first act being love, scarce any man can be found, that doth not love something: but the curse extends, yea is principally intended upon him that loves not Christ Jesus; though he love the creature, and orderly enough; yea, though he love God, as a great and incomprehensible power, yet if he love not Christ Jesus, if he acknowledge not, that all that passes between God and him, is in, and for Christ Jesus, let him be accursed, for all his love.

[7] Rom. i. 30.

Now there are but two that can be loved, God and the creature: and of the creatures, that must necessarily be best loved, which is nearest us, which we understand best and reflect most upon, and that is ourselves; for, for the love of other creatures, it is but a secondary love; if we love God, we love them for his sake; if we love ourselves, we love them for our sakes: now to love ourselves is only allowable, only proper to God himself; for this love is a desire, that all honour, and praise, and glory should be attributed to one's self, and it can be only proper to God to desire that: to love ourselves then, is the greatest treason we can commit against God; and all love of the creatures determines in the love of ourselves: for though sometimes we may say, that we love them better than ourselves; and though we give so good (that is, indeed, so ill testimony) that we do so, that we neglect ourselves, both our religion and our discretion for their sakes, whom we pretend to love, yet all this is but a secondary love, and with relation still to ourselves and our own contentments: for is this love which we bear to other creatures, within that definition of love, *velle bonum amato*, to wish that which we love, happy; doth any ambitious man love honour or office therefore, because he thinks that title, or that place should receive a dignity by his having it, or an excellency by his executing it? doth any covetous man love a house or horse therefore, because he thinks that house or horse should be happy in such a master or such rider? doth any licentious man covet or solicit a woman therefore, because he thinks it a happiness to her, to have such a servant? No, it is only himself that is within the definition, *vult bonum sibi*, he wishes well (as he mistakes it) to himself, and he is content, that the slavery, and dishonour, and ruin of others should contribute to make up his imaginary happiness.

O dementiam nescientem amare homines humaniter[a]*!* What a perverse madness is it, to love a creature and not as a creature, that is, with all the adjuncts, and circumstances, and qualities of a creature, of which the principal is that, that love raise us to the contemplation of the Creator; for if it be so, we may love ourselves, as we are the images of God; and so we may love other men, as they are the images of us, and our nature; yea, as

[a] Augustine.

they are the members of the same body; for *omnes homines una humanitas*, all men make up but one mankind, and so we love other creatures, as we all meet in our Creator, in whom princes and subjects, angels and men, and worms are fellow servants.

Si male amaveris, tunc odisti[9]; If thou hast loved thyself, or any body else principally, or so, that when thou dost any act of love, thou canst not say to thine own conscience, I do this for God's sake, and for his glory; if thou hast loved so, thou hast hated thyself, and him whom thou hast loved, and God whom thou shouldest love.

Si bene oderis, says the same father, If thou hast hated as thou shouldest hate, if thou hast hated thine own internal temptations, and the outward solicitations of others, *amasti*, then thou hast expressed a manifold act of love, of love to thy God, and love to his image, thyself, and love to thine image, that man whom thy virtue and thy example hath declined, and kept from offending his, and thy God.

And as this affection, love, doth belong to God principally, that is, rather than to anything else, so doth it also principally another way, that is, rather than any affection else; for, the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, but the love of God is the consummation, that is, the marriage, and union of thy soul, and thy Saviour.

But can we love God when we will? do we not find, that in the love of some other things, or some courses of life, of some ways in our actions, and of some particular persons, that we would fain love them, and cannot? when we can object nothing against it, when we can multiply arguments, why should we love them, yet we cannot: but it is not so towards God; every man may love him, that will; but can every man have this will, this desire? Certainly we cannot begin this love; except God love us first, we cannot love him; but God doth love us all so well, from the beginning, as that every man may see the fault was in the perverseness of his own will, that he did not love God better. If we look for the root of this love, it is in the Father; for, though the death of Christ be towards us, as a root, as a cause of our love, and of the acceptableness of it, yet *Meritum Christi est*

[9] Augustine.

affectum amoris Dei erga nos[10], The death of Christ was but an effect of the love of God towards us, *So God loved the world that he gave his Son:* if he had not loved us first, we had never had his Son; here is the root then, the love of the Father, and the tree, the merit of the Son; except there be fruit too, love in us, to them again, both root and tree will wither in us, howsoever they grew in God. *I have loved thee with an everlasting love,* (says God) *therefore with mercy I have drawn thee*[11], if therefore we do not perceive, that we are drawn to love again by this love, it is not an everlasting love, that shines upon us.

All the sunshine, all the glory of this life, though all these be testimonies of God's love to us, yet all these bring but a winter's day, a short day, and a cold day, and a dark day, for except we love too, God doth not love with an everlasting love: God will not suffer his love to be idle, and since it profits him nothing, if it profits us nothing neither, he will withdraw it; *Amor Dei ut lumen ignis, ut splendor solis, ut odor lucis, non præbenti proficit, sed utenti*[12], The sun hath no benefit by his own light, nor the fire by his own heat, nor a perfume by the sweetness thereof, but only they who make their use, and enjoy this heat and fragrancy; and this brings us to our other part, to pass from loving to enjoying.

Tulerunt Dominum meum, They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him; this was one strain of Mary Magdalen's lamentation, when she found not her Saviour in the monument: it is a lamentable case to be fain to cry so, *Tulerunt,* They have taken, other men have taken away Christ, by a dark and corrupt education, which was the state of our fathers to the Roman captivity. But when the *abjecerunt Dominum,* which is so often complained of by God in the prophets, is pronounced against thee, when thou hast had Christ offered to thee, by the motions of his grace, and sealed to thee by his sacraments, and yet wilt cast him so far from thee, that thou knowest not where to find him, when thou hast poured him out at thine eyes in profane and counterfeit tears, which should be thy soul's rebaptization for thy sins, when thou hast blown him

[10] Augustine. [11] Jer. xxxi. 3. [12] Ambrose.

away in corrupt and ill intended sighs, which should be *gemitus columbæ*, the voice of the turtle, to sound thy peace and reconciliation with God; yea when thou hast spit him out of thy mouth in execrable and blasphemous oaths; when thou hast not only cast him so far, as that thou knowest not where to find him, but hast made so ordinary and so indifferent a thing of sin, as thou knowest not when thou didst lose him, no nor dost not remember that ever thou hadst him; no, nor dost not know that there is any such man, as *Dominus tuus*, a Jesus, that is, thy Lord. The *tulerunt* is dangerous, when others hide Christ from thee; but the *abjecerunt* is desperate, when thou thyself dost cast him away.

To lose Christ may befall the most righteous man that is; but then he knows where he left him; he knows at what sin he lost his way, and where to seek it again; even Christ's imagined father and his true mother, Joseph and Mary, lost him, and lost him in the holy city, at Jerusalem; they lost him and knew it not, they lost him and went a day's journey without him, and thought him to be in the company; but as soon as they deprehended their error, they sought and they found him, when as his mother told him, his father and she had sought with a heavy heart: alas, we may lose him at Jerusalem, even in his own house, even at this present, whilst we pretend to do him service; we may lose him, by suffering our thoughts to look back with pleasure upon the sins which we have committed, or to look forward with greediness upon some sin that is now in our purpose and prosecution; we may lose him at Jerusalem, how much more, if our dwelling be a Rome of superstition and idolatry, or if it be a Babylon in confusion, and mingling God and the world together, or if it be a Sodom, a wanton and intemperate misuse of God's benefits to us, we may think him in the company when he is not, we may mistake his house, we may take a conventicle for a church; we may mistake his apparel, that is, the outward form of his worship; we may mistake the person, that is, associate ourselves to such as are no members of his body: but if we do not return to our diligence to seek him, and seek him, and seek him with a heavy heart, though we begun with a *tulerunt*, other men, other temptations took him away, yet we end in an

abjecerunt, we ourselves cast him away, since we have been told where to find him, and have not sought him: and let no man be afraid to seek or find him for fear of the loss of good company; religion is no sullen thing, it is not a melancholy, there is not so sociable a thing as the love of Christ Jesus.

It was the first word which he who first found Christ of all the apostles, St. Andrew, is noted to have said, *Invenimus Messiam*, We have found the Messias, and it is the first act that he is noted to have done, after he had found him, to seek his brother Peter, *Et duxit ad Jesum*[13], so communicable a thing is the love of Jesus, when we have found him.

But when are we likeliest to find him? It is said by Moses, of the words and precepts of God, *They are not hid from thee, neither are far off*[14], not in heaven that thou shouldst say; Who shall go up to heaven for us to bring them down? nor beyond the seas, that thou shouldest go over the sea for them; but the word is very near thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; and so near thee is Christ Jesus, or thou shalt never find him; thou must not so think him in heaven, as that thou canst not have immediate access to him without intercession of others, nor so beyond sea, as to seek him in a foreign church, either where the church is but an antiquary's cabinet, full of rags and fragments of antiquity, but nothing fit for that use for which it was first made, or where it is so new a built house with bare walls, that it is yet unfurnished of such ceremonies as should make it comely and reverend; Christ is at home with thee, he is at home within thee, and there is the nearest way to find him.

It is true, that Christ in the beginning of this chapter, shadowed under the name of Wisdom, when he discovers where he may be found, speaks in the person of human wisdom as well as divine, Doth not wisdom cry, and understanding utter her voice? where those two words, *wisdom* and *understanding*, signify *sapientiam*, and *prudentiam;* that wisdom whose object is God, and that which concerns our conversation in this world; for Christ hath not taken so narrow a dwelling, as that he may be found but one way, or in one profession; for in all professions, in all nations, in all vocations, when all our actions in our several

[13] John i. 34. [14] Deut. xxx. 11

courses are directed principally upon his glory, Christ is eminent, and may easily be found. To that purpose in that place, Christ, in the person of Wisdom, offers himself to be found in the tops of high places, and in the gates of cities; to show that this Christ, and this wisdom which must save our souls, is not confined to cloisters and monasteries, and speculative men only, but is also evidently and eminently to be found in the courts of religious princes, in the tops of high places, and in the courts of justice (in the gates of the city) both these kinds of courts may have more directions from him than other places; but yet in these places he is also gloriously and conspicuously to be found; for wheresoever he is, he cries aloud, as the text says there, and he utters his voice. Now temptations to sin, are all but whisperings, and we are afraid that a husband, that a father, that a competitor, that a rival, a pretender, at least the magistrate may hear of it; temptations to sin are all but whisperings; private conventicles and clandestine worshipping of God in a forbidden manner, in corners, are all but whisperings; it is not the voice of Christ, except thou hear him cry aloud, and utter his voice, so as thou mayest confidently do whatsoever he commands thee, in the eye of all the world; he is everywhere to be found, he calls upon thee every where, but yet there belongs a diligence on thy part, thou must seek him.

Esaias is bold (says St. Paul) and says, *I was found of them that sought me not*, when that prophet derives the love of God to the Gentiles, who could seek God no where but in the book of creatures, and were destitute of all other lights to seek him by, and yet God was found by them; Esaias is bold (cries the apostle[15]) that is, It was a great degree of confidence in Esaias, to say, *That God was found of them that sought him not:* it was a boldness and confidence, which no particular man may have; that Christ will be found, except he be sought; he gives us light to seek him by, but he is not found till we have sought him; it is true that in that commandment of his, *Primum quærite regnum Dei;* First seek the kingdom of God; the *primum* is not to prevent God, that we should seek it before he shows it, that is impossible; without the light of grace we dwell in darkness, and

[15] Rom. x. 20.

in the shadow of death; but the *primum* is; that we should seek it before we seek anything else, that when the sun of grace is risen to us, the first thing that we do be to seek Christ Jesus: *Quærite me et vivetis*, Seek me, and ye shall live[16], Why? we were alive before, else we could not seek him, but it is a promise of another life, of an eternal life, if we seek him, and seek him early, which is our last consideration.

The word there used for early, signifies properly *auroram*, the morning, and is usually transferred in Scriptures to any beginning of any action; so in particular, *Evil shall come upon thee, and thou shalt not know, shakrah*, the morning, the beginning of it[17]; and therefore this text is elegantly translated by one, *Aurorantes ad me*, They that have their break of day towards me, they that send forth their first morning beams towards me, their first thoughts, they shall be sure to find me. St. Hierome expresses this early diligence, required in us, well in his translation, *Qui mane vigilaverint;* They that wake betimes in the morning shall find me; but the Chaldee paraphrase better, *Qui mane consurgunt*, They that rise betimes in the morning shall find me; for which of us doth not know that we waked long ago, that we saw day, and had heretofore some motions to find Christ Jesus: but though we were awake, we have kept our bed still, we have continued still in our former sins; so that there is more to be done than waking: we see the spouse herself says, *In my bed, by night, I sought him whom my soul loved, but I have found him not*[18]; Christ may be sought in the bed, and missed; other thoughts may exclude him; and he may be sought there and found, we may have good meditations there; and Christ may be nearer us when we are asleep in our beds, than when we are awake; but howsoever the bed is not his ordinary station; he may be, and he says he will be, at the making of the bed of the sick, but not at the marriage of the bed of the wanton, and licentious.

[16] Amos v. 4.

[17] Isaiah xlvii. 11. שַׁחְרָהּ, auroram. But this more probably means, "a morning after the night of evil;" although all the versions render it otherwise.—Ed.

[18] Cant. iii. 1.

To make haste, the circumstance only required here, is that he be sought early; and to invite thee to it, consider how early he sought thee; it is a great mercy that he stays so long for thee; it was more to seek thee so early: Dost thou not feel that he seeks thee now, in offering his love and desiring thine? Canst not thou remember that he sought thee yesterday, that is, that some temptations besieged thee then, and he sought thee out by his grace, and preserved thee? and hath he not sought thee so, so early, as from the beginning of thy life? nay, dost thou not remember that after thou hadst committed that sin, he sought thee by imprinting some remorse, some apprehension of his judgments, and so *Miro et divino modo, et quando te oderat diligebat*[19], By a miraculous and powerful working of his Spirit, he threatened thee, when he comforted thee, he loved thee when he chid thee, he sought thee when he drove thee from him; he hath sought thee amongst the infinite numbers of false and fashional Christians, that he might bring thee out from the hypocrite, to serve him in earnest, and in holiness, and in righteousness; he sought thee before that amongst the herd of the nations and Gentiles, who had no church to bring thee into his inclosures and pastures, his visible church, and to feed thee with his word and sacraments; he sought thee before that, in the catalogue of all his creatures, where he might have left thee a stone, or a plant, or a beast; and then he gave thee an immortal soul, capable of all his future blessings; yea, before this he sought thee, when thou wast no where, nothing, he brought thee then, the greatest step of all, from being nothing, to be a creature; how early did he seek thee, when he sought thee in Adam's confused loins, and out of that leavened and sour loaf in which we were all kneaded up, out of that *massa damnata*, that refuse and condemnable lump of dough, he sought and severed out that grain which thou shouldst be; yea, millions of millions of generations before all this, he sought thee in his own eternal decree; and in that first Scripture of his, which is as old as himself, in the book of life, he wrote thy name in the blood of that Lamb which was slain for thee, not only from the beginning of this world, but from the writing of that eternal decree of thy salvation. Thus early had he sought thee

[19] Gregory.

in the church amongst hypocrites; out of the church amongst the heathen; in his creatures amongst creatures of an ignoble nature, and in the first vacuity, when thou wast nothing he sought thee so early as in Adam, so early as in the book of life, and when wilt thou think it a fit time to seek him?

There is an earliness which will not serve thy turn, when afflictions, and anguish, shall come upon thee; *They shall seek me early, and shall not find me*[20], early in respect of the punishment, at the beginning of that; but this is late in respect of thy fault, or of thine age, when thou art grown old, in the custom of sin; for thus we may misuse this early, and make it serve all ill uses, if we will say, we will leave covetousness early, that is, as soon as we are rich enough; incontinence early, that is, as soon as we are old or sick; ambition early, that is, as soon as we have overthrown and crushed our enemies irrecoverably; for thus, we shall by this habit, carry on this early to our late and last hour, and say, We will repent early, that is, as soon as the bell begins to toll for us.

It is good for a man that he bear his yoke in his youth, that he seek Christ early, for even God himself, when he had given over his people to be afflicted by the Chaldeans, yet complains of the Chaldeans, that they laid heavy loads upon old men[21]; though this yoke of this amorous seeking of Christ be a light yoke, yet it is too heavy for an old man, that hath never used himself in all his life to bear it; even this spiritual love will not suit well with an old man, if he never began before, if he never loved Christ in his youth, even this love will be an unwieldy thing in his age.

Yet if we have omitted our first early, our youth, there is one early left for us; this minute; seek Christ early, now, now, as soon as his Spirit begins to shine upon your hearts. Now as soon as you begin your day of regeneration, seek him the first minute of this day, for you know not whether this day shall have two minutes or no, that is, whether his Spirit, that descends upon you now, will tarry and rest upon you or not, as it did upon Christ at his baptism.

Therefore shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto

[20] Prov. i. 28. [21] Isaiah xlvi. 6.

thee O God, in a time when thou mayest be found[21]; we acknowledge this to be that time, and we come to thee now early, with the confession of thy servant Augustine, *Sero te amavi, pulchritudo tam antiqua, tam nova;* O glorious beauty, infinitely reverend, infinitely fresh and young, we come late to thy love, if we consider the past days of our lives, but early if thou beest pleased to reckon with us from this hour of the shining of thy grace upon us; and therefore O God, as thou hast brought us safely to the beginning of this day, as thou hast not given us over to a final perishing in the works of night and darkness, as thou hast brought us to the beginning of this day of grace, so defend us in the same with thy mighty power, and grant that this day, this day of thy visitation, we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger, no such sin, no such danger as may separate us from thee, or frustrate us of our hopes in that eternal kingdom which thy Son our Saviour Christ Jesus hath purchased for us, with the inestimable price of his incorruptible blood. *To whom with the Father*, &c.

SERMON CXLVIII.

A SERMON OF VALEDICTION AT MY GOING INTO GERMANY, AT LINCOLN'S INN, APRIL 18, 1619.

ECCLESIASTES xii. 1.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

WE may consider two great virtues, one for the society of this life, thankfulness, and the other for attaining the next life, repentance; as the two precious metals, silver and gold: of silver (of the virtue of thankfulness) there are whole mines, books written by philosophers, and a man may grow rich in that metal, in that virtue, by digging in that mine, in the precepts of moral men; of this gold (this virtue of repentance) there is no mine in the earth; in the book of philosophers, no doctrine of repentance;

[21] Psalm xxxii. 6.

this gold is for the most part in the washes; this repentance in matters of tribulation; but God directs thee to it in this text, before thou come to those waters of tribulation, remember now thy Creator before those evil days come, and then thou wilt repent the not remembering him till now. Here then the Holy Ghost takes the nearest way to bring a man to God, by awaking his memory; for, for the understanding, that requires long and clear instruction; and the will requires an instructed understanding before, and is in itself the blindest and boldest faculty; but if the memory do but fasten upon any of those things which God hath done for us, it is the nearest way to him. Remember therefore, and remember now, though the memory be placed in the hindermost part of the brain, defer not thou thy remembering to the hindermost part of thy life, but do that now *in die*, in the day, whilst thou hast light, now *in diebus*, in the days, whilst God presents thee many lights, many means; and *in diebus juventutis*, in the days of thy youth, of strength, whilst thou art able to do that which thou purposest to thyself; and as the word imports, *bechurotheica*[1], *in diebus electionum tuarum*, in the days of thy choice, whilst thou art able to make thy choice, whilst the grace of God shines so brightly upon thee, as thou mayest choose the way, and so powerfully upon thee, as that thou mayest walk in that way. Now, in this day, and in these days remember first the Creator, that all these things which thou labourest for, and delightest in, were created, made of nothing; and therefore thy memory looks not far enough back, if it stick only upon the creature, and reach not to the Creator, remember thy Creator, and remember thy Creator; and in that, first that he made thee, and then what he made thee; he made thee of nothing, but of that nothing he hath made thee such a thing as cannot return to nothing, but must remain for ever; whether happy or miserable, that depends upon thy *remembering thy Creator now in the days of thy youth.*

First remember; which word is often used in the Scripture for considering and taking care: for, God remembered[2] Noah and every beast with him in the ark; as the word which is contrary

[1] בְּחוּרֹתֶיךָ, from בָּחַר, elegit.—ED. [2] Gen. viii. 1.

to that, forgetting is also for the affection contrary to it, it is neglecting, *Can a woman forget her child, and not have compassion on the son of her womb*[3]? But here we take not remembering so largely, but restrain it to the exercise of that one faculty, the memory; for it is *stomachus animæ*. The memory, says St. Bernard, is the stomach of the soul, it receives and digests, and turns into good blood, all the benefits formerly exhibited to us in particular, and exhibited to the whole church of God: present that which belongs to the understanding, to that faculty, and the understanding is not presently settled in it; present any of the prophecies made in the captivity, and a Jew's understanding takes them for deliverances from Babylon, and a Christian's understanding takes them for deliverances from sin and death, by the Messias Christ Jesus; present any of the prophecies of the Revelation concerning antichrist, and a papist will understand it of a single, and momentane, and transitory man, that must last but three years and a half; and a protestant may understand it of a succession of men, that have lasted so one thousand years already: present but the name of bishop or of elder, out of the Acts of the Apostles, or their epistles, and other men will take it for a name of equality, and parity, and we for a name and office of distinction in the hierarchy of God's church. Thus it is in the understanding that is often perplexed; consider the other faculty, the will of man, by those bitternesses which have passed between the Jesuits and the Dominicans, (amongst other things belonging to the will) whether the same proportion of grace, offered to men alike disposed, must necessarily work alike upon both their wills? And amongst persons nearer to us, whether that proportion of grace, which doth convert a man, might not have been resisted by perverseness of his will? By all these difficulties we may see, how untractable, and untameable a faculty the will of man is. But come not with matter of law, but matter of fact, *Let God make his wonderful works to be had in remembrance*[4]: present the history of God's protection of his children, from the beginning, in the ark, in both captivities, in infinite dangers; present this to the memory, and howsoever the

[3] Isaiah xlviii. 15. [4] Psalm cxi. 4.

understanding be beclouded, or the will perverted, yet both Jew and Christian, Papist and Protestant, Puritan and Protestant, are affected with a thankful acknowledgment of his former mercies and benefits, this issue of that faculty of their memory is alike in them all: and therefore God in giving the law, works upon no other faculty but this, *I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of Egypt;* he only presents to their memory what he had done for them. And so in delivering the Gospel in one principal seal thereof, the sacrament of his body, he recommended it only to their memory, *Do this in remembrance of me.* This is the faculty that God desires to work upon; and therefore if thine understanding cannot reconcile differences in all churches, if thy will cannot submit itself to the ordinances of thine own church, go to thine own memory; for as St. Bernard calls that the stomach of the soul, we may be bold to call it the gallery of the soul, hanged with so many, and so lively pictures of the goodness and mercies of thy God to thee, as that every one of them shall be a catechism to thee, to instruct thee in all thy duties to him for those mercies: and as a well-made, and well-placed picture, looks always upon him that looks upon it; so shall thy God look upon thee, whose memory is thus contemplating him, and shine upon thine understanding, and rectify thy will too. If thy memory cannot comprehend his mercy at large showed to his whole church, (as it is almost an incomprehensible thing, that in so few years he made us of the Reformation, equal even in number to our adversaries of the Roman church,) if thy memory have not held that picture of our general deliverance from the navy; (if that mercy be written in the water and in the sands, where it was performed, and not in thy heart) if thou remember not our deliverance from that artificial hell, the vault, (in which, though his instruments failed of their plot, they did not blow us up; yet the devil goes forward with his plot, if ever he can blow out; if he can get that deliverance to be forgotten.) If these be too large pictures for thy gallery, for thy memory, yet every man hath a pocket-picture about him, Emanuel, a bosom book, and if he will turn over but one leaf, and remember what God hath done for him even since yesterday, he shall find even by that

little branch a navigable river, to sail into that great and endless sea of God's mercies towards him, from the beginning of his being.

Do but remember, but remember now: Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be as the first fruits of his creatures[5]: that as we consecrate all his creatures to him, in a sober, and religious use of them, so as the first fruits of all, we should principally consecrate ourselves to his service betimes. Now there were three payments of first fruits appointed by God to the Jews: the first was, *primitiæ spicarum*, of their ears of corn, and this was early about Easter; the second was *primitiæ panum*, of loaves of bread, after their corn was converted to that use; and this, though it were not so soon, yet it was early too, about Whitsuntide; the third was *primitiæ frugum*, of all their fruits and revenues; but this was very late in Autumn, at the fall of the leaf, in the end of the year. The two first of these, which were offered early, were offered partly to God, and partly to man, to the priest; but in the last, which came late, God had no part: he had his part in the corn, and in the loaves, but none in the latter fruits. Offer thyself to God; first, as *primitias spicarum*, (whether thou glean in the world, or bind up whole sheaves, whether thy increase be by little and little, or apace;) and offer thyself, as *primitias panum*, when thou hast kneaded up riches, and honour, and favour in a settled and established fortune, offer at thy Easter, whensoever thou hast any resurrection, any sense of raising thy soul from the shadow of death; offer at thy Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost visits thee, and descends upon thee in a fiery tongue, and melts thy bowels by the power of his word; for if thou defer thy offering till thy fall, till thy winter, till thy death, howsoever they may be thy first fruits, because they be the first that ever thou gavest, yet they are such, as are not acceptable to God; God hath no portion in them, if they be not offered till then; offer thyself now; for that is an easy request; yea offer to thyself now, that is more easy; *Viximus mundo; vivamus reliquum nobis ipsis*[6]; Thus long we have served the world; let us serve ourselves the rest of our time, that is, the best part of ourselves, our souls, *Expectas ut febris te vocet ad*

[5] James i. 18. [6] Basil.

pœnitentiam? Hadst thou rather a sickness should bring thee to God, than a sermon? Hadst thou rather be beholden to a physician for thy salvation, than to a preacher? Thy business is to remember; stay not for thy last sickness, which may be a lethargy in which thou mayest forget thine own name, and his that gave thee the name of a Christian, Christ Jesus himself: thy business is to remember, and thy time is now, stay not till that angel come which shall say and swear, that time shall be no more[7].

Remember then, and remember now; *In die*, In the day; the Lord will hear us *In die qua invocaverimus*, In the day that we shall call upon him[8]; and in *quacunque die*, In what day soever we call[9], and in *Quacunque die velociter exaudiet*[10], As soon as we call in any day. But all this is *opus diei*, a work for the day; for in the night, in our last night, those thoughts that fall upon us, they are rather dreams, than true rememberings; we do rather dream that we repent, than repent indeed, upon our death-bed. To him that travels by night a bush seems a tree, and a tree seems a man, and a man a spirit; nothing hath the true shape to him; to him that repents by night, on his death-bed, neither his own sins, nor the mercies of God have their true proportion. Fool, says Christ, this night they will fetch away thy soul; but he neither tells him, who they be that shall fetch it, nor whither they shall carry it; he hath no light but lightnings: a sudden flash of horror, first, and then he goes into fire without light, *Numquid Deus nobis ignem pacavit? Non, sed diabolo, et angelis*[11]: Did God ordain hell-fire for us? no, but for the devil, and his angels. And yet we that are vessels so broken, as that there is not a sherd left, to fetch water at the pit, that is, no means in ourselves, to derive one drop of Christ's blood upon us, nor to wring out one tear of true repentance from us, have plunged ourselves into this everlasting, and this dark fire, which was not prepared for us; a wretched covetousness, to be intruders upon the devil; a wretched ambition, to be usurpers upon damnation. God did not make the fire for us; but much less did he make us for that fire; that is, make us to damn us.

[7] Rev. x. 6. [8] Psalm xx. 9. [9] Psalm cxxxviii. 3.
[10] Psalm cii. 2. [11] Chrysostom.

But now the judgment is given, *Ite maledicti*, Go ye accursed; but yet this is the way of God's justice, and his proceeding, that his judgments are not always executed, though they be given. The judgments and sentences of Medes and Persians are irrevocable, but the judgments and sentences of God, if they be given, if they be published, they are not executed. The Ninevites had perished, if the sentence of their destruction had not been given; and the sentence preserved them; so even in this cloud of *Ite maledicti*, Go ye accursed, we may see the day-break, and discern beams of saving light, even in this judgment of eternal darkness; if the contemplation of his judgment brings us to remember him in that day, in the light and apprehension of his anger and correction.

For this circumstance is enlarged; it is not *in die*, but *in diebus*, not in one, but in many days; for God affords us many days, many lights to see and remember him by. This remembrance of God is our regeneration, by which we are new creatures; and therefore we may consider as many days in it, as in the first creation. The first day was the making of light; and our first day is the knowledge of him, who says of himself, *Ego sum lux mundi*, I am the light of the world, and of whom St. John testifies, *Erat lux vera*, He was the true light, that lighteth every man into the world. This is then our first day the true passion of Christ Jesus. God made light first, that the other creatures might be seen; *Frustra essent si non viderentur*[18], It had been to no purpose to have made creatures, if there had been no light to manifest them. Our first day is the light and love of the Gospel; for the noblest creatures of princes, (that is, the noblest actions of princes, war, and peace, and treaties) *frustra sunt*, they are good for nothing, they are nothing, if they be not showed and tried by this light, by the love and preservation of the Gospel of Christ Jesus: God made light first, that his other works might appear, and he made light first, that himself (for our example) might do all his other works in the light: that we also, as we had that light shed upon us in our baptism, so we might make all our future actions justifiable by that light, and not *erubescere evangelium*, not be ashamed of being too jealous in this profession of his

[18] Ambrose.

truth. Then God saw that the light was good: the seeing implies a consideration; that so a religion be not accepted blindly, nor implicitly; and the seeing it to be good implies an election of that religion, which is simply good in itself, and not good by reason of advantage, or conveniency, or other collateral and by-respects. And when God had seen the light, and seen that it was good, then he severed light from darkness; and he severed them, *non tanquam duo positiva*, not as two essential, and positive, and equal things, not so, as that a brighter and a darker religion, (a good and a bad) should both have a being together, but *tanquam positivum et primitivum*, light and darkness are primitive, and positive, and figure this rather, that a true religion should be established, and continue, and darkness utterly removed; and then and not till then, (till this was done, light severed from darkness) there was a day; and since God hath given us this day, the brightness of his Gospel, that this light is first presented, that is, all great actions begun with this consideration of the Gospel; since all other things are made by this light, that is, all have relation to the continuance of the Gospel, since God hath given us such a head, as is sharp-sighted in seeing the several lights, wise in discerning the true light, powerful in resisting foreign darkness; since God hath given us this day, *Qui non humiliabit animam suam in die hac*, as Moses speaks of the days of God's institution[13], he that will not remember God now, in this day, is impious to him, and unthankful to that great instrument of his, by whom this day-spring from on high hath visited us.

To make shorter days of the rest, (for we must pass through all the six days in a few minutes) God in the second day made the firmament to divide between the waters above, and the waters below; and this firmament in us, is *terminus cognoscibilium*, the limits of those things which God hath given man means and faculties to conceive, and understand: he hath limited our eyes with a firmament beset with stars, our eyes can see no farther: he hath limited our understanding in matters of religion with a starry firmament too; that is, with the knowledge of those things, *quæ ubique, quæ semper*, which those stars which he hath kindled in his church, the fathers and doctors, have ever from the begin-

[13] Levit. xxiii.

ning proposed as things necessary to be explicitly believed, for the salvation of our souls; for the eternal decrees of God, and his unrevealed mysteries, and the inextricable perplexities of the school, they are waters above the firmament: here Paul plants, and here Apollos waters; here God raises up men to convey to us the dew of his grace, by waters under the firmament; by visible sacraments, and by the word so preached, and so interpreted, as it hath been constantly, and unanimously from the beginning of the church. And therefore this second day is perfected in the third, in the *congregentur aquæ*, let the waters be gathered together; God hath gathered all the waters, all the waters of life in one place; that is, all the doctrine necessary for the life to come, into his church: and then *producet terra*, here in this world are produced to us all herbs and fruits, all that is necessary for the soul to feed upon. And in this third day's work God repeats here that testimony, *videt quod bonum*, he saw that it was good; good, that here should be a gathering of waters in one place, that is, no doctrine received that had not been taught in the church; and *videt quod bonum*, he saw it was good, that all herbs and trees should be produced that bore seed; all doctrines that were to be proseminated and propagated, and to be continued to the end, should be taught in the church: but for doctrines which were but to vent the passion of vehement men, or to serve the turns of great men for a time, which were not seminal doctrines, doctrines that bore seed, and were to last from the beginning to the end; for these interlineary doctrines, and marginal, which were no part of the first text, here is no testimony that God sees that they are good. And, *In diebus istis*, If in these two days, the day when God makes thee a firmament, shows thee what thou art, to limit thine understanding and thy faith upon, and the day where God makes thee a sea, a collection of the waters, (shows thee where these necessary things must be taught in the church) if in those days thou wilt not remember thy Creator, it is an irrecoverable lethargy.

In the fourth day's work, let the making of the sun to rule the day be the testimony of God's love to thee, in the sunshine of temporal prosperity, and the making of the moon to shine by night, be the refreshing of his comfortable promises in the dark-

ness of adversity; and then remember that he can make thy sun to set at noon, he can blow out thy taper of prosperity when it burns brightest, and he can turn the moon into blood, he can make all the promises of the Gospel, which should comfort thee in adversity, turn into despair and obduration. Let the first day's work, which was the creation *Omnium reptibilium*, and *Omnium volatilium*, Of all creeping things, and of all flying things, produced out of water, signify and denote to thee, either thy humble devotion, in which thou sayest of thyself to God, *Vermis ego et non homo*, I am a worm and no man; or let it be the raising of thy soul in that, *pennas columbæ dedisti*, that God hath given thee the wings of a dove to fly to the wilderness, in a retiring from, or a resisting of temptations of this world; remember still that God can suffer even thy humility to stray, and degenerate into an uncomely dejection and stupidity, and senselessness of the true dignity and true liberty of a Christian: and he can suffer this retiring thyself from the world, to degenerate into a contempt and despising of others, and an overvaluing of thine own perfections. Let the last day in which both man and beasts were made out of the earth, but yet a living soul breathed into man, remember thee that this earth which treads upon thee, must return to that earth which thou treadest upon, thy body, that loads thee, and oppresses thee to the grave, and thy spirit to him that gave it. And when the Sabbath-day hath also remembered thee, that God hath given thee a temporal sabbath, placed thee in a land of peace, and an ecclesiastical sabbath, placed in a church of peace, perfect all in a spiritual sabbath, a conscience of peace, by remembering now thy Creator, at least in one of these days of the week of thy regeneration, either as thou hast light created in thee, in the first day, that is, thy knowledge of Christ; or as thou hast a firmament created in thee the second day, that is, thy knowledge what to seek concerning Christ, things appertaining to faith and salvation; or as thou hast a sea created in thee; the third day, that is, a church where all the knowledge is reserved and presented to thee; or as thou hast a sun and moon in the fourth day, thankfulness in prosperity, comfort in adversity, or as thou hast *reptilem humilitatem*, or *volatilem fiduciam*, a humiliation in thyself, or an exaltation in

Christ, in thy fifth day, or as thou hast a contemplation of thy mortality and immortality in the sixth day, or a desire of a spiritual sabbath in the seventh, in those days remember thou thy Creator.

Now all these days are contracted into less room in this text, *in diebus beckurotheica*, is either, *in the days of thy youth*, or *electionum tuarum*, in the days of thy heart's desire, when thou enjoyest all that thou couldest wish. First, therefore if thou wouldest be heard in David's prayer; *Delicta juventutis;* O Lord remember not the sins of my youth[14]; remember to come to this prayer, *In diebus juventutis*, In the days of thy youth. Job remembers with much sorrow, how he was in the days of his youth, when God's providence was upon his tabernacle[15]: and it is a late, but a sad consideration, to remember with what tenderness of conscience, what scruples, what remorses we entered into sins in our youth, how much we were afraid of all degrees and circumstances of sin for a little while, and how indifferent things they are grown to us, and how obdurate we are grown in them now. This was Job's sorrow, and this was Tobias' comfort[16], when I was but young, all my tribes fell away; but I alone went after to Jerusalem. Though he lacked the counsel, and the example in his elders, yet he served God; for it is good for a man, that he bear his yoke in his youth[17]: for even when God had delivered over his people purposely to be afflicted, yet himself complains in their behalf, *That the persecutor laid the very heaviest yoke upon the ancient*[18]: it is a lamentable thing to fall under a necessity of suffering in our age, *Labore fracta instrumenta, ad Deum ducis, quorum nullus usus*[19]? Wouldest thou consecrate a chalice to God that is broken? no man would present a lame horse, a disordered clock, a torn book to the king; *Caro jumentum*[20], Thy body is thy beast; and wilt thou present that to God, when it is lamed and tired with excess of wantonness? When thy clock, (the whole course of thy time) is disordered with passions, and perturbations; when thy book (the history of thy life,) is torn, a thousand sins of thine own torn out of thy memory, wilt thou then present thyself thus defaced and mangled to Almighty God? *Tempe-*

[14] Psalm xxv. 7. [15] Job xxix. 4. [16] Tobit i. 4. [17] Lam. iii. 27.
[18] Isaiah xlvii. 6. [19] Basil. [20] Augustine.

rantia non est temperantia in senectute, sed impotentia incontinentiæ[21], Chastity is not chastity in an old man, but a disability to be unchaste; and therefore thou dost not give God that which thou pretendest to give, for thou hast no chastity to give him. *Senex bis puer;* but it is not *bis juvenis*, an old man comes to the infirmities of childhood again; but he comes not to the strength of youth again.

Do this then *in diebus juventutis*, in thy best strength, and when thy natural faculties are best able to concur with grace; but do it; *in diebus electionum*, in the days when thou hast thy heart's desire; for if thou have worn out this word, in one sense, that it be too late now, to remember him in the days of youth, that is, spent forgetfully, yet as long as thou art able to make a new choice, to choose a new sin, that when thy heats of youth are not overcome, but burnt out, then thy middle age chooses ambition, and thy old age chooses covetousness; as long as thou art able to make thy choice thou art able to make a better than this; God testifies that power, that he hath given thee; *I call heaven and earth to record this day, that I have set before you life and death; choose life*[22]: if this choice like you not, *If it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord*, saith Joshua, then *choose ye this day whom ye will serve*[23]. Here is the election day; bring that which ye would have, into comparison with that which ye should have; that is, all that this world keeps from you, with that which God offers to you; and what will ye choose to prefer before him? for honour, and favour, and health, and riches, perchance you cannot have them though you choose them; but can you have more of them than they have had, to whom those very things have been occasions of ruin? The market is open till the bell ring; till thy last bell ring the church is open, grace is to be had there: but trust not upon that rule, that men buy cheapest at the end of the market, that heaven may be had for a breath at last, when they that hear it cannot tell whether it be a sigh or a gasp, a religious breathing and anhelation after the next life, or natural breathing out, and exhalation of this; but find a spiritual good husbandry in that other rule, that the prime of the

[21] Basil. [22] Deut. xxx. 19. [23] Joshua xxiv. 15.

market is to be had at first: for howsoever, in thine age, there may be by God's strong working, *dies juventutis*, a day of youth, in making thee then a new creature; (for as God is *antiquissimus dierum*, so in his school no man is superannuated,) yet when age hath made a man impotent to sin, that is not *dies electionum*, it is not a day of choice; but remember God now, when thou hast a choice, that is, a power to advance thyself, or to oppress others by evil means; now *in die electionum*, in those thy happy and sunshine days, remember him.

This is then the faculty that is excited, the memory; and this is the time, now, now whilst we have power of election: the object is, the Creator, remember the Creator: first, because the memory can go no farther than the creation; and therefore we have no means to conceive, or apprehend anything of God before that. When men therefore speak of decrees of reprobation, decrees of condemnation, before decrees of creation; this is beyond the counsel of the Holy Ghost here, *Memento Creatoris*, Remember the Creator, for this is to remember God a condemner before he was a Creator: this is to put a preface to Moses' Genesis, not to be content with his *in principio*, to know that *in the beginning God created heaven and earth*, but we must remember what he did *ante principium*, before any such beginning was. Moses' *in principio*, that beginning, the creation we can remember; but St. John's *in principio*, that beginning, eternity, we cannot; we can remember God's *fiat* in Moses, but not God's *erat* in St. John: what God hath done for us, is the object of our memory, not what he did before we were: and thou hast a good and perfect memory, if it remember all that the Holy Ghost proposes in the Bible; and it determines in the *memento Creatoris:* there begins the Bible, and there begins the creed, *I believe in God the Father, maker of heaven and earth;* for when it is said, *The Holy Ghost was not given, because Jesus was not glorified*[24], it is not truly *non erat datus*, but *non erat;* for, *non erat nobis antequam operaretur;* it is not said there, the Holy Ghost was not given, but it is the Holy Ghost was not: for he is not, that is, he hath no being to us-ward, till he works in us which was first in the creation: remember the Creator then, because thou canst

[24] John vii. 39.

remember nothing backward beyond him, and remember him so too, that thou mayest stick upon nothing on this side of him, that so neither *height, nor depth, nor any other creature may separate thee from God*[25]; not only not separate thee finally, but not separate so, as to stop upon the creature, but to make the best of them, thy way to the Creator; we see ships in the river; but all their use is gone, if they go not to sea; we see men freighted with honour, and riches, but all their use is gone, if their respect be not upon the honour and glory of the Creator; and therefore says the apostle, *Let them that suffer, commit their souls to God, as to a faithful Creator*[26]; that is, be made them, and therefore will have care of them. This is the true contracting, and the true extending of the memory, to remember the Creator, and stay there, because there is no prospect farther, and to remember the Creator, and get thither, because there is no safe footing upon the creature, till we come so far.

Remember then the Creator, and remember thy Creator, for, *Quis magis fidelis Deo*[27]? Who is so faithful a counsellor as God? *Quis prudentior sapiente?* Who can be wiser than wisdom? *Quis utilior bono?* or better than goodness? *Quis conjunctior Creatore?* or nearer than our Maker? and therefore remember him. What purposes soever thy parents or thy prince have to make thee great, how had all those purposes been frustrated, and evacuated, if God had not made thee before: this very being is thy greatest degree; as in arithmetic how great a number soever a man express in many figures, yet when we come to number all, the very first figure is the greatest and most of all; so what degrees or titles soever a man have in this world, the greatest and the foundation of all, is, that he had a being by creation: for the distance from nothing to a little, is ten thousand times more, than from it to the highest degree in this life: and therefore remember thy Creator, as by being so, he hath done more for thee than all the world besides; and remember him also, with this consideration, that whatsoever thou art now, yet once thou wast nothing.

He created thee, *ex nihilo*, he gave thee a being, there is matter

[25] Rom. viii. ult. [26] 1 Pet. iv. ult. [27] Basil.

of exaltation, and yet all this from nothing; thou wast worse than a worm, there is matter of humiliation; but he did not create thee *ad nihilum*, to return to nothing again, and there is matter for thy consideration, and study, how to make thine immortality profitable unto thee; for it is a deadly immortality, if thy immortality must serve thee for nothing but to hold thee in immortal torment. To end all, that being which we have from God shall not return to nothing, nor the being which we have from men neither. As St. Bernard says of the image of God in man's soul, *Uri potest in gehenna, non exuri*, That soul that descends to hell, carries the image of God in the faculties of that soul thither, but there that image can never be burnt out, so those images and those impressions, which we have received from men, from nature, from the world, the image of a lord, the image of a councillor, the image of a bishop, shall all burn in hell, and never burn out; not only these men, but these offices are not to return to nothing; but as their being from God, so their being from man, shall have an everlasting being, to the aggravating of their condemnation. And therefore remember thy Creator, who, as he is so, by making thee of nothing, so he will ever be so, by holding thee to his glory, though to thy confusion, from returning to nothing; for the court of heaven is not like other courts, that after a surfeit of pleasure or greatness, a man may retire; after a surfeit of sin there is no such retiring, as a dissolving of the soul into nothing; but God is from the beginning the Creator, he gave all things their being, and he is still thy Creator, thou shalt evermore have that being, to be capable of his judgments.

Now to make up a circle, by returning to our first word, remember: as we remember God, so for his sake, let us remember one another. In my long absence, and far distance from hence, remember me, as I shall do you in the ears of that God, to whom the farthest east, and the farthest west are but as the right and left ear in one of us; we hear with both at once, and he hears in both at once; remember me, not my abilities; for when I consider my apostleship that I was sent to you, I am in St. Paul's *quorum, quorum ego sum minimus*[28], the least of them that have been sent; and when I consider my infirmities, I am in his

[28] 1 Cor. xv. 9.

quorum, in another commission, another way, *quorum ego maximus*[29]; the greatest of them; but remember my labours, and endeavours, at least my desire, to make sure your salvation. And I shall remember your religious cheerfulness in hearing the word, and your christianly respect towards all them that bring that word unto you, and towards myself in particular far above my merit. And so as your eyes that stay here, and mine that must be far off, for all that distance shall meet every morning, in looking upon that same sun, and meet every night, in looking upon the same moon; so our hearts may meet morning and evening in that God, which sees and hears everywhere; that you may come thither to him with your prayers, that I, (if I may be of use for his glory, and your edification in this place) may be restored to you again; and may come to him with my prayer, that what Paul soever plant amongst you, or what Apollos soever water, God himself will give the increase: that if I never meet you again till we have all passed the gate of death, yet in the gates of heaven, I may meet you all, and there say to my Saviour and your Saviour, that which he said to his Father and our Father, *Of those whom thou hast given me, have I not lost one.* Remember me thus, you that stay in this kingdom of peace, where no sword is drawn, but the sword of justice, as I shall remember you in those kingdoms, where ambition on one side, and a necessary defence from unjust persecution on the other side hath drawn many swords; and Christ Jesus remember us all in his kingdom, to which, though we must sail through a sea, it is the sea of his blood, where no soul suffers shipwreck; though we must be blown with strange winds, with sighs and groans for our sins, yet it is the Spirit of God that blows all this wind, and shall blow away all contrary winds of diffidence, or distrust in God's mercy; where we shall be all soldiers of one army, the Lord of hosts, and children of one choir, the God of harmony and consent: where all clients shall retain but one counsellor, our advocate Christ Jesus, not present him any other fee but his own blood, and yet every client have a judgment on his side, not only in a not guilty, in the remission of his sins, but in a *venite benedicti*, in being called to the participation of an immortal crown of glory: where there shall be no

[29] 1 Tim. i. 15.

difference in affection, nor in mind, but we shall agree as fully and perfectly in our hallelujah, and *gloria in excelsis*, as God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost agreed in the *faciamus hominem* at first: where we shall end, and yet begin but then; where we shall have continual rest, and yet never grow lazy; where we shall be stronger to resist, and yet have no enemy; where we shall live and never die, where we shall meet and never part.

SERMON CXLIX.

TWO SERMONS, TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS PALATINE, THE LADY ELIZABETH, AT HEIDELBERG, WHEN I WAS COMMANDED BY THE KING TO WAIT UPON MY LORD OF DONCASTER IN HIS EMBASSAGE TO GERMANY.

FIRST SERMON AS WE WENT OUT, JUNE 16, 1619*.

ROMANS xiii. 11.

For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

THERE is not a more comprehensive, a more embracing word in all religion, than the first word of this text, *now;* for the word before that, *for*, is but a word of connexion, and rather appertains to that which was said before the text, than to the text itself: the text begins with that important and considerable particle, *Now*, *now is salvation nearer*, &c. This present word, *now*, denotes an advent, a new coming, or a new operation, otherwise than it was before: and therefore doth the church appropriate this Scripture to the celebration of the advent, before the feast of the birth of our Saviour. It is an extensive word, *now;* for though we dispute whether this *now*, that is, whether an instant be any part of time or no, yet in truth it is all time; for whatsoever is past, was, and whatsoever is future, shall be an instant;

* I have retained the title as it stands in the folio edition; there is, however, but one sermon, nor can I find any trace of another.—ED.

and did and shall fall within this *now*. We consider in the church four advents or comings of Christ, of every one of which we may say now, now it is otherwise than before: for first there is *verbum in carne*, the word came in the flesh, in the incarnation; and then there is *caro in verbo*, he that is made flesh comes in the word, that is, Christ comes in the preaching thereof; and he comes again in *carne saluta*, when at our dissolution and transmigration; at our death he comes by his spirit, and testifies to our spirit that we die the children of God: and lastly he comes in *carne reddita*, when he shall come at the Resurrection, to redeliver our bodies to our souls, and to deliver everlasting glory to both. The ancients for the most part understand the word of our text, of Christ's first coming in the flesh to us in this world; the latter exposition understand them rather of his coming in glory: but the apostle could not properly use this present word *now*, with relation to that which is not now, that is, to future glory, otherwise than as that future glory hath a preparation and an inchoation in present grace; for so even the future glory of heaven hath a *now*, now the elect children of God have by his powerful grace a present possession of glory. So then it will not be impertinent to suffer this flowing and extensive word *now* to spread itself into all three: for the whole duty of Christianity consists in these three things; first, *in pietate erga Deum*, in religion towards God; in which the apostle had enlarged himself from the beginning to the twelfth chapter of his epistle: and secondly *in charitate erga proximum*, in our mutual duties of society towards our equals and inferiors, and of subjection towards our superiors, in which that twelfth chapter, and this to the eighth verse is especially conversant: and then thirdly, *in sanctimonia propria*, in the works of sanctification and holiness in ourselves: and this text the apostle presents as a forcible reason to induce us to that, to those works of sanctification, because *Now our salvation is nearer us than when we believed.* Take then this *now*, the first way of the coming of Christ in person, in the flesh into this world; and then the apostle of Christ directs himself principally to the Jews converted to the faith of Christ, and he tells them, that their salvation is nearer them now, now they had seen him come, than when they did only believe that he

would come: take the words the second way, of his coming in grace into our hearts; and so the apostle directs himself to all Christians; now, now that you have been bred in the Christian church, now that you are grown from grace to grace, from faith to faith, now that God by his spirit strengthens and confirms you; *Now is your salvation nearer than when ye believed*, that is, when you began to believe, either by the faith of your parents, or the faith of the church, or the faith of your sureties at your baptism; or when you began to have some notions, and impressions, and apprehensions of faith in yourself, when you came to some degrees of understanding and discretion; take the word of Christ's coming to us at the hour of death, or of his coming to us at the day of judgment (for those two are all one to our present purpose, because God never reverses any particular judgment given at a man's death, at the day of the general judgment:) take the word so, and this is the apostle's argument, you have believed, and you have lived accordingly, and that faith, and that good life hath brought salvation nearer you, that is, given you a fair and modest infallibility of salvation, in the nature of reversion; but now, now that you are come to the approaches of death, which shall make your reversion a possession, *Now is salvation nearer you than when you believed.* Summarily, the text is a reason why we ought to proceed in good and holy ways; and it works in all the three acceptations of the word; for whether salvation be said to be near us, because we are Christians, and so have advantage of the Jews, or near us, because we have made some proficiency in holiness and sanctimony; or near us, because we are near our end, and thereby near a possession of our endless joy and glory: still from all these acceptations of the word arise religious provocations to perseverance in holiness of life; and therefore we shall pursue the words in all three acceptations.

In all three acceptations we must consider three terms in the text; first, *Quid salus*, what this salvation is that is intended here; and then, *Quid prope*, what this distance, this nearness is; and lastly, *Quid credere*, what belief this is. So then, taking the words first the first way, as spoken by the apostles, to the Jews newly converted to the Christian faith, salvation is the outward means of salvation, which are more and more manifest

to the Christians, than they were to the Jews. And then the second term, nearness (salvation is nearer) is in this, that salvation to the Christian is in things present or past, in things already done, and of which we are experimentally sure; but to the Jews it was of future things, of which, howsoever they might assure themselves that they would be, yet they had no assurance when: and therefore (in the third place) their believing was but a confident expectation, and faithful assenting to their prophets; *quando credidistis*, when you believed, that is, when you did only believe, and saw nothing.

First then, the first term in the first acceptation, salvation, is the outward means of salvation. Outward and visible means of knowing God, God hath given to all nations in the book of creatures, from the first leaf of that book, the firmament above, to the last leaf, the mines under our feet; there is enough of that. There they have a book which they read; and they have a sentence of condemnation, if they do not, *porro inexcusabilis*, *Therefore art thou inexcusable O man*[1]. The invisible God was presented in visible things, and thou mightest, and wouldest not see him: but this is only such a knowledge of God as philosophers, moral and natural men may have, and yet be very far from making this knowledge any means of salvation. A man that hath often travelled by that way where there stands a fair house, will say, and say truly, that he knows that house; but yet he knows not the ways that lead nearest and fairest to it, nor he knows not the lodgings and conveniencies of that house as he doth that hath been often and welcome guest to it, or a continual dweller in it. Natural men by passing often through the contemplation of nature have such a knowledge of God; but the knowledge which is to salvation, is by being in God's house, in the household of the faithful, in the communion of saints, and by having such a conversation in heaven in this life. That which our Saviour Christ says, *In domo Patris*, *In my Father's house there are many mansions*, as it is intended principally of our state of glory, and diversity of degrees of that in heaven; so is it true also of God's house at large, *Multæ mansiones*. In God's house, which is all (all this world, and the next too, is God's house) there are out-

[1] Rom. ii. 1.

houses, rooms without the house; so considered in this world on the Gentiles, and the heathen, which are without the church, and yet amongst them God hath some servants: so in his house there are women below stairs, that is, in his visible church here upon earth; and women above stairs, that is, degrees of glory in the triumphant church. To them that are lodged in those out-houses, out of the covenant out of the church, salvation comes sometimes, God doth save some of them: but yet is not near them, that is, they have no ordinary nor established way of attaining to it, because Christ is not manifested to them in an ordinary preaching of the Word, and an ordinary administration of the sacraments. And then to them who are above stairs, that is in possession of salvation in heaven, we cannot say salvation is nearer and nearer to them, because they are already in an actual possession thereof. But to them who are in God's house, and yet below stairs; to them who have salvation presented unto them by sensible and visible means; to them their salvation is properly said to be near. And such a people God had from the beginning, and shall have to the end; and that people the Jews were; and therefore their glory was just and true glory, when they glorified themselves in that, *What nation is so great*[1]? wherein consisted their greatness? that follows; *Unto whom is the Lord so nigh as he is to us?* and in what consisted this nearness? in this; *What nation hath ordinances and laws so righteous as we have?* Here then was their salvation; first God withdrew them from the nations; he naturalized them; he denizened them into his own kingdom, *sub sigillo circumcisionis*, in the seal of their blood in circumcision, he gave them an interest in his blood to be shed in his passion: and then, this was their further salvation, that when he had thus taken them into his service, and put them into his livery, a livery of his own colour, of blood in their circumcision, then he gave them a particular law for all their actions, how they should live in his favour; and he gave them a particular form of outward religious worship, which should be acceptable to him; the law, which was a sensible rule of their life, and their sacrifices, which were the sensible rule of their religion, was salvation: *Non taliter*, says David[2], God hath not dealt so with

[1] Deut. xli. 7. [2] Psalm cxlvii. 9.

other nations; for though God from other nations do here and there pick out a servant, yet he hath not given other nations salvation, that is, settled an ordinary means of salvation amongst them. That was true of the Jews, and will always be true of the whole church of God, which Calvin says, *Quia nec oculis perspicitur, nec manibus palpatur spiritualis gratia*, because the grace of God itself cannot be discerned by the eye, nor distinguished by the touch, *Non possumus nisi externis signis adjuti, statuere Deum nobis esse propitium*, we could not assure ourselves of the mercies of God, if we had not outward and sensible signs and seals of those mercies; and therefore God never left his church without such external and visible means and seals of grace. And though all those means were not properly seals, (for that is proper to sacraments, as a sacrament is strictly taken to be a seal of grace) yet the fathers did often call many of these things by that name Sacraments, because they had so much of the nature of a true sacrament, as that they advanced and furthered the working of grace. How a visible sign, water or wine, (even in a true and proper sacrament) should confer grace, *Fateor me non posse capere*, says a learned bishop in the Roman church[4], as easy a matter as they make it, he professes that he cannot understand it: he argues it subtilly, but he concludes it modestly; *Omnia brevi sententia dicenda sunt, consistere in pactis;* this must says he be the end of all, that these things are not to be considered in the reason of man, but in the covenant of God: God hath covenanted with his people, to be present with them in certain places, in the church at certain times, when they make their congregation, in certain actions, when they meet to pray; and though he be not bound in the nature of the action, yet he is bound in his covenant to exhibit grace, and to strengthen grace, in certain sacrifices, and certain sacraments; and so other sacramental, and ritual and ceremonial things ordained by God in the voice of his church, because they further salvation, are called salvation in this sense, and acceptation of the word, the first way.

This was the first branch, in the first sense of these words; *salus adminicula salutis*, salvation is means of salvation; and the next is the *prope*, wherein these means and helps were nearer to

[4] Catarin. Ep. 5.

the Jews, after they were converted to the Christian religion, than before: and we consider them justly, to have been nearer, that is, more discernible; first, *quia plura*, because the helps of the Christians are more; and then, *quia potiora*, because in their nature they are better; and lastly, *quia manifestiora*, because they have a better evidence towards us; for so as the more bodies are together, the greater the object is, and so made the more visible; so they are nearer, *quia plura*, because they are more; and so, as the more beautiful, and better proportioned a body is, the more it draws the eye to look upon it; so they are nearer, *quia potiora*, because they are better: and so as the more evidence, and light and lustre they have in themselves, the easier things are discerned, so they are nearer, *quia manifestiora*, because they are more visible. First, how there should be more helps in the Christian religion, than in the Jewish, is not so evident at first: for first, if we consider the law to be salvation, they had a vast multiplicity of laws, scarce less than six hundred several laws; whereas the honour of the Christian religion is, that it is *verbum abbreviatum*, an abridgment of all into ten words, as Moses calls the commandments; and then a re-abridgment of that abridgment into two, love God, and love thy neighbour, that is, faith and works. If we consider their laws to be their salvation, they had more; and if we consider their sacrifices to be their salvation, they had more too; for their rabbins observe at least fifty several kinds of contracting uncleanness, to which there were appropriated several expiations and sacrifices; whereas we have only the sacrifices of prayer, and of praise, and of Christ in the sacrament; for so it is the ordinary phrase and manner of speech in the fathers, to call that sacrifice; not only as it is a commemorative sacrifice, (for that is amongst ourselves, and so every person in the congregation may sacrifice, that is, do that in remembrance of Christ,) but as it is a real sacrifice, in which the priest doth that, which none but he does; that is, really to offer up Christ Jesus crucified to Almighty God for the sins of the people, so, as that that very body of Christ, which offered himself for a propitiatory sacrifice upon the cross, once for all, that body, and all that that body suffered, is offered again, and presented to the Father, and the Father is entreated, that for the merits of that Person, so pre-

sented and offered unto him, and in contemplation thereof, he will be merciful to that congregation, and apply those merits of his, to their particular souls. These are our sacrifices, prayer and praise, and Christ thus offered; and how are these more than the Jews had? they had more laws, and more sacrifices, and as many sacraments as we; and if nearness of salvation consist in the plurality of these, how is salvation nearer to us than to them? *Quatenus plura*, in that first respects as the means are more, as it is truly and properly said, that there are more ingredients, more simples, more means of restoring in our dram of triacle or mithridate*, than in an ounce of any particular syrup, in which there may be three or four in the other, perchance so many hundred; so in that receipt of our Saviour Christ, *quicquid ligaveris*, in the absolution of the minister, that whatsoever he shall bind or loose upon earth, shall be bound or loosed in heaven; there is more physic, than in all the expiations and sacrifices of the old law. There an expiation would serve to-day, which would not serve to-morrow; if it were omitted till the sun were set upon it, it required a more severe expiation: and so also an expiation would serve for one transgression, which would not serve for another; but here, in the absolution of the minister, there is a concurrence, a confluence of medicines of all qualities; purgative in confession, and restorative in absolution; corrosive in the preaching of judgments, and cordial in the balm of the sacrament: here is no limitation of time, at what time soever a sinner repenteth, nor limitation of sins, whatsoever is forgiven in earth is forgiven in heaven: salvation is nearer us in this respect, that we have *plura adminicula*, more outward and visible means than the Jews had, because we may receive more in one action, than they could in all theirs.

It is so also, not only *quia plura*, because we have more means, but *quia potiora*, because those means which we have are in their nature, better, more attractive, and more winning. The means, (as we have said before) were their laws, and their sacrifices, and their sacraments, and for their law, it was *Lex interficiens, non perficiens*[b]; It was a law, that punished unrighteousness, but it

* Universal medicines, compounded of a variety of ingredients. See Vol. IV. p. 343, note *.

[b] Augustine.

did not confer righteousness: and their sacrifices, being in blood, (if we remove from them their typical signification, and what they prefigured, which was the shedding of the blood of the Lamb which takes away the sins of the world) must necessarily create and excite a natural horror in man, and an averseness from them. Take their sacraments into comparison, and then one of their sacraments, circumcision, was limited to one sex, it reached not to women; and their other sacrament, the passover, was in the primary signification and institution thereof, only a gratulatory commemoration of a temporal benefit of their deliverance from Egypt. And therefore to constitute a judgment proportionably by the effects, we see the law, and the sacrifice, and the sacraments of the Jews, did not much work upon foreign nations; it was salvation, but salvation shut up amongst themselves; whereas we see that the law of the Christians, which is, to conform ourselves to our great example and pattern, Christ Jesus, who, (if we would consider him merely as man) was the most exemplar man, for all theological virtues, and moral too, that ever any history presented; and the sacrifices of Christians, which are all spiritual, and therein more proportional to God who is all Spirit; and the sacraments of Christians, in which, though not *ex opere operator*, not because that action is performed, not because that sacrament is administered, yet *ex pacto*, and *quando opus operamur:* by God's covenant, whensoever that action is performed, whensoever that sacrament is administered, the grace of God is exhibited and offered; *Nec fallaciter*, as Calvin says well, It is offered with a purpose on God's part, that that grace should be accepted, we see, I say that these laws, and these sacrifices, and these sacraments have gained upon the whole world; for in their nature, and in their attractiveness, and in their appliableness, and so in their effect, they are *potiora*, better, and in that respect, salvation is nearer us than it was to the Jews.

And so it is, lastly, *quia manifestiora*, because they have an evidence and manifestation of themselves in themselves. Now, this is especially true in the sacraments, because the sacraments exhibit and convey grace; and grace is such a light, such a torch, such a beacon, as where it is, it is easily seen. As there is a lustre in a precious stone, which no man's eye or finger can limit

to a certain place or point in that stone, so though we do not assign in the sacrament, where, that is, in what circumstance or part of that holy action grace is: or when, or how it enters, (for though the word of consecration alter the bread, not to another thing, but to another use: and though they leave it bread, yet they make it other bread, yet the enunciation of those words doth not infuse nor imprint this grace, which we speak of, into that bread) yet whosoever receives this sacrament worthily, sees evidently an entrance, and a growth of grace in himself. But this evidence which we speak of this manifestation, is not only, (though especially) in the sacraments, but in other sacramental and ceremonial things, which God (as he speaks by his church) hath ordained, as the cross in baptism, and adoration at the sacrament (I do not say, I am far from saying, adoration of the sacrament; there is a fair distance and a spacious latitude between those two, an adoring of God in a devout humiliation of the body in that holy action, and an adoring the bread, out of a false imagination that that bread is God: a rectified man may be very humble and devout in that action, and yet a great way on this side the superstition and idolatry in the practice of the Roman church) in these sacramental and ritual, and ceremonial things, which are the bellows of devotion, and the subsidies of religion, and which were always in all churches, there is a more evident manifestation and clearness in these things in the Christian church, than was amongst the Jews in the ceremonial parts of their religion, because almost all ours have reference to that which is already done and accomplished, and not to things of a future expectation, as those of the Jews were: so you know the passover of the Jews, had a relation to their coming out of Egypt; that was past, and thereby obvious to every man's apprehension; every man that eat the passover, remembered their deliverance out of Egypt; but then the passover had also relation to that Lamb which was to redeem that world; and this was a future thing; and this certainly very few amongst them understood, or considered upon that occasion, that as thy lamb is killed here, so there shall be a Lamb killed for all the world hereafter. Now, our actions in the church, do most respect things formerly done, and so they awaken, and work upon our memory, which is an easier faculty to work

upon, than the understanding or the will. Salvation is nearer us, in these outward helps, because their signification is clearer to us, and more apprehensible by us, being of things past, and accomplished already. So then the apostle might well say that salvation, that is, outward means of salvation, was nearer, that is, more in number, better in use, clearer in evidence than it was before; *quando crediderunt*, when they believed, which is the third and last term, in this first acceptation of the word. Salvation was brought into the world, in the first promise of a Messias in the semen contract, that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head; and it was brought nearer, when this Messias was fixed in Abraham's race, *In semine tuo*, In thy seed shall all nations be blessed; it was brought nearer than that, when it was brought from Abraham's race to David's family, *In solio tuo*, The sceptre shall not depart from thee, till he come; and still nearer, in Isaiah's *virgo concipiet*, when so particular mark was set upon the Messias, as that he should be the son of a virgin; and yet nearer in Micah's *et tu Bethlem*, that Bethlem was designed for the place of his birth; and nearer in Daniel's seventy weeks, when the time was manifested. And though it were nearer than all this, when John Baptist came to say, *Repent for the kingdom of God is at hand*[6], yet it was truly very near, nearest of all, when Christ came to say, *Behold the kingdom of God is amongst you*[7]; for all the rest were in the *crediderunt*, he was nearer them because they believed he would come; but then it was brought to the *viderunt*, they saw he was come. *Beati*, says Christ: *Blessed are they that have believed, and have not seen*[8]: they had salvation brought nearer unto them by their believing; but yet Christ speaks of another manner of blessedness conferred upon his disciples, *Blessed are your eyes for they see, and your ears for they hear*[9]; *for, verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men, have desired to see the things which ye see, and have not seen them.* To end this, the belief of the patriarchs was blessedness; and it was a kind of seeing too; for so Christ says, *Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it*[10]: but this was a

[6] Matt. iii. 2. [7] Luke xvii. 21. [8] John xx. 29.
[9] Matt. xiii. 16. [10] John viii. 56.

seeing with the eye of faith which discovers future things; but Christ prefers the blessedness of the disciples, because they saw things present and already done. All our life is a passing bell, but then was Simeon content his bell should ring out, when his eyes had seen his salvation. In that especially doth St. John exalt the force of his argument; *Quæ vidimus: That which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the word of life, that declare we unto you*[11]. Here is then the inestimable prerogative of the Christian religion, it is grounded so far upon things which were seen to be done; it is brought so far from matter of faith, to matter of fact; from prophecy to history; from what the Messias should do, to what he hath done; and that was their case to whom this apostle spake these words, as we take them in the first acceptation; salvation, that is, outward means of salvation in the church is nearer, that is, more and better and clearer to you now, that is, when you have seen Christ in the flesh, than when you prefigured him in your law, or sacrifices, or sacraments, or believed him in your prophets.

In a second sense we took these words, of Christ's second advent, or coming, his coming to our heart, in the working of his grace; and so the apostle's words are directed to all Christians, and not only to the new convertites of that nation; and so these three terms, salvation, nearness, and believing, (which we proposed to be considered in all the three acceptations of the words) will have this signification. Salvation is the inward means of salvation, the working of the spirit, that sets a seal to the eternal means: the *prope*, the nearness lies in this, that this grace which is this salvation in this sense, grows out of that which is in you already; not out of any thing which is in you naturally, but God's first graces that are in you, grows into more and more grace. Grace does not grow out of nature; for nature in the highest exaltation and rectifying thereof cannot produce grace. Corn does not grow out of the earth, it must be sowed; but corn grows only in the earth; nature, and natural reason do not produce grace, but yet grace can take root in no other thing but in the nature and reason of man; whether we consider God's subsequent

[11] 1 John i. 1.

graces, which grow out of his first grace, formerly given to us, and well employed by us, or his first grace, which works upon our natural faculties, and grows there; still this salvation, that is, this grace is near us, for it is within us; and then the third term believing, is either, *quando credidistis primum*, when you began to believe, either in an imputative belief of others in your baptism, or a faint belief, upon your first catechisings and instructions; or *quando credidistis tantum*, when you only professed a belief, or faith, and did nothing in declaration of that faith, to the edification of others.

First then salvation in this second sense, is the internal operation of the Holy Ghost, in infusing grace; for therefore doth St. Basil call the Holy Ghost *verbum Dei*, the word of God, (which is the name properly peculiar to the Son) *quia interpres Filii, sicut Filius Patris;* that as the Father had revealed his will in the prophets, and then the Son comes and interprets all that actually; this prophecy is meant of my coming, this of my dying, and so makes a real comment, and an actual interpretation of all the prophecies; for he does come, and he does die accordingly; so the Holy Ghost comes, and comments upon this comment, interprets this interpretation, and tells thy soul that all this that the Father had promised, and the Son had performed, was intended by them, and by the working of their spirit, is now appropriated to thy particular soul. In the constitution and making of a natural man, the body is not the man, nor the soul is not the man, but the union of these two makes up the man; the spirits in a man which are the thin and active part of the blood, and so are of a kind of middle nature, between soul and body, those spirits are able to do, and they do the office, to unite and apply the faculties of the soul to the organs of the body, and so there is a man: so in a regenerate man, a Christian man, his being born of Christian parents, that gives him a body, that makes him of the body of the covenant, it gives him a title, an interest in the covenant, which is *jus ad rem;* thereby he may make his claim to the seal of the covenant, to baptism, and it cannot be denied him: and then in his baptism, that sacrament gives him a soul, a spiritual seal, *jus in re*, an actual possession of grace; but yet, as there are spirits in us, which unite body and

soul, so there must be subsequent acts, and works of the blessed Spirit, that must unite and confirm all, and make up this spiritual man in the ways of sanctification; for without that, his body, that is, his being born within the covenant, and his soul, that is, his having received grace in baptism, do not make him up. This grace is this salvation; and when this grace works powerfully in thee, in the ways of sanctification, then is this salvation near thee; which is our second term in this second acceptation, *propè* near.

This nearness, which is the effectual working of grace, the apostle expresses fully, that it *pierceth to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit*[18]; for, though properly the soul and spirit of a man be all one, yet divers faculties and operations give them sometimes divers names in the Scriptures; *Anima quia animat*, says St. Ambrose, and *spiritus quia spirat:* The quickening of the body, is the soul; but the quickening of the soul, is the spirit. If this salvation be brought to this nearness, that is, this grace to this powerfulness, thou shalt find it *in anima*, in thy soul; in those organs wherein thy soul uses thy body, in thy senses, and in the sensible things ordained by God in his church, sacraments and ceremonies; and thou shalt find it nearer, *in spiritu*, as the Spirit of God hath sealed it to thy spirit invisibly, inexpressibly: it shall be near to thee, so as that thy reason shall apprehend it; and nearer than that, thy faith shall establish it; and nearer than all this, it shall create in thee a modest and sober, but yet an infallible assurance, that thy salvation shall never depart from thee: *Magnificabit anima tua Dominum*, as the blessed Virgin speaks, *Thy soul shall magnify the Lord;* all thy natural faculties shall be employed upon an assent to the Gospel, thou shalt be able to prove it to thyself, and to prove it to others, to be the Gospel of salvation: and then *exultabit spiritus*, thy spirit shall rejoice in God thy Saviour, because by the farther seal of sanctification, thy spirit shall receive testimony from the Spirit; that as Christ is *idem homo cum te*, the same man that thou art, so thou art *idem spiritus cum Domino*, the same spirit that he is; so far, as that as a spirit cannot be separated in itself, so neither canst thou be separated from God in Christ; and this, this exaltation of grace, when it thus grows up

[18] Heb. iv. 12.

to this height of sanctification, is that nearness, which brings salvation farther than our believing does? and that is the last term in this part; believing.

Now, nearer than believing, nearer than faith, a man might well think nothing can bring salvation; for faith is the hand that reaches it, and takes hold of it. But yet, as though our bodily hand reach to our temporal food, yet the mouth and the stomach must do their office too; and so that meat must be distributed into all parts of the body, and assimilated to them; so though our faith draw this salvation near us, yet when our mouth is employed, that we have a delight to glorify God in our discourses, and to declare his wonderful works to the sons of men, in our thankfulness: and when this faith of ours is distributed over all the body, that the body of Christ's church is edified, and alienated[18] by our good life and sanctification, then is this salvation nearer us, that is, safelier sealed to us, than when we believed only.

Either then, this *quando credidistis*, when you believed, may be referred to infants, or to the first faith, and the first degrees thereof in men. In infants, when that seminal faith, or potential faith, which is by some conceived to be in the infants of Christian parents at their baptism; or that actual faith, which from their parents, or from the church, is thought to be applied to them, accepted in their behalf, in that sacrament, when this faith grows up after, by this new coming of Christ in the power of his grace and his Spirit, to be a lively faith, expressed in charity; then *salus propior*, then is salvation nearer than when they believed; whether this belief were their own, or their parents' or the church's, we have no ground to deny, that salvation is near, and present to all children rightly baptized; but, for those who have made sure their salvation by a good use of God's graces after, we have another fair piece of evidence, that salvation is nearer them. It is so too, if this believing be referred to our first elements and beginnings of faith: a man believes the

[18] The word *alienated* seems to be without sense in this passage. Livy (lib. iii. c. 48) has the expression *alienatus ad libidinem animus*: Donne can hardly mean that the church is to be thus *alienated* to the contemplation of our good life and sanctification. Probably the word is corrupt.—Ed.

history of Christ, because it is matter of fact, and a story probable, and well testified: a man may believe the Christian religion, or the reformed religion for his ease, either because he cannot or will not debate controversies, and reconcile differences, or because he sees it best for order and quiet, and civil ends, which he hath in that state where he lives. These be kinds of faith and moral assents: and sometimes when a man is come thus far, to a historical and a moral faith, God superinfuses true faith; for howsoever he wrought by reason, and natural faculties, and moral, and civil ways, yet it was God that wrought from the beginning, and produced this faith, though but historical or moral. And then, if God do exalt this moral or historical faith farther than so, to believe not only the history, but the Gospel: not only that such a Christ lived, and did those miracles, and died, but that he was the Son of God, and died for the redemption of the world; this brings salvation nearer him, than when he believed; but then, when this grace comes to appropriate Christ to him, and more than that, to annunciate Christ by him, when it makes him (as John Baptist was) a burning and a shining lamp; that Christ is showed to him, and by him to others in a holy life, then is salvation nearer him than when he believed, either as it is *credidit primum*, when he began to believe, but had some scruples, or *credidit tantum*, that he laid all upon faith, but had no care of works. To end this, this nearness of salvation, is that union with God, which may be had in this life: it is the peace of conscience, the undoubting trust and assurance of salvation. This assurance (so far as they will confess it may be had) the Roman church places in faith, and so far, well; but then, *in fide formata;* and so far well enough too; in those works which declare and testify that faith; for, though this good work do nothing toward my salvation, it does much towards this nearness, that is, towards my assurance of this salvation; but herein they lead us out of the way, that they call these works the soul, the form of faith: for, though a good tree cannot be without good fruits, yet it were a strange manner of speech to call that good fruit, the life or the soul, or the form of that tree; so is it, to call works which are the fruits of faith, the life or soul, or form of faith; for that is proper to grace only which infuses faith.

They would acknowledge this nearness of salvation, this assurance in good works; but say they, man cannot be sure, that their works is good, and therefore they can have no such assurance. They who undertook the reformation of religion in our fathers' days, observing that there was no peace without this assurance, expressed this assurance thus, That when a man is sure that he believes aright, that he hath no scruples of God, no diffidence in God, and uses all endeavours to continue it, and to express it in his life, as long as he continues so, he is sure of salvation; and farther they went not: and then there arose men, which would reform the reformers, and refine salvation and bring it into a less room; they would take away the condition, if you hold fast, if you express it; and so came up roundly and presently to that; if ever you did believe, if ever you had faith, you are safe for ever, and upon that assurance you may rest. Now I make no doubt, but that both these sought the truth, that truth which concerns us, peace and assurance; and I dispute not their resolutions now; only I say, for these words which we have in hand now there is a conditional assurance implied in them; for when it is said now, now that you are in this state, salvation is near you: thus much is pregnantly[14] intimated, that if you were not in this state, salvation were farther removed from you howsoever you pretend to believe.

Now this hath brought us to our third and last sense and acceptation of these words, as they are spoken of Christ's last coming, his coming in glory; which is to us at our deaths, and that judgment which we receive then. And in this acceptation of the word, these three terms, salvation, nearness and believing, are thus to be understood: salvation is salvation perfected, consummated; salvation which was brought near baptism, and nearer in outward holiness, must be brought nearer than that: and this *prope*, this nearness is, that now being near death, you are near the last seal of your perseverance; and so the *credidistis*, the believing amounts to this: though you have believed and lived accordingly, believed with the belief of a Jew, believed all the prophets, and with the belief of a Christian, believed all the Gospel, believed with a seminal belief of your own, or an

[14] Folio edition, "pugnantly."

actual belief of others at your baptism, with a historical belief, and with an evangelical belief too, with a belief in your root, in the heart, and a belief in the fruits, expressed in a good life too, yet there is a continuance and a perseverance that must crown all this; and because that cannot be discerned till thine end, then only is it safely pronounced, *Now is salvation nearer you than when you believed.*

Here then salvation is eternal salvation; not the outward seals of the church upon the person, not visible sacraments, nor the outward seal of the person, to the church, visible works, nor the inward seal of the Spirit, assurance here, but fruition, possession of glory, in the kingdom of heaven; where we shall be infinitely rich, and that without labour in getting, or care in keeping, or fear in losing; and fully wise, and that without ignorance of necessary, or study of unnecessary knowledge, where we shall not measure our portion by acres, for all heaven shall be all ours; nor our term by years, for it is life and everlasting life; nor our assurance by precedent, for we shall be safer than the angels themselves were in the creation; where our exaltation shall be to have a crown of righteousness, and our possession of that crown shall be, even the throwing it down at the feet of the Lamb; where we shall leave off all those petitions of *Adveniat regnum*, Thy kingdom come, for it shall be come in abundant power; and the *Da nobis hodie*, Give us this day our daily bread, for we shall have all that which we can desire now, and shall have a power to desire more, and then have that desire so enlarged, satisfied; and the *libera nos*, we shall not pray to be delivered from evil, for no evil, *culpæ* or *pœnæ*, either of sin to deserve punishment, or of punishment for our former sins shall offer at us: where we shall see God face to face, for we shall have such notions and apprehensions, as shall enable us to see him, and he shall afford such an imparting, such a manifestation of himself, as he shall be seen by us; and where we shall be as inseparably united to our Saviour, as his humanity and divinity are united together: this unspeakable, this unimaginable happiness is this salvation, and therefore let us be glad when this is brought near us.

And this is brought nearer and nearer unto us, as we come

nearer and nearer to our end. As he that travels weary, and late towards a great city, is glad when he comes to a place of execution, because he knows that is near the town; so when thou comest to the gate of death, glad of that, for it is but one step from that to thy Jerusalem. Christ hath brought us in some nearness to salvation, as he is *vere Salvator mundi*, in that we *know, that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world*[15]: and he hath brought it nearer than that, as he is *Salvator corporis sui*, in that we know, *that Christ is the head of the church, and the Saviour of that body*[16]: and nearer than that, as he is *Salvator tuus Sanctus*, in that we know, *he is the Lord our God, the Holy One of Israel, our Saviour*[17]: but nearest of all, in the *Ecce Salvator tuus venit*, Behold thy salvation cometh[18]. It is not only promised in the prophets, nor only writ in the Gospel, nor only sealed in the sacraments, nor only prepared in the visitations of the Holy Ghost, but, *ecce*, behold it, now, when thou canst behold nothing else: the sun is setting to thee, and that for ever; thy houses and furnitures, thy gardens and orchards, thy titles and offices, thy wife and children are departing from thee, and that for ever; a cloud of faintness is come over thine eyes, and a cloud of sorrow over all theirs; when his hand that loves thee best hangs tremblingly over thee to close thine eyes, *ecce Salvator tuus venit*, behold then a new light, thy Saviour's hand shall open thine eyes, and in his light thou shalt see light; and thus shalt see, that though in the eyes of men thou lie upon that bed, as a statue on a tomb, yet in the eyes of God, thou standest as a colossus, one foot in one, another in another land; one foot in the grave, but the other in heaven; one hand in the womb of the earth, and the other in Abraham's bosom: and then *vere prope*, salvation is truly near thee, and nearer than when thou believedst, which is our last word.

Take this belief in the largest extent; a patient assent to all foretold of Christ and of salvation by the prophets; a historical assent to all that is written of Christ in the Gospel; an humble and supple, and appliable assent to the ordinances of the church; a faithful application of all this to thine own soul, a fruitful

[15] John iv. 42.
[16] Eph. v. 23.
[17] Isaiah xliii. 3.
[18] Isaiah lxii. 11.

declaration of all that to the whole world in thy life, yet all this (though this be inestimable riches) is but the earnest of the Holy Ghost; it is not the full payment, it is but the first fruits; it is not the harvest, it is but a truce; it is not an inviolable peace; *There remaineth a rest to the people of God*[19], says the apostle; they were the people of God before, and yet there remained a rest, which they had not yet; not that there is not a blessed degree of rest, in the *credidi*, a happy assurance in the strength of faith here, but yet there remaineth a rest better than that; and therefore says that apostle there, *Let us labour to enter into that rest;* as though we have rest in our consciences all the six days of the week, if we do the works of our callings sincerely, yet all that while we labour; and there remains a sabbath, which we have not all the week; so though we have peace and rest in the testimony of our faith and obedience in this life, yet there remains a rest, a sabbath, for which we must labour; for the apostle in that place adds the danger; *Labour to enter into that rest*, says he, *lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief:* he speaks of the people of God, and yet they might fall; he speaks of such as had believed, and yet they might fall, after the example of unbelief, as far as they that never believed, if they laboured not to the last and set the seal of final perseverance to their former faith. To conclude all with the force of the apostle's argument, in urging the words of this text, since God hath brought salvation nearer to you, than to them that believed; nearer to you in the Gospel, when you have seen Christ come there to the Jews in the prophets, where they only read that he should come, and nearer to you, than where you believed, either seminally and potentially, and imputatively at our baptism, or actually, and declaratorily in some parts of your life, by having persisted therein thus far; and since he is now bringing it nearer to you, than when you believed at best, because your end grows nearer, now, *whilst the evil days come not, nor the year approach, wherein thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them*[20]; before the grinders cease, because they are few, and they wax dark, that look out at the windows, before thou go to the house of thine age, and the mourners go about in the streets, prepare thyself by casting off

[19] Heb. iv. 9. [20] Eccles. xii.

thy sins, and all that is gotten by thy sins: for, as the plague is got as soon in linings, as in the outside of a garment, salvation is lost as far, by retaining ill gotten goods, as by ill getting; forget not thy past sins so far, as not to repent them; but remember not thy repented sins so far, as to delight in remembering them, or to doubt that God hath not fully forgiven them; and whether God have brought this salvation near thee, by sickness, or by age, or by general dangers, put off the consideration of the incommodies of that age, or that sickness, and that danger, and fill thyself with the consideration of the nearness of thy salvation, which that age, and sickness, and danger, minister to thee: that so, when the best instrument, and the best song shall meet together, thy bell shall toll, and thy soul shall hear that voice, *Ecce Salvator*, Behold thy Saviour cometh, thou mayest bear a part, and cheerfully make up that music, with a *Veni Domine Jesu*, Come, Lord Jesu, come quickly, come now.

SERMON CL.

THE FIRST SERMON AFTER OUR DISPERSION BY THE SICKNESS.

A SERMON PREACHED AT ST. DUNSTAN'S, JANUARY 15, 1625.

EXODUS xii. 30.

For there was not a house where there was not one dead.

GOD intended life and immortality for man: and man by sin induced death upon himself at first: when man had done so, and that now man was condemned, man must die; yet God gave him, though not an absolute pardon, yet a long reprieve; though not a new immortality, yet a life of seven and eight hundred years upon earth: and then, misery, by sin, growing upon man, and this long life which was enlarged in his favour being become a burden unto him, God abridged and contracted his seven hundred to seventy, and his eight hundred to eighty years, the years of his life came to be threescore and ten; and if misery do suffer him to exceed those, even the exceeding itself is misery. Death then is

from ourselves, it is our own; but the executioner is from God, it is his, he gives life; no man can quicken his own soul, but any man can forfeit his own soul: and yet when he hath done so, he may not be his own executioner; for as God liveth, so he killeth, says Moses there: not as the cause of death, for death is not his creature; but because he employs what person he will, and executes by what instrument it pleases him to choose, age or sickness, or justice, or malice, or (in our apprehension) fortune. In that history from whence we deduce this text, which was that great execution, the sudden death of all the first-born of Egypt; it is very large, and yet we may usefully, and to good purpose enlarge it, if we take into our consideration spiritual death, as well as bodily: for so in our houses from whence we came hither, if we left but a servant, but a child in the cradle at home, there is one dead in that house. If we have no other house but this which we carry about us, this house of clay, this tabernacle of flesh, this body, yet if we consider the inmate, the sojourner within this house, the state of our corrupt and putrefied soul, there is one dead in this house too. And though we be met now in the house of God, and our God be the God of life, yet even in this house of the God of life, and the ground enwrapped in the same consecration; not only of every such house, but let every man's length in the house be a house; of every such space this text will be verified, *There is not a house where there is not one dead.*

God is abundant in his mercies to man, and as though he did but learn to give by his giving, as though he did but practise to make himself perfect in his own art, which art is bountiful mercy; as though all his former blessings were but in the way of earnest, and not of payment; as though every benefit that he gave, were a new obligation upon him, and not an acquittance to him; he delights to give where he hath given, as though his former gifts were but his places of memory, and marks set upon certain men, to whom he was to give more. It is not so good a plea in our prayers to God, for temporal or for spiritual blessings, to say, *Have mercy upon me now, for I have loved thee heretofore*, as to say, *Have mercy upon me, for thou hast loved me heretofore.* We answer a beggar, I gave you but yesterday; but God therefore gives us to-day, because he gave us yesterday: and therefore

are all his blessings wrapped up in that word, *Panis quotidianus, Give us this day our daily bread:* every day he gives; and early every day; his manna falls before the sun rises, and his mercies are new every morning. In this consideration of his abounding in all ways of mercy to us, we consider justly how abundant he is in instructing us. He writes his law once in our hearts, and then he repeats that law, and declares that law again in his written Word, in his Scriptures. He writes his law in stone tables once; and then those tables being broken, he repeats that law, writes that law again in other tables. He gives us his law in Exodus and Leviticus, and then he give us a Deuteronomy, a repetition of that law, another time in another book. And as he abounds so in instructing us, in going the same way twice over towards us, as he gives us the law a second time, so he gives us a second way of instructing us; he accompanies, he seconds his law with examples. In his legal books we have rules; in the historical, examples to practise by. And as he is every way abundant, as he hath added law to nature, and added example to law, so he hath added example to example; and by that text which we have read to you here, and by that text which we have left at home, our house and family, and by that text which we have brought hither, ourselves, and by that text which we find here, where we stand, and sit, and kneel upon the bodies of some of our dead friends or neighbours, he gives to us, he repeats to us, a full, a various, a multiform, a manifold catechism, and institution, to teach us that it is so absolutely true, that *there is not a house in which there is not one dead*, as that (taking spiritual death into our consideration) there is not a house in which there is one alive.

That therefore we may take in light at all these windows that God opens for us, that we may lay hold upon God by all these handles which he puts out to us, we shall make a brief survey of these four houses; of that in Egypt, where the text places it; of that at home, in which we dwell; of this, which is ourselves, where we always are, or always should be within; and of this in which we are met, where God is in so many several temples of his, as are above and under ground: so that this sermon may be a general funeral sermon, both for them that are dead in the flesh,

and for ourselves, that are dead in our sins; for of all these four houses it is true, and by useful accommodation, appliable to all, *There is not a house where there is not one dead.*

First then to survey the first house, the house in Egpyt, Pharaoh, by drawing upon himself and his land this last and heaviest plague of the ten, the universal, the sudden, the midnight destruction of all, all the first-born of Egypt, hath made himself a monument, and a history, and a pillar everlasting to the end of the world, to the end of all place in the world, and to the end of all time in the world, by which all men may know, that man, how perverse soever, cannot weary God; that man cannot add to his rebellions so many heavy circumstances, but that God can add as many, as heavy degrees to his judgments. First, God turns their rivers into blood; Pharaoh sits * that process, and more, many more; and then in this bloody massacre of all their first-born, God brings *blood out of the channels of their rivers, into their chambers, into all their chambers:* not only to *cut off their children from without, and the young men from the streets*[1] (as the prophet speaks) but (as he says also there) *Death came in at their windows, and entered into their palaces.* As Christ says of Mary Magdalen's devotion, that *wheresoever his Gospel should be preached in the world, there should also this which this woman* had *done, be told for a memorial of her*[2]: so we may say of man's obduration, Wheresoever the Book of God shall be read, Pharaoh shall be an example, that God will have his ends, let man be possessed with the spirit of contradiction as furiously, with the spirit of rebellion as ragefully as he will. *Fremuerunt gentes,* says David in the beginning of the second Psalm, *The heathen rage, and they break their sleep to contrive mischief.* And within three verses more we find, *The Lord sits still in heaven, and laughs, and hath them in derision.* The building of the tower of Babel did not put God to build another tower to confront it; God did nothing, and brought all their labours and their counsels to nothing. God took no hammer in hand to demolish and cast down Nebuchadnezzar's image[3], but a stone

* *i. e.* I suppose, "sits out," abides, endures. But this sense is not in the dictionaries.—ED.

[1] Jer. ix. 21. [2] Matt. xxvi. 13. [3] Dan. ii. 34.

that was cut *out without hands, smote the image, and broke it in pieces. Si inceperit*, if God once set his work on foot, *If I begin, I will also make an end*, says God to Samuel[4]; if he have not begun, *si juraverit*, if the Lord have sworn it, it shall be, (those whom the Lord swore should not enter into his rest, never entered into his rest). If he have not sworn, *si locutus fuerit*, that is security enough, the security that the prophet Esay gives through all his prophecy, *os Domini*, thus and thus it must be, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it: if he have not gone so far, *si cogitaverit*, if he have *purposed* it, as that word is used in Esay[5]; if he have *determined* it, as the word is used in the Chronicles[6]: if he have *devised* such a course, as the word is in Jeremy[7]; *God will accomplish his work*, if he have begun it; his oath and word, if he have said or sworn it; his purpose and determination, if he have intended it; nothing shall frustrate or evacuate his purpose, he will achieve his ends, though there be never a soul that doth not sigh, never a heart that doth not ache, never a vein that doth not bleed, never a house in which there is not one dead.

In the building of the material temple, there was no hammer, nor tool of noise used: in the fitting and laying of us, the living stones of the mystical temple, God would use no hammer, no iron, no occasion of noise, or lamentation; but there are dispositions which will not be rectified without the hammer, and are not malleable neither, not fit to be rectified by the hammer, till a hot fire of vehement affliction have mollified them. Thespesius, they say, was a man desperately vicious, irrecoverably wicked; his friends asked the oracle whether ever he would mend? The oracle answered, he would when he was dead; he died of a sudden fall, at least to the eyes, and in the understanding of the world he died; but he recovered, and came to life again, and then reported such fearful visions which he had seen in the other world, upon the souls of some of his companions, and of his own father, as that out of the apprehension of those terrors in his ecstasy, in his second life, he justified the oracle; and after he had been dead, lived well. Many such stories are in the legends; but I take this at the fountain where they take most of theirs, that

[4] 1 Sam. iii. 12.
[5] Isaiah xix. 12.
[6] 2 Chron. xxv. 16.
[7] Lam. ii. 17.

is, out of Plutarch; for Plutarch and Virgil are two principal evangelists of the legendaries. The moral of them all is, that God will imprint a knowledge of his majesty, and a terror of his judgments, though the heart be iron: he would bring the Egyptians to say with trembling, *We are dead men*, though they would not be brought to say it, till *there was not a house in which there was not one dead.*

But as in a river that is swelled, though the water do bring down sand and stones, and logs, yet the water is there still; and the purpose of nature is to vent that water, not to pour down that sand, or those stones: so though God be put to mingle his judgments with his mercies, yet his mercy is there still, and his purpose is, ever in those judgments, to manifest his mercy. Where the channel is stopped by those sands, and stones, and logs, the water will find another channel; where the heart is hardened by God's corrections, and thereby made incapable of his mercy, (as in some dispositions, even God's corrections do work such obstructions and obdurations, as in Pharaoh's case it was) yet the water will find a channel, the mercy of God will flow out, and show itself to others, though not to him; his mercy will take effect somewhere, as (in Pharaoh's case) it did upon the children of Israel. And yet God would not show mercy to them, but so, as that at the same time they also might see his judgments, and thereby be brought to say, God hath a treasury of both, mercy and justice; and God might have changed the persons, and made the Egyptians the objects of his mercies, and us of his justice.

The first act of God's mercy towards me, when I see him execute a judgment upon another, is to confess, that that judgment belonged to me, and thereby to come to a holy fear, being under the same condemnation; as the one thief said to the other, upon their several crosses; *Fearest not thou, being under the same condemnation?* At this time God delivered his children out of Egypt; then was fulness of mercy: but God let them see his power and his powerful indignation upon others, for their instruction. God brought them out; there was fulness of mercy towards them: but he brought them out in the night. God would mingle some shadow, some signification of his judgments

in his mercies, of adversity in prosperity, of night in day, of death in life. The persecuting angel entered into none of their houses, God let them live; but God, though he let them live, would not let them be ignorant, that he could have thrown death in at their windows too: *For they came not into a house where there was not one dead.*

We stay no longer upon this first survey of the first house, that in Egypt: the next is, our own house, our habitation, our family. We have in the use of our church, a short, and a larger catechism; both instruct the same things, the same religion, but some capacities require the one, and some the other. God would catechise us in the knowledge of our mortality; since we have divested our immortality, he would have us understand our mortality; since we have induced death upon ourselves, God would raise such a benefit to us, out of death, as that by the continual meditation thereof, death might the less terrify us, and the less damnify us. First, his law alone does that office, even his common law, *Morte morieris*, and *stipendium peccati mors est: All have sinned, and all must die.* And so his statute law too, *Statutum est*, it is enacted, *it is appointed to man once to die*[8]: and then as a comment upon that law, he presents to us, either his great catechisms, Sennacherib's catechism[9], in which we see almost two hundred thousand soldiers, (more by many than both sides arm and pay, in these noiseful wars of our neighbours) slain in one night; or Jeroboam's catechism[10], where twelve hundred thousand being presented in the field, (more by many, than all the kings of Christendom arm and pay) five hundred thousand men, chosen men, and men of mighty valour, (as the text qualifies them) were slain upon side in one day; or David's catechism[11], where threescore and ten thousand were devoured of the pestilence, we know not in how few hours; or this Egyptian catechism, of which we can make no conjecture, because we know no number of their houses; *and there was not a house, in which there was not one dead;* or God presents us his catechism in the Primitive church, where every day may be written in red ink, every day the church celebrated five hundred, in some copies five

[8] Heb. ix. 27. [9] Isaiah xxxvii. 36.
[10] 2 Chron. xiii. [11] 2 Sam. xxiv.

thousand martyrs every day, that had writ down their names in their own blood, for the Gospel of Christ Jesus; or God presents us his catechism in the later Roman church; where, upon our attempt of the Reformation, they boast to have slain in one day seventy millions, in another two hundred millions of them that attempted and assisted the Reformation; or else God presents his lesser catechisms, the several funerals of our particular friends in the congregation; or he abridges this catechism of the congregation to a less volume than that, to the consideration of every particular piece of our own family at home: *For so, there is not a house, in which there is not one dead.*

Have you not left a dead son at home, whom you should have chastened[12], whilst there was hope, and have not? Whom you should have beaten with the rod, to deliver his soul from hell, and have not? Whom you should have made an Abel, a keeper of sheep; or a Cain, a tiller of the ground[13]; that is, bestowed him, bound him, to some occupation, or profession, or calling, and have not? You may believe God without an oath; but God hath sworn, *That because Eli restrained not the insolences of his sons, no sacrifice should purge his house for ever*[14]. And scarce shall you find in the whole book of God, any so vehement an intermination, any judgment so vehemently imprinted, as that upon Eli, for not restraining the insolences of his sons: for in that case God says, *I will do a thing in Israel, at which, both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle:* that is, he would inflict a sudden death upon the father, for his indulgence to his sons. Have ye not left such a dead son, dead in contumacy, and in disobedience, at home? Have you not left a dead daughter at home? A daughter whom you should have kept at home, and have not; but suffered, with Dinah, to go out to see the daughters of the land, and so expose herself to dangerous temptations, as Dinah did[15]? Have ye not left a dead servant at home, whom ye have made so perfect in deceiving of others, as that now he is able to take out a new lesson of himself, and deceive you? Have you left no dead inmates, dead sojourners, dead lodgers at home? Of whom, so they advance your profit, you take no care how

[12] Prov. xix. 18; and xxxiii. 13. [13] Gen. iv. 2.
[14] 1 Sam. iii. 13. [15] Gen. xxxiv. 1.

vicious in themselves they be, or how dangerous to the state. *Gather men, and women, and children, and strangers within thy gate*, says God, *that they may all learn the law of the Lord*[16]. If thy care spread not over all thy family, whosoever is dead in thy family by thy negligence, thou shalt answer[17] the king that subject, that is, the King of heaven that soul.

We have (as we proposed to do) surveyed this house in Egypt, where the text lays it, and the house at home where we dwell; there is a third house, which we are, this house of clay, and of mud walls, ourselves, these bodies. And is there none dead there? not within us? The house itself is ready to fall as soon as it is set up: the next thing that we are to practise after we are born, is to die. The timber of this house is but our bones; and, *My bones are waxen old*, says David[18]; and perchance not with age, but as Job says, *His bones are full of the sins of his youth*[19]. The loam walls of this house are but this flesh; and *Our strength is not the strength of stones, neither is our flesh brass*[20]; and therefore, *Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm*[21]. The windows of this house are but our eyes; and, *The light of mine eyes is gone from me*, says David; and we know not how, nor how soon. The foundation is but our feet; and, besides that *Our feet stumble at noon*, (as the prophet complains[22]) David found them so cold, as that no art nor diligence could warm them. And the roof and covering of this house, is but this thatch of hair; and it is denounced by more than one of the prophets, That *upon all heads shall fall baldness*[23]: the house itself is always ready to fall; but is there not also always some dead in this house, in ourselves? Is not our first-born dead? Our first-born (says St. Augustine) are the offspring of our beloved sin; for we have some concubine sins, and some one sin that we are married to: whatsoever we have begot upon that wife, whatsoever we have got by that sin, that is our first-born, and that is dead: how much the better

[16] Deut. xxxi. 12.

[17] This elliptical sense of "answer," "to give account, to . . . for . . . " is not noticed in the dictionaries.—Ed.

[18] Psalm xxxii. 3. [19] Job xx. 11. [20] Job vi. 12.

[21] Jer. xvii. 5. [22] Isaiah lix. 10. [23] Isaiah xv. 23; Jer. xlviii. 37.

soever we make account to live by it, it is dead. For, as it was the mischievous invention of a persecutor in the Primitive church[24], to tie living men to dead bodies, and let them die so; so men that tie the rest of their estate to goods ill gotten, do but invent a way to ruin and destroy all. But that which is truly every man's first-born child, is his zeal to the religion and service of God: as soon as we know that there is a soul, that soul knows that there is a God, and a worship belonging to that God; and this worship is religion. And is not this first-born child dead in many of us? In him that is not stirred, not moved, not affected for his religion, his pulse is gone, and that is an ill sign. In him that dares not speak for it, not counsel, not preach for it, his religion lies speechless; and that is an ill sign. In him that feeds not religion, that gives nothing to the maintenance thereof, his religion is in a consumption. In a word, if his zeal be quenched, his first-born is dead. And so for these three houses, that in Egypt, that at home, that in ourselves, *There is not a house in which there is not one dead.*

The fourth house falling under this survey, is this house in which we are met now, the house of God; the church and the ground wrapped up in the same consecration: and in this house you have seen, and seen in a lamentable abundance, and seen with sad eyes, that for many months there hath scarce been one day in which there hath not been one dead. How should there be but multiplicity of deaths? Why should it be, or be looked to be, or thought to be otherwise? The master of the house, Christ Jesus, is dead before; and now it is not so much a part of our punishment, for the first Adam, as an imitation of the second Adam, to die; death is not so much a part of our debt to nature, or sin, or Satan, as a part of our conformity to him who died for us. If death were in the nature of it merely evil to us, Christ would have redeemed us, even from this death, by his death. But as the death of Christ Jesus is the physic of mankind, so this natural death of the body is the application of that physic

[24] He had said above (p. 58) that Plutarch and Virgil were the evangelists of the legendaries. This "mischievous invention" seems to have been borrowed from the latter:—

Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis, &c.——Æn. viii. 485.

to every particular man, who only by death can be made capable of that glory which his death hath purchased for us. This physic, all they whom God hath taken to him, have taken, and (by his grace) received life by it. Their first-born is dead; the body was made before the soul, and that body is dead. *Rachel wept for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not.* If these children, and parents, and friends, and neighbours of ours were not, if they were resolved into an absolute annihilation, we could not be comforted in their behalf; but Christ, who says, he is the life, lest we should think that to belong only to this life, says also that he is the resurrection. We were contracted to Christ in our election, married to him in our baptism, in the grave we are bedded with him, and in the resurrection estated and put into possession of his kingdom: and therefore, because these words do not only affect us with that sad consideration, that there is none of these houses in which there is not one dead; but minister withal that consolation, that there is none so dead, but may have a resurrection. We shall pass another short survey over all these houses.

Thus far we have surveyed these four houses, Egypt, our families, ourselves, and the church, as so mamy places of infection, so many temporal or spiritual pesthouses, into which our sins had heaped powder, and God's indignation had cast a match to kindle it. But now the very phrase of the text, which is, *That in every house there was one dead, There was*, invites us to a more particular consideration of God's mercy, in that, howsoever it were, it is not so now; in which we shall look how far this beam of mercy shines out in every of these houses, that it is not so now, there is not one dead in every house now; but the infection, (temporal and spiritual infection) is so far ceased, as that not only those that are alive, do not die, as before; but those whom we called dead, are not dead; they are alive in their spirits, in Abraham's bosom; and they are alive in their very bodies, in their contract and inherence in Christ Jesus in an infallible assurance of a joyful resurrection.

Now in the survey of the first sort of houses, of Egypt, herein we are interrupted. Here they were dead, and are dead still: we see clearly enough God's indignation upon them; but we see

neither of those beams of mercy, either that there die no more, or that we have the comfort of a joyful resurrection in them who are dead: for this fearful calamity of the death of their first-born wrought no more upon them, but to bring them to that exclamation, that vociferation, that voice of despairful murmuring, *Omnes moriemur, We are all dead men:* and they were mischievous prophets upon themselves; for, proceeding in that sin which induced that calamity and the rest upon them, they pursued the children of Israel through the Red Sea, and perished in it; and then they came not to die one in a house, but as it is expressed in the story, and repeated in the Psalms, *There remained not so much as one of them alive*[25]; so that in their case there is no comfort in the first beam of mercy, that this phrase, they were dead, or they did die, should intimate, that now they did not die, now God's correction had so wrought upon them, as that God withdrew that correction from them, for it pursued them, and accompanied them to their final and total destruction. And then for the other beam of mercy, of transferring them which seemed dead in the eyes of the world, to a better life, by that hand of death, to present happiness in their souls, and to an assured resurrection to joy and glory in their bodies, in the communion of God's saints, Moses hath given us little hope in their behalf; for thus he encourageth his countrymen in that place, *The Egyptians whom you have seen this day, you shall see no more for ever*[26]: no more in this world, no more in the world to come. Beloved, as God empaled a Goshen in Egypt, a place for the righteous amongst the wicked; so there is an Egypt in every Goshen, nests of snakes in the fairest gardens, and even in this city (which in the sense of the Gospel, we may call, the holy city; as Christ called Jesusalem, though she had multiplied transgressions, the holy city, because she had not cast away his law, though she had disobeyed it: so howsoever your sins have provoked God, yet as you retain a zealous profession of the truth of his religion, I may in his name, and do in the bowels of his mercy, call you, the holy city) even in this city, no doubt but the hand of God fell upon thousands in this deadly infection,

[25] Exod. xiv. 28; Psalm cvi. 10. [26] Exod. xiv. 13.

who were no more affected with it, than those Egyptians, to cry out, *Omnes moriemur*, We can but die, and we must die: and, *Edamus, et bibamus, cras moriemur, Let us eat and drink, and take our pleasure*, and make our profits, *for to-morrow we shall die*, and so were cut off by the hand of God, some even in their robberies, in half-empty houses; and in their drunkenness, in voluptuous and riotous houses; and in their lusts and wantonness, in licentious houses; and so took in infection and death, like Judas' sop, death dipt and soaked in sin. Men whose lust carried them into the jaws of infection in lewd houses, and seeking one sore perished with another; men whose rapine and covetousness broke into houses, and seeking the wardrobes of others, found their own winding-sheet, in the infection of that house where they stole their own death; men who sought no other way to divert sadness, but strong drink in riotous houses, and there drank up David's cup of malediction, the cup of condemned men, of death, in the infection of that place. For these men that died in their sins, that sinned in their dying, that sought and hunted after death so sinfully, we have little comfort of such men, in the phrase of this text, they were dead; for they are dead still: as Moses said of the Egyptians, I am afraid we may say of these men, *We shall see them no more for ever.*

But God will give us the comfort of this phrase in the next house; this next house is *domus nostra*, our dwelling-house, our habitation, our family; and there, they were dead; they were, but by God's goodness they are not. If this savour of death have been the savour of life unto us; if this heavy weight of God's hand upon us have awakened us to a narrower survey, and a better discharge of our duties towards all the parts of our families, we may say, to our comforts and his glory, There was a son dead in disobedience and murmuring; there was a daughter dead in a dangerous easiness of conversation; there was a servant dead in the practice of deceit and falsifying; there was, but the Lord hath breathed a new life into us, the Lord hath made even his tempest a refreshing, and putrefaction a perfume unto us. The same measure of wind that blows out a candle, kindles a fire; this correction that hath hardened some, hath entendered and mollified us; and howsoever there were dead sons, and dead

daughters, and dead servants, this holy sense of God's judgments shall not only preserve for the future, that we shall admit no more such dead limbs into our family, but even give to them who were (in these kinds) formerly dead, a new life, a blessed resurrection from all their sinful habits, by the power of his grace, though reached to them with a bloody hand, and in a bitter cup, in this heavy calamity; and as Christ said of himself, they shall say in him, *I was dead, but am alive;* and by that grace of God, I am that I am.

The same comfort also shall we have in this phrase of the text, in our third house; the third house is not *domus nostra*, but *domus nos*, not the house we inhabit, but the house we carry; not that house which is our house, but that house which is ourselves: there also, they were dead; they were, but are not. For, beloved, we told you before in our former survey of these several houses, that our first-born, (for still ye remember, they were the first-born of Egypt, that induce all this application;) our first-born in this house, in ourselves, is our zeal; not merely and generally our religion, but our zeal to our religion. For religion in general, is natural to us; the natural man hath naturally some sense of God, and some inclination to worship that power, whom he conceives to be God, and this worship is religion. But then the first thing that this general pious affection produces in us, is zeal, which is an exaltation of religion. *Primus actus voluntatis est amor;* Philosophers and divines agree in that, that the will of man cannot be idle, and the first act that the will of man produces, is love; for till it love something, prefer and choose something, till it would have something, it is not a will; neither can it turn upon any object, before God. So that this first, and general, and natural love of God, is not begotten in my soul, nor produced by my soul, but created and infused with my soul, and as my soul; there is no soul that knows she is a soul, without such a general sense of the love of God. But to love God above all, to love him with all my faculties, this exaltation of this religious love of God, is the first-born of religion, and this is zeal. Religion, which is the worship of that power which I call God, does but make me a man; the natural man hath that religion; but that which makes me a father, and gives me an offspring, a

first-born, that is zeal: by religion I am an Adam, but by zeal I am an Abel produced out of that Adam. Now if we consider times not long since past, there was scarce one house, scarce one of us, in whom this first-born, this zeal was not dead. Discretion is the ballast of our ship, that carries us steady; but zeal is the very freight, the cargason[27], the merchandise itself, which enriches us in the land of the living; and this was our case, we were all come to esteem our ballast more than our freight, our discretion more than our zeal; we had more care to please great men than God; more consideration of an imaginary change of times, than of unchangeable eternity itself. And as in storms it falls out often that men cast their wares and their freights overboard, but never their ballast, so soon as we thought we saw a storm, in point of religion, we cast off our zeal, our freight, and stuck to our ballast, our discretion, and thought it sufficient to sail on smoothly, and steadily, and calmly, and discreetly in the world, and with the time, though not so directly to the right haven. So our first-born in this house, in ourselves, our zeal, was dead. It was; there is the comfortable word of our text. But now, now that God hath taken his fan into his hand, and sifted his church, now that God hath put us into a straight and crooked limbeck, passed us through narrow and difficult trials, and set us upon a hot fire, and drawn us to a more precious substance and nature than before; now that God hath given our zeal a new concoction, a new refining, a new inanimation by this fire of tribulation, let us embrace and nurse up this new resurrection of this zeal, which his own Spirit hath begot and produced in us, and return to God with a whole and entire soul, without dividing or scattering our affections upon other objects; and in the sincerity of the true religion, without inclinations in ourselves, to induce, and without inclinableness, from others, upon whom we may depend, to admit, any drams of the dregs of a superstitious religion; for it is a miserable extremity, when we must take a little poison for physic. And so having made the right use of God's corrections, we shall enjoy the comfort of this

[27] Cargason (from the Spanish cargaçon), a cargo. Todd, in his edition of Johnson, says he has not found it except in Howell.—Ed.

phrase, in this house, ourselves, our first-born, our zeal was dead; it was, but it is not.

Lastly, in this fourth house, the house where we stand now, the house of God, and of his saints, God affords us a fair beam of this consolation, in the phrase of this text also, they were dead. How appliable to you, in this place, is that which God said to Moses, *Put off thy shoes, for thou treadest on holy ground*; put off all confidence, all standing, all relying upon worldly assurances, and consider upon what ground you tread; upon ground so holy, as that all the ground is made of the bodies of Christians, and therein hath received a second consecration. Every puff of wind within these walls, may blow the father into the son's eyes, or the wife into her husband's, or his into hers, or both into their children's, or their children's into both. Every grain of dust that flies here, is a piece of a Christian; you need not distinguish your pews by figures; you need not say, I sit with so many of such a neighbour, but I sit within so many inches of my husband's, or wife's, or child's, or friend's grave. Ambitious men never made more shift for places in court, than dead men for graves in churches; and as in our later times, we have seen two and two almost in every place and office, so almost every grave is oppressed with twins; and as at Christ's resurrection some of the dead arose out of their graves, that were buried again; so in this lamentable calamity, the dead were buried, and thrown up again before they were resolved to dust, to make room for more. But are all these dead? They were, says the text; they were in your eyes, and therefore we forbid not that office of the eye, that holy tenderness, to weep for them that are so dead. But there was a part in every one of them, that could not die; which the God of life, who breathed it into them, from his own mouth, hath sucked into his own bosom. And in that part which could die, they were dead, but they are not. The soul of man is not safer wrapt up in the bosom of God, than the body of man is wrapt up in the contract, and in the eternal decree of the resurrection. As soon shall God tear a leaf out of the book of life, and cast so many of the elect into hell-fire, as leave the body of any of his saints in corruption for ever. To what body shall Christ Jesus be loth to put to his

hand, to raise it from the grave, then, that put to his very Godhead, the divinity itself, to assume all our bodies, when in one person, he put on all mankind in his incarnation? As when my true repentance hath re-engrafted me in my God, and re-incorporated me in my Saviour, no man may reproach me, and say, Thou wast a sinner: so, since all these dead bodies shall be restored by the power, and are kept alive in the purpose of Almighty God, we cannot say, they are, scarce that they were dead. When time shall be no more, when death shall be no more, they shall renew, or rather continue their being. But yet, beloved, for this state of their grave, (for it becomes us to call it a state; it is not an annihilation, no part of God's saints can come to nothing) as this state of theirs is not to be lamented, as though they had lost anything which might have conduced to their good, by departing out of this world; so neither is it a state to be joyed in so, as that we should expose ourselves to dangers unnecessarily, in thinking that we want anything conducing to our good, which the dead enjoy. As between two men of equal age, if one sleep, and the other wake all night, yet they rise both of an equal age in the morning; so they who shall have slept out a long night of many ages in the grave, and they who shall be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord Jesus in the air, at the last day, shall enter all at once in their bodies into heaven. No antiquity, no seniority for their bodies; neither can their souls who went before, be said to have been there a minute before ours, because we shall all be in a place that reckons not by minutes. Clocks and sun-dials were but a late invention upon earth; but the sun itself, and the earth itself, was but a late invention in heaven. God had been an infinite, a super-infinite, an unimaginable space, millions of millions of unimaginable spaces in heaven, before the creation. And our afternoon shall be as long as God's forenoon; for, as God never saw beginning, so we shall never see end; but they whom we tread upon now, and we whom others shall tread upon hereafter, shall meet at once, where, though we were dead, dead in our several houses, dead in a sinful Egypt, dead in our family, dead in ourselves, dead in the grave, yet we shall be received, with that consolation, and glorious consolation, You were dead, but are alive. *Enter ye blessed into the kingdom, prepared for you, from the beginning.* Amen.

SERMON CLI.

PREACHED AT THE TEMPLE.

ESTHER iv. 16.

Go and assemble all the Jews that are found in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and eat not, nor drink in three days, day nor night: I also, and my maids will fast likewise; and so also I will go in to the king, which is not according to the law: And if I perish, I perish.

NEXT to the eternal and co-essential word of God, Christ Jesus, the written word of God, the Scriptures concern us most; and therefore next to the person of Christ, and his offices, the devil hath troubled the church with most questions about the certainty of Scriptures, and the canon thereof. It was late, before the spirit of God settled and established an unanime, and general consent in his church, for the accepting of this Book of Esther: for, not only the holy Bishop Melito (who defended the Christians by an apology to the emperor) removed this book from the canon of the Scripture, one hundred and fifty years after Christ, but Athanasius also, three hundred and forty years after Christ, refused it too: yea, Gregory Nazianzen (though he deserved, and had the style and title of Theologus, the divine; and though he came to clearer times, living almost four hundred years after Christ) did not yet submit himself to an acceptation of this book. But a long time there hath been no doubt of it; and it is certainly part of that Scripture which is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, and to instruct in righteousness[1]. To which purpose, we shall see what is afforded us in this history of this heroical woman, Esther; what she did in a perplexed and scrupulous case, when an evident danger appeared, and an evident law was against her action; and from thence consider, what every Christian soul ought to do, when it is surprised and overtaken with any such scruples or difficulties to the conscience.

For Esther in particular, this was her case. She being wife to the king, Haman, who had great power with the king, had got from him an edict, for the destruction of all her people the Jews. When this was intimated to her by Mordecai, who pre-

[1] 2 Tim. iii. 16.

sented to her conscience, not only an irreligious forsaking of God, if she forbore to mediate and use her interest in the king for the saving of hers, and God's people; but an unnatural and unprovident forsaking of herself, because her danger was involved in theirs; and that she herself being of that nation, could not be safe in her person, though in the king's house, if that edict were executed, though she had not then so ordinary access to the king, as formerly she had had: yea, though there were a law in her way, that she might not come till she was called, yet she takes the resolution to go, she puts off all passion, and all particular respects, she consecrates the whole action to God: and having in a rectified and well informed conscience found it acceptable to him, she neglects both that particular law, That none might have access to the king uncalled, and that general law, That every man is bound to preserve himself; and she exposes herself to an imminent, and (for any thing she knew) an unescapable danger of death: *If I perish, I perish.*

For the ease of all our memories, we shall provide best, by contracting all, which we are to handle, to these two parts; Esther's preparation, and Esther's resolution: how she disposed herself, how she resolved: what her consultation was, what her execution was to be. Her preparation is an humiliation; and there, first she prepares, that that glory which God should receive, by that humiliation, should be general; all the people should be taught, and provoked to glorify God; *Vade congrega, Go, and assemble all.* Secondly, The act which they were to do, was to fast, *Jejunate:* and thirdly, It was a limited fast, *Tribus diebus, Eat not, nor drink in three days, and three nights:* and then, this fast of theirs, was with relation, and respect to her, *Jejunate super me, Fast ye for me.* But yet so,' as she would not receive an ease by their affliction; put them to do it for her, and she do nothing for herself; *Ego cum ancillus; I and my maids will fast too:* and *similiter, likewise,* that is, as exactly as they shall. And so far extends her preparation: her resolution derives itself into two branches. First, That she will break an human and positive law, *Ingrediar contra legem, I will go in, though it be not according to the law;* and secondly, She neglects even the law of nature, the law of self-preservation, *Si peream peream.*

To enter into the first part, the assembling of the people; though the occasion and purpose here were religious, yet the assembling of them was a civil act, an act of jurisdiction and authority. Almost all states have multiplied laws against assemblies of people, by private authority, though upon pretences of religious occasions. All conventicles, all assemblies, must have this character, this impression upon them, that they be *legitima*, lawful: and, *legitima sola sunt, quæ habent authoritatem principis*, only those are lawful which are made by the authority of the state. *Aspergebatur infamia Alcibiades, quod in domo suo facere mysteria dicebatur.* There went an ill report of him, because he had sacrifices, and other worships of the gods, at home in his own house: and this was not imputed to him, as a schismatical thing, or an act of a different religion from the state, but an act of disaffection to the state, and of sedition. In times of persecution, when no exercise of true religion is admitted, these private meetings may not be denied to be lawful: as for bodily sustenance, if a man could no otherwise avoid starving, the schoolmen, and the casuists, resolve truly, that it were no sin to steal so much meat as would preserve life; so, those souls, which without that, must necessarily starve, may steal their spiritual food in corners, and private meetings: but if we will steal either of these foods, temporal or spiritual, because that meat which we may have, is not so dressed, so dished, so sauced, so served in, as we would have it; but accompanied with some other ceremonies than are agreeable to our taste; this is an inexcusable theft, and these are pernicious conventicles.

When that law was made by Darius[s], that no man for thirty days should ask any thing of God or man, but only of the king; though it were a law that had all circumstances to make it no law, yet Daniel took no occasion by this, to induce any new manner of worshipping of God; he took no more company with him to affront the law, or exasperate the magistrate; only he did as he had used to do before; and he did not disguise, nor conceal that which he did, but he set open his windows, and prayed in his chamber. But in these private conventicles, where they will not live *voto aperto*, that is, pray so, as that they would be content to

[s] Dan. vi.

be heard what they pray for; as the Jews in those Christian countries, where they are allowed their synagogues, pray against Edom, and Edomites by name, but they mean (as appears in their private catechisms) by Edom, and Edomites, the Christian church, and Christian magistracy; so when these men pray in their conventicles, for the confusion, and rooting out of idolatry and antichrist, they intend by their idolatry, a cross in baptism; and by their antichrist, a man in a surplice; and not only the persons, but the authority that admits this idolatry, and this antichristianism. As vapours and winds shut up in vaults, engender earthquakes; so these particular spirits in their vault-prayers, and cellar-service, shake the pillars of state and church. *Domus mea, domus orationis;* and *Domus orationis, domus mea: My house is the house of prayer*, says God; and so the house of prayer must be his house. The centurion, of whom Christ testified, *That he had not found so great faith even in Israel*[3]; thought not himself worthy, that Christ should come under his roof; and these men think no roof, but theirs, fit for Christ; no, not the roof of his own house, the church: for I speak not of those meetings, where the blessed children of God join in the house, to worship God in the same manner, as is ordained in the church, or in a manner agreeable to that: such religious meetings as these, God will give a blessing to; but when such meetings are in opposition, and detestation of church-service, though their purpose, which come thither, do not always intend sedition, yet they may easily think, that none of those disciples is so ill a natural logician, but that he comes quickly to this conclusion, that if those exercises be necessary to their salvation, that state that denies them those exercises deals unjustly with them: and when people are brought to that disaffection, it is not always in their power that brought them together so far, to settle them or hold them from going farther. In this case which we have in hand, of Esther and Mordecai's assembling all the Jews in Shusan, which was the principal city of Persia, where the residence of the princes was, (Persepolis was a metropolitan city too; but only for the treasure, and for the sepulchres of their kings; but the court was at Shusan.) If when they had been

[3] Matt. viii. 10.

assembled, and their desperate case presented to them, that an edict of a general massacre was going out against them, was it not more likely (judging humanly, and by comparison of like cases) that they would have turned to take arms, rather than to fast and pray for their deliverance: how good soever their pretence (and perchance purpose) be, that assemble people, and discontent them, the bridle, the stern, is no longer in their hands; but there arise unexpected storms, of which, if they were not authors in their purpose, yet they are the occasioners? In Esther's case, the proceeding was safe enough; for they were called to see, that the queen herself had undertaken their deliverance, their deliverance was very likely to be effected; and therefore it became them to assist her purpose with their devotion, expressed first in fasting.

Fasting is not a mere human imposition, as some have calumniated it to be: the commandments of it are frequent from God to his people, and the practice of it even amongst the Ninevites, upon Jonah's preaching, is expressed to be rigid and severe, *Let neither man nor beast taste any thing, nor feed, nor drink water, but let man and beast put on sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God*[4], It is true, that they found often that their fasts did no good; but when they expostulate it with God, *Wherefore have we fasted, and thou seest it not, we have punished ourselves, and thou regardest it not*[5]; they received a direct answer from God, *Behold, in the days of your fast you seek your own will, and require all your debts; when ye fasted and mourned, did ye fast unto me*[6]? To place therefore any part of our righteousness, or to dignify the act of fasting, with the name of merit or satisfaction, did then, and will always corrupt and alter the nature of a true and acceptable fast: and therefore we detest the definition of a fast in the Roman church, *Abstinentia secundum formam ecclesiæ, intuitu satis faciendi, pro peccatis, et acquirendi vitum æternum;* That fasting is a satisfaction for sins, and an acquisition of life everlasting. But since the reason of fasting remains, the practice must remain still: for when Christ excused his apostles for not fasting, as the disciples of John Baptist, and as the pharisees did,

[4] Jonah iii. 7. [5] Isaiah LVIII. 2. [6] Ezek. vii. 5.

he did not say that fasting is taken away; but he said, *The bridegroom was not taken away; but he should be taken away and they should fast*[7]. When occasions press us, fasting is required at our hands: *Caro mea jumentum*, My flesh is my beast; *via Christus*, and Christ is the way I am to go; *Nonne cibaria ferocienti detraham*[8]? If it be too wanton, shall not I withdraw some of the provender? *Et fame domem, quem ferre non possum*, If I cannot govern him, shall I not endeavour to tame him? And therefore, though by reason of former abuses, it be a slippery doctrine, the practice of fasting, (for scarce any man puts himself to much fasting, but he is ready to tell God of it, with the pharisee, *I fast twice a week:* and from Hierome's praise of it, *Jejunium non est virtus, sed gradus ad virtutem*, That though fasting be not a virtue, yet it is the way to virtue; we come a step farther with Chrysostom, *In choro virtutum, extremum sortitur jejunium*, That though fasting be the last of virtues (except Chrysostom mean by *extremum*, the first) yet it is one; yet *Sanctificate vobis jejunium*[9], Fast with a holy purpose; and it is a holy action. As you are bid to *cast your bread upon the waters, for many days after you shall find it again*[10]; so also cast your fasting upon the waters, look for no particular reward of it, and God shall give you a benefit by it in the whole course of your lives.

But the *jejunate*, fasting itself, hath not so much opposition as the *tribus diebus*, that it must be three days; the certain days and the limiting of the time, that is it that offends. All men, will say that fasting is necessary to all men; but not this proportion, and this measure to all men alike. They are content with that of Augustine, *Ego in evangelicis et apostolicis literis totoque; instrumento novo revolvens, video præceptum esse jejunium*, As often as I consider the Gospel, every where I find commandments for fasting; but they will have the rest too: *Quibus diebus oportet, aut non oportet jejunare, præceptum Domini et apostolorum non video definitum*, Upon what days we should fast, says he, I see no commandment of Christ or the apostles: and it is true, there is no express commandment for it; but there is an express commandment to hear the church. In the Old Testament God

[7] Luke v. 33. [8] Augustine. [9] Joel i. 31. [10] Eccles. xi.

gave express commandment, *de jejuniis stativis;* certain fixed and anniversary fasts: *The tenth of the same month shall be a holy convocation unto you, et affligetis animas vestras, ye shall humble your souls; and every person that doth not that, that same day, shall even be cut off from his people*[11]. The disease which they had is hereditary to us; concupiscences in the flesh, and coldness in the service of God: and though it may be true, that the church cannot know my particular infirmities, nor the time when they press me; yet as no physician for the body can prescribe me a receipt against a fever, and bid me take it such a day, because perchance at that day I shall have no fever; yet he can prescribe me certain rules and receipts, which if I take at his times, I shall be the safer all the year: so our spiritual physician, the church, though she cannot know when my body needs this particular physic of fasting, yet she knows that by observing the time which she prescribes, I shall always be in the better spiritual health. As soon as the church was settled, fasts were settled too: when in the Primitive church they fixed certain times for giving orders, and making ministers, they appointed fasts at those times; when they fixed certain times for solemn baptism, (as they did Easter and Whitsuntide) they appointed fasts then too; and so they did in their solemn and public penances. So also when Christians increased in number, and that therefore, besides the Sabbath-day, they used to call them to church, and to give the sacrament upon other days too; as soon as Wednesday and Friday were appointed for that purpose, for the sacrament, they were appointed to be fasted too. And therefore when St. Cyril says, *Vis tibi ostendam, quale jejunare debes jejunium? Jejuna ab omni peccato.* Shall I tell you what fast God looks for at your hands, *fast from sin;* yet this is not all the fasting that he exacts, (though it be indeed the effect and accomplishment of all) but he adds, *Non ideo hoc dicimus,* We say not this, says he, because we would give liberty, *Habemus enim quadragesimum, et quartum, et sextum hebdomadæ diem quibus solemniter jejunamus,* We have a fixed Lent to fast in, and we have Wednesdays and Fridays fixed to fast in. In all times, God's people had fixed and limited fasts, besides these fasts which were enjoined upon emergent

[11] Levit. xxiii. 27.

dangers, as this of Esther. In which there is a harder circumstance than this, that it was a fast limited to certain days; for it is, *Jejunate pro me*, Fast you for me. And these words may seem to give some colour, some countenance to the doctrine of the Roman church, that the merits of one man may be applied to another; which doctrine is the foundation of indulgences, and the fuel of purgatory: in which they go so far as to say, That one man may fee an attorney to satisfy God for him; he may procure another man to fast, or do other works of mortification for him[12]: and he that does so for his client, *Sanguinem pro sanguine Christo reddit*, He pays Christ his blood again, and gives him as much as he received from him; and more, *Deum sibi debitorem efficit*, he brings God into his debt, and may turn that debt upon whom he will; and God must wipe off so much of the other man's score, to whom he intends it. They go beyond this too; that satisfaction may be made to God, even by ourselves after our death: as they say, when they had brought Maximilian the emperor to that mortification, that he commanded upon his deathbed, that his body should be whipped after he was dead; that purpose of his, though it were not executed, was a satisfaction of the justice of God. And (as error can find no place to stop at) they go yet farther, when they extend this power of satisfaction even to hell itself, by authorizing those fables, that a dead man which appeared, and said he was damned, was by this flagellation, by his friend's whipping of himself in his behalf, brought to repentance in hell, and so to faith in hell, and so to salvation in hell.

But in the words of Esther here is no intimation of this heresy; when Queen Esther appoints others to fast for her, she knew she could no more be the better for their fasting, than she could be the leaner, or in the better health for it; but because she was to have benefit by the subsequent act, by their prayers, she provokes them to that, by which their prayers might be the more acceptable and effectual, that is, to fasting. And so because the whole action was for her, and her good success in that enterprise, they are in that sense properly said to have fasted for her: so that this *jejunate super me*, as the word is, *gnalai*[13], *super me*, in my

[12] Grether. [13] עָלַי

behalf, is no more but *orate pro me*, pray for me; and so St. Hierome translates these words, *orate pro me*, pray for me. And therefore, since prayers is the way which God hath given us to batter heaven, whether *facta manu Deum oramus, et vim gratam ei facimus*[14], whether we besiege God with our prayers, in these public congregations, or whether we wrestle with him hand to hand in our chambers, in the battle of a troubled conscience, let us live soberly and moderately; and in *bello*, and in *duello*, here in the congregation, and at home in our private colluctations, we shall be the likelier to prevail with God; for though we receive assistance from the prayer of others, that must not make us lazy in our behalfs; which is Esther's last preparation, she bids all the people fast for her, that is, for the good success of her good purposes; but not the people alone, she and her own maids will fast likewise.

Qui fecit te sine te, non salvabit te sine te, is a saying of St. Augustine, never too often repeated; and God and his church are of one mind; for the church that did baptize thee without thy asking, will not fast for thee, nor pray for thee, without thou fast and pray for thyself. As in spiritual things, charity begins with ourselves, and I am bound to wish my own salvation, rather than any other man's; so I am bound to trust to my making sure of my salvation, by that which I do myself, rather than by that which I procure others to do for me. *Domus Dei, domus orationis;* we have inestimable profit by the public prayers of the church, the house of God; but as there is *Deus, et domus ejus*, so there must be *Ego, et domus mea, I and my house will serve the Lord*[15]. *I also and my maids will fast likewise*, says Esther, in her great enterprise; for, that which the original expresses here, by *gnalai*, for me, the Chaldee paraphrase expresses by *gnimmi*, with me: she was as well to fast as they. It was a great confidence in that priest that comforted St. Augustine's mother, *Fieri non potest, ut filius istarum lachrymarum pereat*, It is impossible that the son, for whom so good a mother hath poured out so devout tears, should perish at last; it was a confidence which no man may take to himself, to go to heaven by that water, the tears of other men; but *tu et domus tua, do thou and thy house*

[14] Tertullian. [15] Josh. ult. 15.

serve the Lord; teach thine own eyes to weep, thine own body to fulfil the sufferings of Christ; thine own appetite to fast, thine own heart, and thine own tongue to pray. Come and participate of the devotions of the church; but yet also in thy chapel of ease, in thine own bed-chamber, provide that thyself and thy servants, all thy senses, and all thy faculties, may also fast and pray; and so go with a religious confidence as Esther did, about all thy other worldly businesses and undertakings.

This was her preparation. Her devotion hath two branches; she was to transgress a positive law, a law of the state; and she neglected the law of nature itself, in exposing herself to that danger. How far human laws do bind the conscience, how far they lay such an obligation upon us, as that, if we transgress them, we do not only incur the penalty, but sin towards God, hath been a perplexed question in all times, and in all places. But how diverse soever their opinions be, in that, they all agree in this, that no law, which hath all the essential parts of a law, (for laws against God, laws beyond the power of him that pretends to make them, are no laws) no law can be so merely a human law, but there is in it a divine part. There is in every human law, part of the law of God, which is obedience to the superior. That man cannot bind the conscience, because he cannot judge the conscience, nor he cannot absolve the conscience, may be a good argument; but in laws made by that power which is ordained by God, man binds not, but God himself: and then you must be subject, not because of wrath, but because of conscience. Though then the matter and subject of the law, that which the law commands, or prohibits, may be an indifferent action, yet in all these, God hath his part; and there is a certain divine soul, and spark of God's power, which goes through all laws, and inanimates them. In all the canons of the church, God hath his voice, *ut omnia ordine fiant;* that all things be done decently, and in order; so the canon that ordains that, is from God; in all the other laws he hath his voice too, *ut piè et tranquillè vivatur*, that we may live peaceably, and religiously, and so those laws are from God: and in all, of all sorts, this voice of his sounds evidently, *qui resistit ordinationi*, he that resists his commission, his lieutenancy, his authority, in law-makers ap-

pointed by him, resists himself. There is no law that is merely human, but only *lex in membris*, the law in our flesh, which rebels against the law in our mind; and this is a rebellion, a tyranny, no lawful government. In all true laws God hath his interest; and the observing of them in that respect, as made by his authority, is an act of worship and obedience to him; and the transgressing of them, with that relation, that is, a resisting or undervaluing of that authority, is certainly sin. How then was Esther's act exempt from this? for she went directly against a direct law, *that none should come to the king uncalled.*

Whensoever divers laws concur and meet together, that law which comes from the superior magistrate, and is in the nature of the thing commanded, highest too, that law must prevail. If two laws lie upon me, and it be impossible to obey both, I must obey that which comes immediately from the greatest power, and imposes the greatest duty. Here met in her, the fixed and permanent law, of promoting God's glory, and a new law of the king, to augment his greatness and majesty, by this retiredness, and denying of ordinary access to his person. God's law, for his glory, which is infinite and unsearchable, and the king's law, for his ease, (of which she knows the reason, and the scope) were in the balance together; if this law of the king had been of anything naturally and essentially evil in itself, no circumstance could have delivered her from sin, if she had done against it. Though the law were but concerning an indifferent action, and of no great importance, yet because God's authority is in every just law, if she could not have been satisfied in her conscience, that that law might admit an exception, and a dispensation in her case, she had sinned in breaking it. But when she proceeded not upon any precipitation, upon any singular or seditious spirit, when she debated the matter temperately with a dispassioned man, Mordecai; when she found a reservation even in the body of the law, that if the king held up his sceptre, the law became no law to that party, when she might justly think herself out of the law, which was (as Josephus delivers it) *Ut nemo ex domesticis accederet*, That none of his servants should come into his presence uncalled; she was then come to that, which only can excuse and justify the breaking of any law, that is, a probable,

if not a certain assurance, contracted *bonâ fide*, in a rectified conscience, that if this present case, which makes us break this law, had been known and considered when the law was made, he that made the law would have made provision for this case. No presuming of a pardon, when the law is broken; no dispensation given beforehand to break it, can settle the conscience; nor any other way, than a declaration well grounded, that that particular case was never intended to have been composed in that law, nor the reason and purpose thereof.

So, when the conscience of Esther was, and so when the conscience of any particular Christian, is, after due consideration of the matter, come to a religious and temperate assurance, that he may break any law; his assurance must be grounded upon this, that if that law were now to be made, that case which he hath presently in hand, would not be included by him that made that law, in that law; otherwise to violate a law, either because, being but a human law, I think I am discharged, paying the penalty; or, because I have good means to the king, I may presume of a pardon in all cases, where my privilege works any other way, than, as we have said, (that is, that our case is not intended in that law) it had been in Esther, it should be in us a sin to transgress any law, though of a law-nature, and of an indifferent action. But upon those circumstances which we mentioned before, Esther might see, that that law admitted some exceptions, and that no exception was likelier than this, that the king for all his majestical reservedness, would be content to receive information of such a dishonour done to his queen, and to her God; she might justly think that that law, intended only for the king's ease, or his state, reached not to her person, who was his wife, nor to her case, which was the destruction of all that professed her religion.

It was then no sin in her to go in to the king, though not according to the law; but she may seem to have sinned, in exposing herself to so certain a danger as that law inflicted; with such a resolution, *Si peream, peream, If I perish, I perish.* How far a man may lawfully, and with a good conscience, forsake himself, and expose himself to danger, is a point of too much largeness, and intricacy, and perplexity to handle now: the general stream

of casuists runs thus, that a private man may lawfully expose himself to certain danger, for the preserving of the magistrate, or of a superior person; and that reason might have justified Esther's enterprise, if her ruin might have saved her country; but in her case, if she had perished, they were likely to perish too. But she is safer than in that; for first, she had hope out of the words of the law, out of the dignity of her place, out of the justice of the king, out of the preparation which she had made by prayer; which prayer, Josephus (either out of tradition, or out of conjecture and likelihood) records to have been, that God would make both her language and her beauty acceptable to the king that day: out of all these, she had hope of good success; and howsoever if she failed of her purpose, she was under two laws, of which it was necessary to obey that which concerned the glory of God. And therefore Daniel's confidence, and Daniel's words became her well, *Behold, our God is able to deliver me, and he will deliver me; but if he will not, I must not forsake his honour, nor abandon his service: and therefore, Si peream, peream, If I perish, I perish.*

It is not always a Christian resolution, *Si peream, peream*, to say, *If I perish, I perish:* I care not whether I perish, or no: to admit, to invite, to tempt temptations, and occasions of sin, and so to put ourselves to the hazard of a spiritual perishing; to give fire to concupiscencies with licentious meditations, either of sinful pleasures past, or of that which we have then in our purpose and pursuit; to fuel this fire with meats of curiosity, and provocation; to blow this fire with lascivious discourses and letters, and protestations, this admits no such condition, *si pereas*, if thou perish; but *periisti*, thou art perished already; thou didst then perish, when thou didst so desperately cast thyself into the danger of perishing. And as he that casts himself from a steeple, doth not break his neck till he touch the ground; but yet he is truly said to have killed himself, when he threw himself towards the ground: so in those preparations, and invitations to sin, we perish, before we perish, before we commit the act, the sin itself: we perished then, when we opened ourselves to the danger of the sin; so also, if a man will wring out, not the club out of Hercules' hands, but the sword out of God's hands; if a man will

usurp upon God's jurisdiction, and become a magistrate to himself, and revenge his own quarrels, and in an inordinate defence of imaginary honour, expose himself to danger in duel, with a *Si peream, peream, If I perish, I perish*, that is not only true, if he perish, he perishes; if he perish temporally, he perishes spiritually too, and goes out of the world loaded with that, and with all his other sins; but it is also true, that if he perish not, he perishes; he comes back loaded both with the temporal, and with the spiritual death, both with the blood, and with the damnation of that man, who perished suddenly, and without repentance, by his sword.

To contract this, and conclude all, if a man have nothing in his contemplation, but dignity, and high place; if he have not virtue, and religion, and a conscience of having deserved well of his country, and the love of God and godly men, for his sustentation and assurance, but only to tower up after dignity, as a hawk after a prey, and think that he may boldly say, as an impossible supposition, *Si peream, peream, If I perish, I perish;* as though it were impossible he should perish; he shall be subject to that derision of the king of Babylon, *Quomodo cecidisti, How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, thou son of the morning! how art thou cast down to the ground, that didst cast lots upon the nations*[16]!

But that provident and religious soul, which proceeds in all her enterprises as Esther did in her preparations, which first calls an assembly of all her countrymen, that is, them of the household of the faithful, the congregation of Christ's church, and the communion of saints, and comes to participate the benefit of public prayers in his house, in convenient times; and then doth the same in her own house, within doors, she, and her maids, that is, she and all her senses and faculties;—this soul may also come to Esther's resolution, to go into the king, though it be not according to the law; though that law be, that neither fornicator, nor adulterer, nor wanton, nor thief, nor drunkard, nor covetous, nor extortioner, nor railer, shall have access into the kingdom of heaven, yet this soul thus prepared shall feel a comfortable assurance, that this law was made for servants, and not for sons, nor for the spouse of Christ, his church, and the living members

[16] Isaiah xiv. 12.

thereof; and she may boldly say, *Si peream, peream;* It is all one though I perish; or as it is in the original, *Vecasher*[17], *quomodocunque peream;* Whether I perish in my estimation and opinion with men, whether I perish in my fortunes, honour, or health, *quomodocunque*, it is all one; *Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's word shall not pass;* and we have both that Word of God, which shall never have end, and that Word of God which never had beginning. His Word, as it is his promise, his Scriptures and his Word, as it is himself: Christ Jesus for our assurance and security, that that law of denying sinners' access, and turning his face from them, is not a perpetual, not an irrevocable law; but that that himself says, belongs to us: *For a little while have I forsaken thee, but with great compassion will I gather thee; for a moment in mine anger I hid my face from thee, for a little season, but with everlasting mercy have I had compassion on thee*, saith the Lord Christ, thy Redeemer. How riotously and voluptuously soever I have surfeited upon sin heretofore, yet if I fast that fast now; how disobedient soever I have been to my superiors heretofore, yet if I apply myself to a conscionable humility to them now; howsoever, if I have neglected necessary duties in myself, or neglected them in my family, that either I have not been careful to give good example, or not careful that they should do according to my example, (and by the way, it is not only the master of a house that hath the charge of a family, but every person, every servant in the house, that hath a body and a soul, hath a house, and a family to look to, and to answer for) yet if I become careful now, that both I, I myself, and my whole house, all my family shall serve the Lord; if I be thus prepared, thus disposed, thus matured, thus mellowed, thus suppled, thus entendered, to the admitting of any impressions from the hand of my God; though there seem to be a general law spread over all, an universal war, an universal famine, an universal pestilence over the whole nation, yet I shall come either to an assurance, that though there fall so many thousands on this and on that hand, it shall not reach me; *etsi pereant*, though others perish, I shall not perish; or to this assurance, *Si peream, peream*, If I perish by the good pleasure of God, I shall be well content to

[17] וְכַאֲשֶׁר, and in whatsoever.

perish so; and to this also, *Etsi peream, non pereo*, Though I perish, I do not perish; though I die, I do not die; but as that piece of money which was but the money of a poor man, being given in subsidy, becomes a part of the royal exchequer: so this body, which is but the body of a sinful man, being given in subsidy, as a contribution to the glory of my God, in the grave, becomes a part of God's exchequer,; and when he opens it, he shall issue out this money, that is, manifest it again clothed in his glory: that body which in me was but a piece of copper money, he shall make a talent of gold; and which in me was but a grain of wheat buried in the earth, he shall multiply into many ears, not of the same wheat, but of angels' food; the angels shall feed and rejoice at my resurrection, when they shall see in my soul, to have all that they have, and in my body, to have that that they have not.

SERMON CLII.

PREACHED AT LINCOLN'S-INN, ASCENSION-DAY, 1622.

DEUTERONOMY xii. 30.

Take heed to thyself, that thou be not snared by following them after they be destroyed from before thee; and that thou inquire not after their gods saying, How did these nations serve their gods? even so will I do likewise.

WHEN I consider our ascension in this life, (that which David speaks of, *Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord*[1]*?*) I see the prophet adds there, as another manner of expressing the same thing, *And who shall stand in that holy place? Quis ascendet, et quis stabit?* A man does not ascend, except he stand. And such an ascension (an ascension without a redescent) Moses provides for here. First, they should ascend to an abolishing of all idolatry; and then they should stand in that state, persevere in that station, and perpetuate that ascension to themselves, by shutting themselves up against any new re-entries of that idolatry

[1] Psalm xxiv. 30.

which had been once happily banished from amongst them. The inchoation of this ascension, that step which is happily made in the abolishing of idolatry, is in the beginning of this chapter; *Ye shall utterly destroy all the places*, (which is a vehement gradation and heightening of the commandment:) it is a destruction, not a faint discontinuing of idolatry, but destruction: it is utter destruction, not a defacing, not a deferring of idolatry; and it is the utter destruction of the very place, not a seizing the riches of the place, not a slight correction of the abuses of the place, but the place itself, and (as is there expressed) all the place, not to leave the devil one chapel wherein the nations had served their gods. And the Holy Ghost proceeds in the next verse with this particular vehemency, *You shall overthrow their altars, break their pillars, burn their groves, hew down their images, and destroy their names.* But all this is but the inchoation of this ascension, the first step in abolishing idolatry: the consummation of it is, in standing there; and that is in this text, *Take heed to thyself*, &c.

The words are an inhibition, and the persons are all they to whom God hath extended his favours, so far as to deliver them from idolatry, formerly practised amongst them, and to bring them to the sincere worship of his name. And for such persons we need not go far, for we ourselves are they. God hath given us such a deliverance heretofore in the reformation of religion; so far we are ascended, and so the inhibition lies upon us, that we slide not back again. It hath two parts; 1. The main matter of the inhibition, that we be not snared by idolaters, after they have been destroyed from before us. And secondly, two particular dangers whereby we may be snared: first, by following them: take heed you be not snared by them; and then by an over-curious inquiring into their religion, *Enquire not after their gods*, &c. And through the first, the matter of the inhibition, we shall pass by these steps, 1. That there is no security; there is still danger, though the idolater be destroyed. And secondly, that there is therefore a diligence to be required, *Take heed to thyself.* And then thirdly, that the danger from which this diligence must deliver us is a snare; *Take heed lest thou be snared.* And for the branches of the second part, the snare of

following them; the snare of inquiring into their opinions; it shall least incumber you to have them opened then, when we come to handle them; first we pass through the first part.

In that, the first branch is, that there is no security, though the enemy be destroyed. And there we are to consider first, what amounts to a destruction, what is called a destruction in this case; God had promised the children of Israel, that he would give all the inhabitants of the land of promise into their hands; that he would abolish them, destroy them, and (as his own phrase is) *cut them off*[2]. God performs all his promises; Was this performed to them? did God destroy them all? truly it was very much that God did in this behalf. He got great victories for them, and by strange means. One angel was able to destroy for them almost two hundred thousand Assyrians in one night in Sennacherib's army[3]. This was a real execution by the hands of one, who having commission, had truly power to do it, an angel. But he prevailed for them so too in another case, only by an apparition of angels, when there was no blow strucken, when Elisha's servant saw mountains full of horses and chariots of fire[4]. He prevailed for them by creatures of a much lower rank, and weak in their nature, by hornets. He promises Moses, that he would send hornets before them[5], and they should drive out the inhabitants of the land. He prevails for them by creatures of a lower rank than they, by creatures without life, by stones. The Lord discomfited them by great stones from heaven[6]. He prevailed by that which is no creature, no subsistence, a sound only, the Lord thundered with a great thunder upon the Philistines, and discomfited them[7]. He took a lower way than this, he employed nothing, and yet did the work, by imprinting a terror in their hearts, *Five of you shall chase a hundred, and a hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight*[8]. And a way lower than that; he wrought not upon their minds, but upon their senses. He smote a whole army with blindness[9]. And he went further yet; he did nothing at all upon them, and yet wrought his purpose only by diversion; when Saul pursued

[2] Exod. xxiii. 23. [3] 2 Kings xix. 35. [4] 2 Kings vi. 16.
[5] Exod. xxiii. 28. [6] Josh. x. 10.
[7] 1 Sam. vii. 10. [8] 2 Kings vi. 17. [9] 1 Sam. xxiii. 27.

David with the most vehemence of all, a messenger came and told him that the Philistines had invaded his land, and then he gave over the pursuit of David[10]. Really great, admirably strange things did God in the behalf of his children, for the destruction of his and their idolatrous enemies. But yet were they ever destroyed: totally destroyed they were not; the Lord left some nations (says the text there) without hastily driving them out; neither did he deliver them into the hands of Joshua. *The Jebusites dwell with the children of Benjamin in Jerusalem unto this day*[11], (says that holy story) and so did other nations with the other tribes in other places. They were able (as we are told there) to put the Canaanites to tribute, but not to drive them out, to make penal laws against them, but not to deliver the land of them. Now why did God do this? We would not ask this question, if God had not told us, *ut erudiret in iis Jerusalem*, that the enemy might be their schoolmaster, and war their catechism, that they might never think that they stood in no more need of God. *The Lord was with Judah*, (saith the text) so far with him, as that he drave out the inhabitants of the mountain, but yet would not drive out the inhabitants of the valley. Sometimes God does the greater work, and yet leaves some lesser things undone. God chooses his matter and his manner, and his measure, and his means, and his minutes: but yet God is truly and justly said to have destroyed those idolatrous enemies, in that he brought them so low, as that they could not give laws to the children of Israel, nor force them to the idolatrous worship of their gods, though some scattered idolaters did still live amongst them. God could destroy *Nequitias in cœlestibus*, he could evacuate all powers and principalities, he could annihilate the devil, or he could put him out of commission, take from him the power of tempting or soliciting his servants. Though God hath not done it, yet he is properly said to have destroyed him, because he hath destroyed his kingdom. *Death is swallowed up in victory*, saith St. Paul out of Hosea[12]. *O death, where is thy sting!* says he. Where is it! Why, it is in thy

[10] Judges ii. 23. [11] Judges i. 21. 28.
[12] 1 Cor. xv. 5. 4; Hosea xiii. 14.

bosom. It is at the heart of the greatest princes of the earth; though they be gods, they die like men. *O grave, where is thy victory!* says he there. Why, above the victories, and trophies, and triumphs of all the conquerors in the world. And yet the apostle speaks, (and justly) as if there were no death in man, no sting in death, no grave after death, because to him who dies in the Lord, all this is nothing; not he by death, but death in him is destroyed. And as it is of the cause of sin, the devil; and of the effect of sin, death; so is it of sin itself; it is destroyed, and yet we sin. He that is born of God, doth not commit sin so, as that sin shall be imputed to him. Sin and Satan, and death are destroyed in us, because they can do no harm to us. So the idolatrous nations were destroyed amongst the Israelites, because they could not bring in an inquisition amongst them, and force them to their religion. And so idolatry hath been destroyed amongst us, destroyed so, as that it hath been declared to be idolatry towards God, and declared to be complicated and wrapped up inseparably in treason towards the king and the state. Our schools and pulpits have destroyed it, and our parliaments have destroyed it. Our pulpits establish them that stay at home; and our laws are able to lay hold upon them that run from home, and return ill-affected to their home. Let no man therefore murmur at God's proceedings, and say, if God had a mind to destroy idolatry, he would have left no seed, or he would not have admitted such a repullulation, and such a growth of that seed as he hath done. God hath his own ends and his own ways: he destroyed the nations from before the Israelities; Christ hath destroyed sin, and Satan, and death, and hell; and idolaters amongst us, for God's greater glory, do remain. For such a destruction as should be absolute, God never intended, God never promised; for that were to occasion, and to induce a security, and remove all diligence: which is our second branch in this first part (*Cave tibi*) see, take heed, &c.

In the beginning of the world we presume all things to have been produced in their best state; all was perfect, and yet how soon a decay! All was summer, and yet how soon a fall of the leaf! A fall in Paradise, not of the leaf, but of the tree itself, Adam fell; a fall before that, in heaven itself, angels fell: better

security than Adam, than angels had there, we cannot have, we cannot look for here. And therefore there is danger still, still occasion of diligence, of consideration. The chewing of the cud was a distinctive mark of cleanness in the creature[13]. The holy rumination, the daily consideration of his Christianity, is a good character of a Christian. *Covet earnestly the best gifts*, says the apostle[14]; those to whom he writ had good gifts already, yet he exhorts them to a desire of better. And what doth he promise them? Not the gift itself, but the way to it, *I will show a more excellent way*. There is still something more excellent than we have yet attained to. *Non dicit charisma, sed viam*[15]. The best step, the best height in this world, is but the way to a better; and still we have way before us to walk further in. *Anathema pro fratribus*[16], was but once said; St. Paul once, and in a vehement, and inordinate zeal, and religious distemper said so, That he *could be content to be separated from Christ*. *Exi à me Domine*, was but once said, once St. Peter said, *Depart from me, O Lord*[17]. The anathema, the *exi* but once; but the *Adveniat regnum*, *Let thy kingdom come*, I hope is said more than once by every one of us, every day; every day we receive, and yet every day we pray for that kingdom, more and more assurance of glory, by more and more increase of grace. For as there are bodily diseases, and spiritual diseases too, proper to certain ages, (a young man and an old man are not ordinarily subject to the same distempers, nor to the same vices) so particular forms of religion have their indispositions, their ill inclinations too. Thou art bred in a reformed church, where the truth of Christ is sincerely preached, bless God for it; but even there thou mayest contract a pride, an opinion of purity, and uncharitably despise those who labour yet under their ignorances or superstitions; or thou mayest grow weary of thy manna, and smell after Egyptian onions again. It is not enough that the state and the church hath destroyed idolatry so far as we said before; still there are weeds, still there are seeds: and therefore *Cave*, take heed. But yet it is but, take heed. It is not take

[13] Lev. xi. 3. [14] 1 Cor. xii. 31. [15] Chrysostom.
[16] Rom. ix. 3. [17] Luke v. 8.

thought. Afflict not thyself, deject not thyself with ominous presages, and prophetical melancholy, thy God will overthrow this religion, and destroy this work which his right hand hath been a hundred years in repairing, and scatter his corn which his right hand hath been a hundred years in purifying. Come not to say, it was but the passion and animosity of Luther, it was but the ambition and singularity of Calvin that induced this religion, and now that that is spent, the religion melts like snow. Take no such thought, be not afraid that the truth of God shall or can perish: it is not, take thought, but it is much less, take arms. Men may have false conceptions of preparations, and ways laid towards a re-entry of idolatry; and men may have just and true reasons of, or religious indignation to see so bad and so insolent uses made of those favours which are offered to persons of that profession; but yet our inhibition is no further here, but to take heed, not to take arms, not to come by violence, not to slackness of allegiance and obedience. It is but take heed, and but take heed to thyself. Pretend not thou who art but a private man, to be an overseer of the public, or a controller of him who (by way of coaction) is accountable to God only, and neither to any great officer at home, nor to the whole body of the people there, nor to any neighbour-prince or state abroad. Idolatry is destroyed, but yet there is danger, not to make thee take thought, to suspect God's power, or his will to sustain his cause; not to take arms, as if the Lord of hosts needed rebels; but to take heed, to watch plots of circumvention, and to heed to thyself, that is, to all under thy charge, for thy danger is not evident. It is a snare, *laqueus*, which is our last stop and step in this first part.

There is danger though the idolaters be thus destroyed. There is use of diligence, if there be danger, and the more, if this danger be a snare. Take heed that the idolater do not kindle a rebellion; take heed that the idolater do not solicit an invasion; take heed of public and general dangers. These be caveats for princes; but take heed of a snake, take heed of a snare, this appertains to every private man. God studied plagues for Egypt, and they were strange plagues; but that is as great as any at least, which David speaks of, *Pluet laqueos*, *Upon the wicked God*

shall rain snares[18]. And after, *Mensa laqueus, Their table shall become a snare before them*[19]. And if God punish our negligence of his former favours so far, as to rain snares even at our tables, that almost at every table that we can come to, we shall meet some that would ensnare us. Is not this caveat necessary in these times? Take heed that thou be not snared. David thought he had carried his complaint to the highest, when he said to his enemies, *They commune of laying snares privily*[20]. But now they do not plot privily, but avow their mischiefs, and speak so, as we dare scarce confess that we heard them: and that is a shrewd snare, when they dare speak more then we dare hear. *Will a man have taken up a snare from the earth, and have taken nothing*[21]? saith the prophet. Since they have laid their snares, they will take some, and thou mayest be one: and therefore take heed of their snares. There is a snare laid for thy son, a persuasion to send him to foreign universities; they will say, not to change his religion: for religion, let him do as he shall see cause; but there he shall be better taught, and better bred than at home. There is a snare laid for thy servants: What need they come to church, they have nothing to lose, who will indict them, who will persecute them? And yet in due time such servants may do the cause as much good as the masters. There is a snare laid for thy wife: Her religion, say they, doth not hinder her husband's preferment, why should she refuse to apply herself to them? We have used to speak proverbially of a curtain-sermon, as of a shrewd thing; but a curtain-mass, a curtain-requiem, a snare in thy bed, a snake in thy bosom is somewhat worse. I know not what name we may give to such a woman's husband; but I am sure such a wife hath committed adultery, spiritual adultery, and that with her husband's knowledge; call him what you will. There is a snare for thy servant, for thy son, for thy wife, and for thy fame too; and how far soever thou wert from it, they will have the world believe thou diedst a papist. If thy declination be towards profit, if thy bias turn that way, there is a snare in the likeness of a chain, of a jewel, a pension. If it be society and conversation, there may be a snare

[18] Psalm xi. 6. [19] Psalm lxix. 21.
[20] Psalm lxiv. 65. [21] Amos iii. 5

in meeting more good company at masses, than at thy parish church. If it be levity, and affectation of new things, there may be a snare of things so new in that religion, as that this kingdom never saw them yet, not then when this kingdom was of that religion. For we had received the reformation before the council of Trent, and before the growth of the Jesuits: and if we should turn to them now, we should be worse than we were before we received the reformation; and the council of Trent and the Jesuits have made that religion worse then it was; as St. Bernard says upon St. Paul's words, *Neither height, nor depth, nor life, nor death, shall separate us*[22]: *Minime tamen dicit, nec nos ipsi.* The apostle doth not say, that we ourselves, and our own concupisences shall not separate us from God. So though excommunications have not, invasions have not, powder-plots have not; yet God knows what those snares may work upon us. *In laqueo suo comprehendantur*, says David[23]. Now *laqueus* is a snare, as their malice intends it for us; and *laqueus* is a halter, as our laws intend it for them; and *in laqueo suo*, as it is theirs, let them be taken. Our good and great God in his power and mercy hath destroyed idolatry; but in his wisdom he hath left exercise for our diligence in same danger, and that danger is a snare, and therefore, Take heed thou be not snared. And so we have done with the first part.

Our second part consists of two branches, of two ways of falling into this danger. First, by following them; and then, by inquiring into their religion. For the first, the original word which we translate, following, is *achareihem*[24], and it is only *post eos, come not after them*; which (if we were to reflect at all, which we always avoid, upon public things) would afford a good note for the public, for the magistrate, Come not after these idolaters, but be still beforehand with them. That which is proverbially said of particular bodies, will hold in a body politic, in any state. *Qui medicè miserè.* That man hath no health, who is put to sustain it, or repair it with continual physic. That state hath no safety, that refers all to a defensive war, and to a reparation of breaches, then when they

[22] Rom. viii. 38. [23] Psalm ix. 16. [24] אחריהם

are made. That state will be subject to the other proverb, which Chrysostom foresaw: *Medice cura teipsum*[25]. That state which hath been a physician to all her neighbour states, let blood, and staunched blood in them, so as conduced best to their own health, may be put to employ all her means upon herself, to repair and cure herself, if she follow, that is (in this acceptation of the word) come after her idolatrous enemies, and be not still beforehand with them. But that is not our sphere, the public, the state; but yet states consist of families, and families of private persons, and they are in our sphere, in our charge. And therefore we lay this inhibition upon all that are masters of families, Take heed of being snared by following, by coming after them, in this sense. That because thou thinkest thou hast a power in thy wife, in thy children, in thy servants, and canst do what thou wilt with them at any time, therefore thou needest not be so scrupulous at first, but mayest admit any supplanters, any underminers into thy house, because they are good company, or because they have relation to great persons. Come not to this, *post eos*, play not that after-game, to put thyself to a necessity of taking sore and unkind courses with wife and children after; but be beforehand with such idolaters, prevent their snare. We lay this inhibition too upon every particular conscience. *Covetousness is idolatry*, saith the apostle, and *Quot vitia, tot idola*, saith St. Hierome. As many habitual sins as we have, so many idols have we set up. True repentance destroys this idolatry, it is true, but then, Take heed of being snared, *post ea*, by coming after them, by exposing thyself to dangers of relapses again, by consideration how easily thou madest thy peace last time with God. It was but a sigh, but a tear, but a bending of the knee, but a receiving of the sacrament, that went to it then. And *post ea*, when all is done which was done before in the way of sin, all that is easily done over again, which was done in the way of remedy. Say not so: for a merry heart, and a cheerful countenance, upon the testimony of a good conscience, is a better way to God than all the dejections of spirit, all the sure contritions, and sad remorses in the world. Thou art not sure that thou shalt get so far, as to such a sadness as God requires for sin, thou

[25] Luke iv. 24.

mayest continue in thy presumption. Thou art not sure that thou shalt go no further then God requires, in that sadness, it may flow out to desperation. Be beforehand with thy sins, watch the approaches of those enemies; for if thou build upon that way of coming after them upon presumption of mercy, upon repentance, thou mayest be snared, and therefore take heed. And this is the sense of the phrase, as the original will afford it, with idolaters in the state, with underminers in thy house, with sins in thy soul, be still beforehand, watch their dangerous accesses. But St. Hierome, and the great stream of expositors that go with him, give another sense of the word, *Ne imiteris, Be not snared by following them.* And in that sense we are to take the word now.

Follow them not then, that is, imitate them not, neither in their severity and cruelty, nor in their levity and facility, neither not in their severity, when they will apply all the capital and bloody penalties of the imperial laws (made against Arians, Manicheans, Pelagians, and Nestorians, heretics in the fundamental points of religion, and with which Christ could not consist) to every man that denies any collateral and subdivided tradition of theirs; that if a man conceive any doubt of the dream of purgatory, of the validity of indulgence, of the latitude of a work of supererogation, he is as deep in the faggot here, and shall be as deep in hell hereafter, as if he denied the Trinity, or the incarnation and passion of Christ Jesus; when in a day's warning, and by the roaring of one bull, it grows to be damnation to day, to believe so as a man might have believed yesterday, and have been saved, when they will afford no salvation, but in that church which is discernible by certain and inseparable marks, which our countryman Saunders makes to be six, and Michael Medina extends to eleven, and Bellarmine declares to be fifteen, and Bodius stretches to a hundred, when they make everything heresy; and rather than lack a text for putting heretics to death, will accept that false reading, *hæreticum hominem devita*[26], which being spoken of avoiding, they will needs interpret of killing (for Erasmus cites a witness, who heard an ancient and grave divine cite that place so, and to that purpose) follow them not, do not

[26] Titus iii. 10.

imitate them; be content to judge more charitably of them. For those amongst them who are under an invincible ignorance (because their superiors keep the Scriptures from them) God may be pleased to save by that revelation of his Son Christ Jesus, which he hath afforded them in that church: howsoever, they who have had light offered to them, and wilfully resist it, must necessarily perish. Follow them not, imitate them not in that severity, necessarily to damn all who think not in all things as they do: nor follow them not in that facility, to make their divinity, and the tenets of their church, to wait upon temporal affairs, and emergent occasions. The Anabaptist will delude the magistrate in an examination, or in any practice, because he thinks no man ought to be a magistrate over him in things that have any relation to spiritual cognizance, and treason in alienating the subject from his allegiance must be of spiritual cognizance. Where others are too strong for them, they may dignify their religion (so their Jesuit Ribadineyra says) and where they are too strong for others, they must profess it, though with arms (so their Jesuit Bellarmine argues it.) In this planetary, in this transitory, in this occasional religion, follow them not: we say in logic, *Substantia non suscipit magis et minus*, Substantial and fundamental points of religion (and obedience to superiors is amongst those) do not ebb and flow; they bind all men, and at all times, and in all cases, *Induite Dominum Jesu*, says the apostle, *Put ye on the Lord Jesus*[27], and keep him on, put him not off again. Christ is not only the stuff, but the garment ready made; he will not be translated and turned, and put into new fashions, nor laid up in a wardrobe, but put on all day, all the days of our life; though it rain, and rain blood; how foul soever any persecution make the day, we must keep on that garment, the true profession of Christ Jesus; follow not these men in their severity, to exclude men from salvation in things that are not fundamental, nor in their facility to disguise and prevaricate in things that are.

The second danger, and our last branch of this part is, *Inquire not after their gods*, &c. Ignorance excuses no man. What is curiosity? *Qui scire vult ut sciat*[28], He that desires knowledge

[27] Rom. xiii. 14. [28] Augustine.

only that he may know, or be known by others to know; he who makes not the end of his knowledge the glory of God, he offends in curiosity, says that father; but that is only in the end. But in the way to knowledge there is curiosity too; in seeking such things as man hath no faculty to compass, unrevealed mysteries; in seeking things, which if they may be compassed, yet it is done by indirect means, by invocation of spirits, by sorcery; in seeking things which may be found, and by good means, but appertain not to our profession; all these ways men offend in curiosity. It is so in us, in churchmen, *si iambos servemus, et metrorum silvam congerimus*[29], if we be over-vehemently affected or transported with poetry, or other secular learning. And therefore St. Hierome is reported himself to have been whipped by an angel, who found him over-studious in some of Cicero's books. This is curiosity in us, and it is so in you, if when you have sufficient means of salvation preached to you in that religion wherein you were baptized, you inquire too much, too much trouble yourself with the religion of those, from whose superstitions you are already by God's goodness rescued; remember that he who desired to fill himself with the husks, was the prodigal. It was prodigality, and a dangerous expense of your constancy, to open yourself to temptation, by an unnecessary inquiring into impertinent controversies. We in our profession may embrace secular learning, so far as it may conduce to the better discharge of our duties, in making the easier entrance, and deeper impression of divine things in you: you may inform yourselves occasionally, when any scruple takes hold of you, of any point of their religion. But let your study be rather to live according to that religion which you have, than to inquire into that from which God hath delivered you; for that is the looking back of Lot's wife, and the distemper and distaste of the children of Israel, who remembered too much the Egyptian diet. If you will inquire whether any of the fathers of the primitive church did at any time pray for any of the dead, you shall be told (and truly) that Augustine did, that Ambrose did; but you shall not so presently be told how they deprehended themselves in an infirmity, and collected and corrected themselves ever when they were so praying. If you in-

[29] Hierome.

quire whether any of them speak of purgatory, you shall easily find they do; but not so easily, in what sense; when they call the calamities of this life, or when they call the general conflagration of the world, purgatory. If you inquire after indulgences, you may find the name frequent amongst them; but not so easily find when and how the relaxations of penances publicly enjoined, were called indulgences: nor how, nor when, indulgences came to be applied to souls departed. If thou inquire without a *melius inquirendum*, without a thorough inquisition (which is not easy for any man who makes it not his whole study and profession) thou mayest come to think holy men have prayed for the dead, why may not I? Holy men speak of purgatory and indulgences, why should I abhor the names or the things? And so thou mayest fall into the first snare, it hath been done, therefore it may be done; and into another after, it may be done, therefore it must be done: when thou art come to think that some men are saved that have done it, thou wilt think that no man can be saved except he do it: from making infirmities excusable necessary (which is the bondage the council of Trent hath laid upon the world) to make problematical things, dogmatical; and matter of disputation, matter of faith; to bring the university into Smithfield, and heaps of arguments into piles of fagots. If thou inquire further than thy capacity enables thee, further than thy calling provokes thee; how do those nations serve their gods? thou mayest come to say, as the text says, in the end, *Even so will I do also.*

To end all, embrace fundamental, dogmatical, evident divinity; that is expressed *in credendis*, in the things which we are to believe in the creed. And it begins with *Credo in Deum*, Belief in God, and not in man, nor traditions of men. And it is expressed *in petendis*, in the things which we are to pray for in the Lord's Prayer; and that begins with *Sanctificetur nomen tuum*, *Hallowed be thy name*, not the name of any. And it is expressed *in agendis*, in the things which we are to do in the commandments; whereof the first table begins with that, *Thou shalt have no other gods but me.* God is a monarch alone, not a consul with a colleague. And the second table begins with honour to parents, that is, to magistrates, to lawful authority. Be therefore always

far from disobeying lawful authority, resist it not, calumniate it not, suspect it not; for there is a libelling in the ear, and a libelling in the heart, though it come not to the tongue or hands, to words, nor actions. *If it be possible*, saith the apostle, *as much as in you lies, have peace with all men*, with all kind of men. Obedience is the first commandment of the second table, and that never destroys the first table, of which the first commandment is, Keep thyself, that is, those that belong to thee and thy house, entire and upright in the worship of the true God, not only not to admit idols for gods, but not to admit idolatry in the worship of the true God.

SERMON CLIII.

PREACHED AT PAUL'S CROSS TO THE LORDS OF THE COUNCIL, AND OTHER HONOURABLE PERSONS, MARCH 24, 1616.

It being the Anniversary of the King's coming to the Crown, and his Majesty being then gone into Scotland.

PROVERBS xxii. 11.

He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips, the king shall be his friend.

THAT man that said it was possible to carve the faces of all good kings that ever were, in a cherry-stone, had a seditious, and a traitorous meaning in his words. And he that thought it a good description, a good character of *good subjects*, that they were *populus natus ad servitutem*, a people disposed to bear any slavish yoke, had a tyrannical meaning in his words. But in this text, as in one of those tables, in which, by changing the station, and the line, you use to see two pictures, you have a good picture of a good king, and of a good subject; for in one line, you see such a subject, as *loves pureness of heart*, and *hath grace in his lips*. In the other line, you see the king gracious, yea friendly to such a subject, *He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips, the king shall be his friend*. The sum of the words is, that God

will make an honest man acceptable to the king, for some ability which he shall employ to the public. Him that proceeds sincerely in a lawful calling, God will bless and prosper, and he will seal this blessing to him, even with that which is his own seal, his own image, the favour of the king, *He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips, the king shall be his friend.*

We will not be curious in placing these two pictures, nor considering which to consider first. As he that would vow a fast, till he had found in nature, whether the egg, or the hen were first in the world, might perchance starve himself; so that king, or that subject, which would forbear to do their several duties, till they had found which of them were most necessary to one another, might starve one another; for king and subjects are relatives, and cannot be considered in execution of their duties, but together. The greatest mystery in earth, or heaven, which is the Trinity is conveyed to our understanding, no other way, than so, as they have reference to one another by relation, as we say in the schools; for, God could not be a father without a son, nor the Holy Ghost *Spiratus sine spirante.* As in divinity, so in humanity too, relations constitute one another, king and subject come at once and together into consideration. Neither is it so pertinent a consideration, which of them was made for other's sake, as that they were both made for God's sake, and equally bound to advance his glory.

Here in our text, we find the subject's picture first; and his marks are two; first, pureness of heart, that he be an honest man; and then grace of lips, that he be good for something; for, by this phrase, grace of lips, is expressed every ability, to do any office of society for the public good. The first of these, pureness of heart, he must love; the other, that is, grace of lips (that is, other abilities) he must have, but he must not be in love with them, nor over-value them. In the king's picture, the principal mark is, that he shall be friendly and gracious; but gracious to him that hath this grace of lips, to him that hath endeavoured, in some way, to be of use to the public; and not to him neither, for all the grace of his lips, for all his good parts, except he also love pureness of heart; but *He that loveth pureness of heart* (there

is the foundation) *for the grace of his lips* (there is the upper building) *the king shall be his friend.*

In the first then, which is this pureness of heart, we are to consider *rem, sedem, et modum;* what this pureness is, then where it is to be lodged and fixed, in the heart; and, after that, the way, and means by which this pureness of heart is acquired and preserved, which is implied and notified in that affection, wherewith this pureness of heart is to be embraced and entertained, which is love; for love is so noble, so sovereign an affection, as that it is due to very few things, and very few things worthy of it. Love is a possessory affection, it delivers over him that loves into the possession of that that he loves; it is a transmutatory affection, it changes him that loves, into the very nature of that that he loves, and he is nothing else.

For the first, pureness itself; it is carried to a great height, for our imitation (God knows, too great for our imitation) when Christ bids us *be perfect, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect*[1]. As though it had not been perfectness enough, to be perfect, as the Son upon earth was perfect; he carries us higher, *Be perfect as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.* The Son, upon earth, Christ Jesus, had all our infirmities and imperfections upon him, hunger, and weariness, and hearty sorrow to death, and that, which alone is all, mortality, death itself. And, though he were innocence itself, and knew no sin, yet there was no sin that he knew not, for, all our sins were his. He was not only made man, and by taking (by admitting, though not by committing) our sins, as well as our nature, sinful man; but he was made sin for our sakes. And therefore, though he say of himself, *Sicut ego, Keep my commandments, even as I have kept my Father's commandments*[2], yet still he refers all originally to the Father; and because he was under our infirmities and our iniquities, he never says (though he might well have said so) *Sicut ego*, Be pure, be perfect as I am perfect and pure, but *Sicut Pater*, Be pure as your Father in heaven is pure. Hand to hand with the Father, Christ disclaims himself, disavows himself, *Non sicut ego, Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt, O Father*[3]. We are

[1] Matt. v. 48. [2] John xv. 10. [3] Matt. xxvi. 39.

not referred for the pattern of our purity (though we might be safely) to him that came from heaven, the Son, but to him which is in heaven, the Father. Nor to the sun which is in heaven (the sun, that is, the pure fountain of all natural light) nor to the angels which are in heaven, though they be pure in their nature, and refined by a continual emanation of the beams of glory upon them, from the face of God, but the Father which is in heaven is made the pattern of our purity; that so, when we see the exact purity, which we should aim at, and labour for, we might the more seriously lament, and the more studiously endeavour the amendment of that extreme and enormous foulness and impurity, in which we who should be pure, as our Father which is in heaven is pure, exceed the dog that turns to his own vomit again; and the sow, that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire[4].

Yet there is no foulness so foul, so inexcusable in the eyes of God, nor that shall so much aggravate our condemnation, as a false affectation, and an hypocrical counterfeiting of this purity. There is a pureness, a cleanness imagined (rather dreamed of) in the Roman church, by which (as their words are) the soul is abstracted, not only *a passionibus*, but *a phantasmatibus*, not only from passions, and perturbations, but from the ordinary way of coming to know anything; The soul (say they) of men so purified, understands no longer, *per phantasmata rerum corporalium;* not by having anything presented by the phantasy to the senses, and so to the understanding, but altogether by a familiar conversation with God, and an immediate revelation from God; whereas Christ himself contented himself with the ordinary way; he was hungry, and a fig-tree presented itself to him upon the way, and he went to it to eat[5]. This is that pureness in the Roman church, by which the founder of the last order amongst them, Philip Nerius, had not only utterly emptied his heart of the world, but had filled it too full of God, for, so (say they) he was fain to cry sometimes, *Recede a me Domine*, O Lord, go further from me, and let me have a less portion of thee. But who would be loath to sink, by being over freighted with God, or loath to over-set, by having so much of that wind, the breath

[4] 2 Pet. ii. 22. [5] Matt. xxi. 20.

of the Spirit of God? Privation of the presence of God, is hell; a diminution of it, is a step toward it. Fruition of his presence is heaven; and shall any man be afraid of having too much heaven, too much God? There are many among them, that are over laden, oppressed with bishoprics and abbeys, and yet they can bear it and never cry, *Retrahe Domine, Domine resume*, O Lord withdraw from me, resume to thyself some of these superabundances; and shall we think any of them to be so over freighted and surcharged with the presence, and with the grace of God, as to be put to his *Recede Domine*, O Lord withdraw thyself, and lessen thy grace towards me? This pureness is not in their heart, but in their phantasy.

We read in the ecclesiastic story of such a kind of affectation of singularity, very early in the primitive church. We find two sorts of false puritans then; the Catharists, and the Cathari. The Catharists thought no creatures of God pure, and therefore they brought in strange ceremonial purifications of those creatures. In which error, they of the Roman church succeed them, in a great part, in their *exorcisms*, and consecrations; particularly in the greatest matter of all, in the sacraments. For the Catharists in the sacrament of the body and blood of our Saviour, thought not the bread pure, except it were purified by the aspersion of something issuing from the body of man, not fit to be named here; and so, in the Roman church, they induced a use of another excrement in the other sacrament, they must have spittle in the sacrament of baptism. For, in those words of Tertullian, *In baptismo dæmones respuimus*, In baptism we renounce the devil, they will admit no other interpretation of the *respuimus*[6]; but that *respuere*, is *sputo detestari*, that we can drive the devil away, no way, but by spitting at him; their predecessors in this, the Catharists, thought no creatures pure, and therefore purified them, by abominable and detestable ways.

The second sort of primitive puritans, the Cathari, they thought no men pure but themselves, and themselves they thought so pure, as to have no sin; and that therefore they might and so did, leave out, as an impertinent clause in the Lord's prayer, that

[6] Durantius de citib. l. i. 19 n. 30.

petition, *Dimitte nobis debita nostra*, for, they thought they ought[7] God nothing. In natural things, monsters have no propagation; a monster does not beget a monster. In spiritual excesses it is otherwise; for, for this second kind of puritans, that attribute all purity to themselves, and spend all their thoughts upon considering others, that weed hath grown so far, that whereas those puritans of the primitive church did but refuse to say, *Dimitte nobis*, *Forgive us our trespasses*, because they had no sin, the puritan papist is come to say, *Recede à nobis*, O Lord stand further off, for I have too much of thee. And whereas the puritan of the primitive church did but refuse one petition of the Lord's prayer, the later puritan amongst ourselves hath refused the whole prayer. Towards both these sorts of false puritans, Catharists, and Cathari, derived down to our time, we acknowledge those words of the apostle to belong, *Reprove, rebuke, exhort*[8]; that is, leave no such means untried, as may work upon their understandings, and remove their just scruples; preach, write, confer; but when that labour hath been bestowed, and they sear up their understanding against it, so that the fault lies not then in the darkness of their understanding, but merely in the perverseness of the will, over which faculty other men have no power, towards both these sorts, we acknowledge those other words of the apostle to belong too, *Utinam abscindantur*, *Would to God they, were even cut off that disquiet you*[9]: *cut off*, that is, removed from means by which, and from places, in which, they might disquiet you. These two kinds of false puritans we find in the primitive church; and Satan, who lasts still, makes them last still too. But if we shall imagine a third sort of puritans, and make men afraid of the zeal of the glory of God, make men hard, and insensible of those wounds that are inflicted upon Christ Jesus, in blasphemous oaths, and execrations, make men ashamed to put a difference between the Sabbath and an ordinary day, and so, at last, make sin an indifferent matter, *If any man list to be contentious, we have no such custom, neither the church of God*[10]. The church of God encourages them, and assists them in that sanctity, that purity, with all those means wherewith Christ Jesus hath

[7] *i. e.* owed.
[8] 2 Tim. iv. 2.
[9] Gal. v. 12.
[10] 1 Cor. xi. 16.

trusted her, for the advancement of that purity; and professes that she prefers in her recommendations to God, in her prayers, one Christian truly fervent and zealous, before millions of lukewarm. Only she says, in the voice of Christ Jesus her head, *Woe be unto you, if you make clean the outside of cups and platters, but leave them full of extortion, and excess within*[11]. Christ calls them to whom he says that, blind Pharisees, if they have done so; if they think to blind others, Christ calls them blind. But if their purity consist in studying and practising the most available means to sanctification, and in obedience to lawful authority established according to God's ordinance, and in acquiescence in fundamental doctrines, believed in the ancient church to be necessary to salvation, if they love the peace of conscience, and the peace of Sion, as Balaam said, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his*[12]; so I say, let me live the life of a puritan, let the zeal of the house of God consume me, let a holy life, and an humble obedience to the law, testify my reverence to God in his church, and in his magistrate: for, this is St. Paul's puritan, to *have a pure heart* (*the end of the commandment is love, out of a pure heart*[13]) and then to have pure hands (*that we may lift up pure hands, without wrath or doubting*[14]) and to have pure consciences (*having the mystery of faith, in pure consciences*[15]). The heart is the fountain from which my good and holy purposes flow; my hand is the execution and declaration of those good purposes, produced into the eyes of men; and my conscience is the testification of the Spirit of God with my Spirit, that I have actually made those declarations, that I have lived according to that profession. This is St. Paul's puritan, pure in heart, pure in hand, pure in conscience; that I do believe I ought to do this; that really I do it; that my conscience tell me after, it was rightly done; for, a man may do good, ill, and go by ill ways, to good ends. And then, if our purity be but comparative and not positive, that we only look how ill other men be, not how good we should be, we shall become either Catharists, purifying puritans, quarrelling with men, with states, with churches, and attempting a purifying of

[11] Matt. xxiii. 25. [12] Numb. xxiii. 10. [13] 1 Tim. i. 5.
[14] 1 Tim. ii. 8. [15] 1 Tim. iii. 8.

sacraments, and ceremonies, doctrine and discipline, according to our own fancy; or Cathari, purified puritans, that think they may leave out the *dimitte debita*, they need ask no forgiveness. And then Cain's *major iniquitas*[16], (My sin is too great for God to forgive) is not worse than this *minor iniquitas*, My sin is too little for God to consider; I cannot have a pardon, and I do not need a pardon, it is impossible for me to get it, and it is unnecessary for me to ask it, are equal contempts against the majesty and mercy of God. But this first consideration (the nature of this pureness) enlarges itself by flowing into the second branch of this first part, that is, the place where this pureness is established, the heart: *He that loves pureness of heart, the king shall be his friend.*

Absolute pureness cannot be attained to *in via*. It is reserved for us *in patria;* at home in heaven, not in our journey here, is that pureness to be expected. But yet here in the way, there is a degree of it, acceptable to God; of which himself speaks, and there it may be had; *Blessed are the pure in heart* (so the pureness be placed there, all is well,) *for they shall see God*[17]. Whether that sight of God be spoken *De cognitione Dei*, of that sight of God, which we have *in speculo*, in a glass[18], in that true glass of his own making, his word explicated in the church; or *de visione beatifica*, of that beatifical vision of God, which is salvation, howsoever the reward (the sight of God) in the perfect fruition thereof may be reserved for the future (*They shall see God*) yet they are pure, and they are blessed already, *Blessed are the pure in heart.* This pureness then must be rightly placed; for, in many things, the place qualifies and denominates the things; it is not *balsamum* if it grew not in Palestine. It is not pureness, if it grew not in the heart. The hypocrite is the miserablest of all other; he does God service, and yet is damned. The shedding of our blood for God is not a greater service than the winning of souls to God; and the hypocrite many times does that; his outward purity works upon them who cannot know it to be counterfeit, and draws them truly and sincerely to serve God. He does God service, and yet perishes, because he does it

[16] Gen. iv. 13. [17] Matt. v. 9. [18] 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

not from the heart. God shall take him away, *as a man taketh away dung, till it be all gone*[19]; God does not say there, that he will take away the dung, but the man; not that he will take away the dissimulation of the hypocrite, but he will take away the hypocrite himself, as dung is taken away, till it be all gone, till this hypocrite be swept, not clean, but clean away. If he have a complacency, a joy that he can deceive, and can seem that which he is not (*The joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment*[20].) He hath no true joy at all; his joy is but dung, and in a moment comes a cart, and fetches away that dung, sweeps away even that false joy. Can he hope for more? (*The hope of the hypocrite shall perish*[21].) If he can conceive such a hope, it shall perish in abortion, and never have life (*Their hope shall be as the giving up of the ghost*[22].) As soon as it is a hope, it shall be as the giving up of the ghost, and a cart shall carry away that dung, that hope. What cart? first, God shall disappoint his hope of deluding the world; God shall discover him, and lay him open (*That the hypocrites reign not, lest the people be insnared*[23]). And then when God hath discovered him (*The innocent shall stir up himself against the hypocrite*[24]) that is, consider him, observe him, and arm himself against his imaginations. And God shall not only discover him to men, but God shall discover himself to him, and make him see his future condemnation (*Fearfulness shall surprise the hypocrite*[25]). And then (*What is the hope of the hypocrite, when God taketh away his soul*[26]) when the cart comes for the last load of dung, his corrupt, his putrefied soul, what hope hath the hypocrite for the next life?

It is not pureness then, except it be in the right place, the heart; but where is the heart? The heart is *vafrum et inscrutabile, Deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it*[27]? It is uncertain and unsearchable; and it is so, because it pursues those things which are *in fluxu*, ever in motion. Cast but a paper into the river, and fix thine eye upon that paper, and bind thine eye to follow that paper whithersoever the river, or

[19] 1 Kings xiv. 10. [20] Job xx. 5. [21] Job viii. 13.
[22] Job xi. 20. [23] Job xxxiv. 30. [24] Job xvii. 8.
[25] Isaiah xxxiii. 14. [26] Job xxvii. 8. [27] Jer. xvii. 9.

the wind shall carry it, and thou canst not imagine where thine eye will be to-morrow: for, this paper is not addressed, as a ship, to a certain port, or upon any certain purpose, but exposed to the disposition of the tide, to the rage of the wind, to the wantonness of the eddy, and to innumerable contingencies, till it wear out to nothing. So, if a man set his heart (we cannot call it a setting) if a man suffer his heart to issue upon any of these fluid and transitory things of this world, he shall have *cor vafrum et inscrutabile*, He shall not know where to find his own heart. If riches be this floating paper that his eye is fixed upon, he shall not know upon what course; if beauty be this paper, he shall not know upon what face; if honour and preferment be it, he shall not know upon what faction his heart will be transported a month hence. But, if the heart can fix itself upon that which is fixed, the almighty and immoveable God, if it can be content to inquire after itself, and take knowledge where it is, and in what way, it will find the means of cleansing; and so, this second consideration, the placing of this pureness in the heart, enlarges itself also into the third branch of this part, which is *de modo*, by what means this pureness is fixed in the heart, in which is involved the affection with which it must be embraced, love, *He that loveth pureness of heart.*

Both these then are settled; our heart is naturally foul; and our heart may be cleansed. But how, is our present disquisition, *Who can bring a clean thing out of filthiness? There is not one*[28]: Adam fouled my heart and all yours; nor can we make it clean ourselves, *Who can say I have made clean my heart*[29]? There is but one way; a poor beggarly way, but easy and sure, to ask it of God. And, even to God himself it seems a hard work to cleanse this heart; and therefore our prayer must be with David, *Cor mundum crea, Create, O Lord, a pure heart in me*[30]. And then comes God's part, not that God's part began but then; for it was his doing, that thou madest this prayer; but because it is a work that God does especially delight in, to build upon his own foundations; when he hath disposed thee to pray, and upon that prayer created a new heart in thee, then God

[28] Job xiv. 4. [29] Prov. xx. 9. [30] Psalm li. 12.

works upon that new heart, and *By faith purifies it*, enables it to preserve the pureness, as St. Peter speaks[31]. He had kindled some sparks of this faith in thee, before thou askedst that new heart; else the prayer had not been of faith; but now finding thee obsequious to his beginnings, he fuels this fire, and purifies thee, as gold and silver, in all his furnaces; through believing and doing, and suffering, through faith, and works, and tribulation, we come to this pureness of heart. And truly, he that lacks but the last, but tribulation (as fain as we would be without it) lacks one concoction, one refining of this heart.

But, in this great work, the first act is a renovation, a new heart; and the other, that we keep clean that heart by a continual diligence, and vigilancy over all our particular actions. In these two consists the whole work of purifying the heart; first, an annihilating of the former heart, which was all sin; and then a holy superintendency over that new heart, which God vouchsafes to create in us, to keep it as he gives it, clean, pure. It is, in a word, a detestation of former sins, and a prevention of future. And for the first, *Mundi corde sunt, qui deposuere cor peccati*[32]; That is the new heart that hath disseised, expelled the heart of sin. There is in us a heart of sin, which must be cast up; for whilst the heart is under the habits of sin, we are not only sinful, but we are all sin, as it is truly said, that land overflowed with sea, is all sea. And when sin hath got a heart in us, it will quickly come to be that whole *body of death*, which St. Paul complains of[33], Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? when it is a heart, it will get a brain; a brain that shall minister all sense, and delight in sin; that is the office of the brain; a brain which shall send forth sinews and ligaments, to tie sins together; and pith and marrow to give a succulency, and nourishment, even to the bones, to the strength and obduration of sin; and so it shall do all those services, and offices for sin, that the brain does to the natural body. So also if sin get to be a heart, it will get a liver to carry blood and life through all the body of our sinful actions; that is the office of the liver; and whilst we dispute whether the throne and seat of the soul be in

[31] Acts xv. 9. [32] Chromakus, anno 390. [33] Rom. vii. 24.

the heart, or brain, or liver, this tyrant sin will præoccupate all, and become all; so, as that we shall find nothing in us without sin, nothing in us but sin, if our heart be possessed, inhabited by it. And if it be true in our natural bodies, that the heart is that part that lives first and dies last, it is much truer of this *cor peccati*, this heart of sin; for, this hearty sinner that hath given his heart to his sin, doth no more foresee a death of that sin in himself, than he remembers the birth of it; and, because he remembers not, or understands not how his soul contracted sin, by coming into his body, he leaves her to the same ignorance, how she shall discharge herself of sin, when she goes out of that body. But, as his sin is elder than himself (for Adam's sin is his sin) so is it longer lived than his body, for it shall cleave everlastingly to his soul too. God asks no more of thee, but, *Fili, da mihi cor, My son, give me thy heart*[84]; because when God gave it thee, it was but one heart. But since thou hast made it *cor et cor* (as the prophet speaks) a heart, and a heart, a double heart, give both thy hearts to God; thy natural weakness and disposition to sin (the inclinations of thy heart) and thy habitual practice of sin, (the obduration of thy heart) *cor peccans*, and *cor peccati*, and he shall create a new heart in thee; which is the first way of attaining this pureness of heart, to become once in a good state, to have (as it were) paid all thy former debts, and so to be the better able to look about thee for the future, for prevention of subsequent sins, which is the other way that we proposed for attaining this pureness, detestation of former habits, watchfulness upon particular actions.

Till this be done, till this *cor peccati*, this hearty habitualness in sin be divested, there is no room, no footing to stand and sweep it; a heart so filled with foulness will admit no counsel, no reproof. The great engineer would have undertaken to have removed the world with his engine, if there had been any place to fix his engine upon, out of the world; I would undertake, (by God's blessing upon his ordinance) to cleanse the foulest heart that is, if that engine which God hath put into my hands might enter into his heart; if there were room for the renouncing God's judgments, and for the application of God's mercies in the merits

[84] Prov. xxiii. 26.

of Christ Jesus in his heart, they would infallibly work upon him. But he hath petrified his heart in sin, and then he hath immured it, walled it with a delight in sin, and fortified it with a justifying of his sin, and adds daily more and more outworks, by more and more daily sins; so that the denouncing of judgment, the application of mercies, prayers, sermons, sacraments, (which are the engines and ammunition which God hath put into our hands) though they have a blessed and a powerful operation, and produce heavenly effects, where they may have entrance; in this, habitual sinners can have none. Some things therefore, some great things every man must depart with, before he can come to the God of *pure eyes*[35].

When the heart is emptied of *infidelity*, and of those habits of sin that filled it, when it is come to a discontinuance, and a detestation of those sins, then we can better look into every corner, and endeavour to keep it clean; clean in that measure, that the God of *pure eyes* will vouchsafe to look upon it, and the light of his countenance will perfect the work. The diligence required on our part, is a serious watchfulness and consideration of our particular actions, how small soever. In the law, whatsoever was unclean to eat, made a man unclean, to touch it, when it was dead. Though the body of sin have so far received a deadly wound in thee, as that thou hast discontinued some habitual sin, some long time; yet if thou touch upon the memory of that dead sin, with delight, thou begettest a new child of sin. And as Esay speaks of a child, and of a sinner of an hundred years old[36], so every sin into which we relapse, is born an hundred years old; it hath all the age of that sin, which we had repented and discontinued before, upon it; it is born an Adam, in full strength the first minute; born a giant, born a devil, and possesses us in an instant. Every man may observe, that a sin of relapse is sooner upon him, than the same sin was at the first attempting him; at first, he had more bashfulness, more tenderness, more colluctation against the sin, than upon a relapse. And therefore in this survey of sin, thy first care must be, to take heed of returning too diligently to a remembrance of those delightful sins which are past; for that will endanger new. And in many cases it is safer

[35] Habak. i. 13. [36] Isaiah LXV. 20.

to do (as God himself is said to do) *to tie up our sins in a bundle*, and *cast them into the sea;* so for us to present our sins in general to God, and cast them into the bottomless sea of the infinite mercies of God, in the infinite merits of Christ Jesus; than by an over-diligent enumeration of sins of some kinds, or by too busy a contemplation of those circumstances which increased our sinful delight then when we committed those sins, to commit them over again, by a fresh delight in their memory. When thou hast truly repented them, and God hath forgotten them, do thou forget them too.

The pureness and cleanness of heart which we must love, was evidently represented in the old law, and in the practice of the Jews, who took knowledge of so many uncleannesses; they reckon almost fifty sorts of uncleannesses, to which there belonged particular expiations; of which, some were hardly to be avoided in ordinary conversation: as to enter into the courts of justice; for the Jews that led Christ into the common hall, would not enter, lest they should be defiled[87]. Yea, some things defiled them, which it had been unnatural to have left undone; as for the son to assist at his father's funeral; and yet even these required an expiation: for these, though they had not the nature of sin, but might be expiated, (without any inward sorrow or repentance) by outward ablutions, by ceremonial washings, within a certain time prescribed by the law, yet if that time were negligently and inconsiderately overslipped, then they became sins, and then they could not be expiated, but by a more solemn, and a more costly way, by sacrifice. And even before they came to that, whilst they were but uncleannesses, and not sins yet even then they made them incapable of eating the Paschal Lamb. So careful was God in the law, and the Jews in their practice (for these outward things) to preserve this pureness, this cleanness, even in things which were not fully sins. So also must he that affects this pureness of heart, and studies the preserving of it, sweep down every cobweb that hangs about it. Scurrile and obscene language; yea, misinterpretable words, such as may bear an ill sense; pleasurable conversation, and all such little entanglings, which though he think too weak to hold him, yet they foul him.

[87] John xviii. 28.

And let him that is subject to these smaller sins, remember, that as a spider builds aways where he knows there is most access and haunt of flies, so the devil that hath cast these light cobwebs into thy heart, knows that that heart is made of vanities and levities; and he that gathers into his treasure whatsoever thou wastest out of thine, how negligent soever thou be, he keeps thy reckoning exactly, and will produce against thee at last as many lascivious glances as shall make up an adultery, as many covetous wishes as shall make up a robbery, as many angry words as shall make up a murder; and thou shalt have dropped and crumbled away thy soul, with as much irrecoverableness, as if thou hadst poured it out all at once; and thy merry sins, thy laughing sins, shall grow to be crying sins, even in the ears of God; and though thou drown thy soul here, drop after drop, it shall not burn spark after spark, but have all the fire, and all at once, and all eternally, in one entire and intense torment. For, as God, for our capacity, is content to be described as one of us, and to take our passions upon him, and be called angry, and sorry, and the like; so is he in this also like us, that he takes it worse to be slighted, to be neglected, to be left out, than to be actually injured. Our inconsideration, our not thinking of God in our actions, offends him more than our sins. We know, that in nature, and in art, the strongest bodies are compact of the least particles, because they shut best, and lie closest together; so be the strongest habits of sin compact of sins which in themselves are least; because they are least perceived, they grow upon us insensibly, and they cleave unto us inseparably. And I should make no doubt of recovering him sooner that had sinned long against his conscience, though in a great sin, than him that had sinned less sins, without any sense or conscience of those sins; for I should sooner bring the other to a detestation of his sin, than bring this man to a knowledge, that that that he did was sin. But if thou couldst consider that every sin is a crucifying of Christ, and every sin is a precipitation of thyself from a pinnacle; were it a convenient phrase to say, in every little sin, that thou wouldest crucify Christ a little, or break thy neck a little.

Beloved, there is a power in grace, upon thy repentance, to wash away thy greatest sins; that is the true, the proper physic

of the soul, it is the only means to recover thee. But yet, wert thou not better to make this grace thy diet, than thy physic? Were thou not better to nourish thy soul with this grace all the way, than to hope to purge thy soul with it at last? This, as a diet, the apostle prescribes thee, *Whether you eat or drink, do all to the glory of God*[38]. He intends it farther there, *Whatsoever you do;* and farther than that, in another place[39], *Whatsoever ye do, in deed, or in word, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.* Since there is no action so little, but God may be glorified in it, there is no action so little, but the devil may have his end in it too, and may overthrow thee by a temptation, which thou thinkest thyself strong enough to leap over. And therefore, if you have not given over all love of true weights, and true measures, weigh and measure your particular and indifferent actions, before you do them, and you shall see, at least, grains of iniquity in them; and then, this advantage will you have, by this preconsideration, and weighing your actions beforehand; that when you know there is sin in that action, and know that nothing can counterpoise, nor weigh down sin, but only the blood of Christ Jesus; you may know too that the blood of Christ Jesus cannot be had beforehand. God gives no such *non-obstantes* no such privileges, no leave to sin, no pardon for sin, before it be committed: and therefore, if this premeditation of this action bring thee to see that there is sin it; it must necessarily put a tenderness, a horror, an aversion in thee, from doing that, to which, (being thus done with this preconsideration, and presumption) the blood of thy Saviour doth not appertain. To all your other wares, the baser and coarser they are, the greater weight and measure you are content to give; to the basest of all, to sin, you give the lightest weight, and scantiest measure, and you supply all with the excuses of the custom of the time, that the necessity of your trade forces you to it, else you should be poor, and poorly thought of.

Beloved, God never puts his children to a perplexity; to a necessity of doing any sin, how little soever, though for the avoiding of a sin, as manifold as Adam's. It is not a little request to you, to beware of little sins: it is not a little request, and there-

[38] 1 Cor. x. 31. [39] Col. iii. 17.

fore I make it, in the words of the greatest to the greatest, (for they are all one head and body) of Christ to his church, *Capite vulpeculas, Take us the little foxes, for they devour the vines*[40]. It is not a cropping, nor a pilling, nor a retarding of the growth of the vines, but *demoliuntur*, as little as those foxes are, they devour the vines, they root them out. Thy soul is not so easily devoured by that lion, that seeks whom he may devour[41]; for, still he is put to seek, and does not always find: and thou shalt hear his roaring, that is, thou shalt discern a great sin; and the lion of the tribe of Judah[42] will come in to thy succour, as soon as thou callest: but take heed that thy soul be not eaten up with vermin, by those little sins, which thou thinkest thou canst forbear, and give over when thou wilt. God punished the Egyptians most, by little things; hailstones, and frogs, and grasshoppers; and Pharaoh's sorcerers, which did greater, failed in the least, in lice[43]. It is true, there is physic for this, Christ Jesus that receives thy greatest sins into his blood, can receive these vermin too into his bowels, even at last; but yet, still make his grace rather thy diet, by a daily consideration beforehand, than thy physic at last. It is ill to take two physics at once; bodily, and ghostly physic too, upon thy death-bed. The apothecary and the physician do well together; the apothecary and the priest not so well. Consult with him before, at least, consult with thine own conscience in those little actions, which either their own nature, or the custom of the time, or thy course of life, thy calling, and the example of others in thy calling made thee think indifferent: for though it may seem a degree of flattery, to preach against little sins in such a city as this, where greater sins do abound; yet because these be the materials and elements of greater sins, (and it is impossible to say where a bowl will lie, that is let fall down a hill, though it be let never so gently out of the hand,) and there is no pureness of heart, till even these cobwebs and crumbs be swept away; he that affects that pureness, will consider well that of St. Augustine[44] *Interest inter rectum corde, et mundum corde;* A right heart and a clean heart, is not all one: he may have a right heart, that

[40] Cant. ii. 15. [41] 1 Pet. v. 8. [42] Rev. v. 5.
[43] Exod. viii. 16. [44] Psalm xxiv. 4.

keeps in the right way, in the profession of the right religion; but he only keeps his heart pure, that watches all his steps, even in that right way. St Augustine considers that question of David[45], *Quis ascendet*, and *quis stabit*, Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place? And he applies the answer, *Innocens manibus, et mundo corde;* He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart: thus, that he hath clean hands, clean from blood, clean from bribery and oppression, clean from fornication, and such notorious sins, *ascendet in montem*, he shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, he shall be admitted to all the benefits that the Christian church can give him; but only he that hath a pure heart, a care to glorify God, in a holy watchfulness upon all his particular actions, to the exclusion of lesser sins, *stabit*, shall stand safe, confident, unshaken, in his holy place, even in the judgment of God; clean hands justify him to men, a pure heart to God: and therefore this pureness of heart, is here wrapped up in the richest mantle, in the noblest affection that the nature of man hath, that is, love: for this is not only a contentment, an acquiescence, a satisfaction, a delight in this pureness of heart, but love is a holy impatience in being without it, or being in a jealousy that we are without it; and it is a holy fervour and vehemency in the pursuit of it, and a preferring it before any other thing that can be compared to it: that is love; and therefore it deserves to be insisted upon, now when in our order proposed at first, from the thing itself that is required (pureness) and the seat, and centre of that pureness (the heart) and the way of this fixation of this pureness in the heart, (detestation of former habits of sins, and prevention of future sins, in a watchful consideration of all our actions, before we do them,) we are come to that affection wherewith this inestimable pureness is to be embraced, love: *he that loveth pureness of heart.*

Love, in divinity, is such an attribute, or such a notion, as designs to us one person in the Trinity; and that person who communicates, and applies to us, the other two persons, that is, the Holy Ghost: so that, as there is no power, but with relation to the Father, nor wisdom but with relation to the Son, so there should be no love but in the Holy Ghost, from whom comes this

[45] Psalm xxiv. 3.

pureness of heart, and consequently the love of it necessarily: for, the love of this pureness is part of this pureness itself, and no man hath it, except he love it. All love which is placed upon lower things, admits satiety; but this love of this pureness, always grows, always proceeds: it does not only file off the rust of our hearts, in purging us of old habits, but proceeds to a daily polishing of the heart, in an exact watchfulness, and brings us to that brightness, *Ut ipse videas faciem in corde, et alii videant cor in facie*[46]. That thou mayest see thy face in thy heart, and the world may see thy heart in thy face; indeed, that to both, both heart and face may be all one: thou shalt be a looking-glass to thyself, and to others too.

The highest degree of other love, is the love of woman; which love, when it is rightly placed upon one woman, it is dignified by the apostle with the highest comparison, *Husbands love your wives, as Christ loved his church*[47]: and God himself forbade not that this love should be great enough to change natural affection, *relinquet patrem*[48], (for this, a man shall leave his father) yea, to change nature itself, *caro una*, two shall be one. Accordingly David expresses himself so, in commemoration of Jonathan, *Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women*[49]: a love above that love, is wonderful. Now, this love between man and woman, doth so much confess a satiety, as that if a woman think to hold a man long, she provides herself some other capacity, some other title, than merely as she is a woman: her wit, and her conversation, must continue this love; and she must be a wife, a helper; else, merely as a woman, this love must necessarily have intermissions. And therefore St. Jerome notes a custom of his time, (perchance prophetically enough of our times too) that to uphold an unlawful love, and make it continue, they used to call one another friend, and sister, and cousin, *ut etiam peccatis induant nomina caritatis*, that they might apparel ill affections in good names; and those names of natural and civil love might carry on, and continue a work, which otherwise would sooner have withered. In parables, and in mythology, and in the application

[46] Augustine.
[47] Ephes. v. 25.
[48] Gen. ii. 24.
[49] 2 Sam. i. 26.

of fables, this affection of love, for the often change of subjects, is described to have wings; whereas the true nature of a good love (such as the love of this text) is a constant union. But our love of earthly things is not so good as to be *volatilis*, apt to fly; for it is always grovelling upon the earth, and earthly objects: as in spiritual fornications, the idols are said to have ears and hear not, and eyes and see not; so in this idolatrous love of the creature, love hath wings, and flies not; it flies not upward, it never ascends to the contemplation of the Creator in the creature. The poets afford us but one man, that in his love flew so high as the moon; Endymion loved the moon. The sphere of our loves is sublunary, upon things naturally inferior to ourselves.

Let none of this be so mistaken, as though women were thought improper for divine, or for civil conversation: for, they have the same soul, and of their good using the faculties of that soul, the ecclesiastic story, and the martyrologies, give us abundant examples of great things done, and suffered by women for the advancement of God's glory: but yet, as when the woman was taken out of man, God caused a heavy sleep to fall upon man, and he slept[50]; so doth the devil cast a heavy sleep upon him too, when the woman is so received into man again, as that she possesses him, fills him, transports him. I know the fathers are frequent in comparing and paralleling Eve, the mother of man, and Mary the mother of God. But, God forbid any should say, that the Virgin Mary concurred to our good, so, as Eve did to our ruin. It is said truly, *That as by one man sin entered, and death*[51], so by one man entered life. It may be said, *That by one woman sin entered and death*, (and that rather than by the man; for, *Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression*[52].) But it cannot be said, in that sense, or that manner, that by one woman innocence entered, and life: the Virgin Mary had not the same interest in our salvation, as Eve had in our destruction; nothing that she did entered into that treasure, that ransom, that redeemed us. She, more than any other woman, and many other blessed women since, have done many things for the advancing of the glory of God, and

[50] Gen. ii. 22. [51] Rom. v. 12. [52] 1 Tim. ii. 14.

imitation of others; so that they are not unfit for spiritual conversation; nor for the civil offices of friendship neither, where both temptation at home, and scandal abroad, may truly be avoided. I know St. Jerome in that case despised all scandal, and all malicious misinterpretations of his purpose therein, rather than give over persuading the lady Paula to come from Rome, to him, and live at Jerusalem: but, I know not so well, that he did well in so doing. A familiar and assiduous conversation with women will hardly be without temptation and scandal. St. Jerome himself apprehended that scandal tenderly, and expresses it passionately; *Sceleratum me putant, et omnibus peccatis obrutum.* The world takes me for a vicious man, more (*sceleratum*) for a wicked, a facinorous man, for this, and *obrutum*, surrounded, overflowed with all sins: *Versipellem, lubricum, mendacem, satanæ arte decipientem:* They take me to be a slippery fellow, a turn-coat from my professed austerity, a liar, an impostor, a deceiver; yet, though he discerned this scandal, and this inconvenience in it, he makes shift to ease himself in this, *Nihil aliud mihi objicitur, nisi sexus meus:* They charge me with nothing but my sex, that I am a man; *et hoc nunquam objicitur, nisi cum Hierosolymam Paula proficiscitur*, nor that neither, but because this lady follows me to Jerusalem.

He proceeds farther, that till he came acquainted in Paula's house at Rome, *omnium pené judicio, summo sacerdotio dignus decernebar*, every man thought me fit to be pope; every man thought reverently of him, till he used her house. St. Jerome would fain have corrected their misinterpretations, and slackened the scandal, as we see in that vehement expostulation, and unlikelihood of an ill love between him and Paula; *Nulla alia me Romæ edomare potuit?* Was Rome so barren, so weak, so ill furnished with instruments of temptation, that nothing in Rome itself could shake my constancy, or retard my austerity, *nisi lugens, jejuna, squallida, fletibus cæcata*, but a sad, fasting, ill-dressed woman, blind with weeping? *Et quam manducantem nunquam vidi:* A woman, whom (as familiar and domestic as I was in her house) I could never see eat bit of meat. But all this would not quench the fire, the scandal grew; he found it even amongst his brethren, *homines Christiani dicunt*, he could not say, that only

the enemies of the faith, or his enemies, but they that loved religion well, and him well, talked dangerously and suspiciously of it; and yet St. Jerome could not dispose himself to forbear that conversation. He overcame the sense of it, with a *par pari refertur:* I, says he, am even with them: *invicem insanire videmur*, they think me mad, and I think them mad: but this is not always a safe, nor a charitable way, when he might so easily have cured both madnesses. But he perseveres in it with that resolution, *Saluta Paulam, velit nolit mundus, in Christo meam;* Remember me to my Paula, let the world say what it will, in Christ, my Paula: thus he proceeds; if excusably in his own behalf, that is the best; certainly not exemplarily, not to be followed by others, in cases of so great scandal: for there goes not only a great deal of innocency (which we acknowledge, doubtlessly, to have been between that blessed couple) but there must go a great deal of necessity too, (that is, that Paula could not have been reduced by any other means to the service of God, or continued in it, but by following St. Jerome to Jerusalem) to justify such a conversation as became so scandalous. And howsoever in some cases excuses might be found, what good mariner would anchor under a rock, and lie in danger of beating upon that? What fish would choose his food upon a hook? What mouse at a trap? What man would mingle sugar and ratsbane together, and then trust his cunning to sever them again? Why should any man choose such company, such conversation, as may minister temptation to him, or scandal to others? St. Augustine apprehended this danger tenderly, when he gave his reason, why he would not have his mother in the house with him, Because, says he, though there be no danger of scandal in the person of my mother; all those women that serve my mother, and that accompany my mother, and that visit my mother, all they are not mothers to me; and a lawful conversation may come to an unlawful love quickly. We see how this love wrought, when it was scattered upon many women, (and therefore could not be so dangerously vehement upon any one) in Solomon, whose wife turned away his heart[53], so that his heart was not perfect with God. *Nec errore putavit idolis serviendum*[54], Solomon never came to think

[53] 1 Kings xi. 4. [54] Augustine.

deliberately, that idolatry was lawful; *sed blanditiis fœmineis ad illa sacrificia compulsus*, his appliableness to women brought him to that sacrilege. Thus it wrought, even when it was scattered upon many, in Solomon; and we see how it wrought, when it was collected and contracted upon one object, in Samson; *Because she was importunate upon him* (says the text) *and vexed him with her words continually, his soul was pained unto the death*[35]. Yea, if we go as high as is possible, to Adam himself, we see both St. Augustine and St. Jerome express his case thus, *Adam non tanquam verum loquenti credidit*, Adam did not believe Eve, nor was not overcome by her reasons, when she provoked him to eat the apple, *sed sociali necessitudini paruit*, he was affected with that near interest which was between them. And *ne contristaretur delicias suas*, lest by refusing he should put her, whom he delighted in, to a desperate sadness, and sense of her sin, he ate for company. And as the first, and the middle times did, so without doubt, our own times too, if we search but ourselves at home, do minister examples of this (in a proportion) which neither St. Jerome, nor Solomon, nor Samson, nor Adam avoided, that an over-tender indulgence towards such women, that for other respects they were bound to love, inclined them to do such things, as otherwise they would not have done; natural and civil obligations induced conversation, and conversation temptation, or if not that really, yet scandal.

That that we drive to in all this, is this, that if we may not exceed in this love, which is natural, and commanded, much less in any other. So that there is nothing in this world left, for this noble and operative affection, love, to work upon, but this pureness of heart. Love it therefore, that thou mayest seek it, love it that thou mayest have it; love it that thou mayest love it; for (as we said before) it is a part of this pureness to love it. Some of the ancient fathers, out of their love to it, have put so high a price and estimation upon it, that they hardly afforded any grace, any pardon to those that sinned after they had once received this pureness in baptism. So that with them, the heart could never be clean again, after it was once fouled a second time. Our new Roman chemists, on the other side, they that can transubstantiate

[35] Judges xvi. 6.

bread into God, they can change any foulness into cleanness easily. They require no more after sin, but *quendam tenuem dolorem internum*[56], a little slight inward sorrow, and that is enough. For, they have provided an easier way than contrition; for, that which they have induced, and call attrition, is not an affection, *qui habet pro fine Deum*, that hath proposed God, for the mark, that it is directed to; *nec qui indiget divina gratia*; but it is such an affection as may be had without any concurrence or assistance of grace, and is only *dolor naturalis, et ex timore servili*[57], a natural sorrow, proceeding only out of a servile fear of torment. And yet, a confession made with this attrition and no more, is enough for salvation, say they; and he that hath made a confession with such a disposition as this, this that hath no reference to God, this that hath no strength from his grace, this that hath no motive from the fear of God, shall never need to repent any farther for his sins. *Displiceri de peccato, sed non super omni displicibili*[58]: This is attrition, to be displeased with our sins, but not more with our sins, than with any thing else; *intendere vitare peccatum, sed non super omne vitabile*, to have a purpose to leave a sin, but not the sin rather than any thing else, this is their attrition, and this is their enough for salvation. A sigh of the penitent, a word of the priest, makes all clean and induces an absolute pureness.

Thus some of the ancients went too far, they would pardon no sin after baptism; these new men go not far enough; they pardon all too easily. Old physicians thought all hurts in the heart presently mortal; these new physicians can pare off some of the heart, and give it to idolatry; for, so they say, that the worship due to God may be given to a creature, so it be not *tanquam Deo*, as that the creature is thereby professed to be God; and yet, they confess that that worship which they give to the creature is idolatry, but, not that idolatry, say they, which is forbidden in the commandment, which is, that that creature, so worshipped with the worship due to God, be also believed to be God; and so truly, I believe it will be hard to find any idolatry in the world; that they that worship anything, in representation of God, do believe

[56] Maldon. [57] Zambran. [58] Cajetan.

advisedly that representation to be very God. But the true reason why no hurt received in the heart can be healed, is, *quia palpitat*, because it is in perpetual motion. If the heart lay still, as other parts do, so that medicinal helps might be applied to it, and admitted by it, there were more hope. Therefore when we lay such a weight upon the heart, as may settle it, fix it, give it a reposedness and acquiescence, though it do receive some wounds, though it be touched with some temptations, it may be cured. But is there any such weight as should so settle the heart, the soul of man? This love of pureness is that weight. *Amor est pondus animæ; sicut gravitas, corporis*[59]; As the weight of my body makes that steady, so this love of pureness is the weight and the ballast of my soul; and this weight stays the palpitation, the variation, the deviation of the heart upon other objects; which variation frustrates all endeavours to cure it.

The love of this pureness is both the ballast and the freight, to carry thee steadily and richly too, through all storms and tempests, spiritual and temporal, in this life, to the everlasting Jerusalem. If you be come to this love, this love of pureness of heart, never to lock up your door till you have carried out your dust; never to shut your eyes at night, till you have swept your conscience, and cast your foulness into that infinite sea of the blood of Christ Jesus, which can contract no foulness by it; never to open your eyes in the morning, but that you look out to glorify God in the rising of the sun, and in his other creatures, and in the peace and safety of your house and family, and the health of your children and servants; but, especially to look inward, and consider, whether you have not that night mingled poison with God's physic, whether you have not mingled sloth and laziness in that which God gave you for rest and refreshing; whether you have not mingled licentiousness in that which God gave you for a remedy against fornication. And then, when you shall have found that sin hath been awake in you, even when your bodies were asleep, be sure you cast not the Spirit of God into a sleep in you, when your bodies are awake, but that you proceed vigilantly in your several ways, with a fore-knowledge, that there is everywhere *coluber in via*, a snake in the way; in

[59] Augustine.

every way that you can take, in every course of life, in every calling, there is some of the seed of the old serpent presents itself. And then, if by God's infallible word, explicated in his church, which is *Lucerna pedibus vestris*[60], (The word is the light, but the church is the lanthorn, it presents and preserves that light unto you; and though it be said, *Lucerna Dominus*, *Thou O Lord art my light, God himself*[61]; and *lucerna Agnus*, the Lamb, Christ himself is your light[62]; and *lucerna mandatum*, the commandments of God are your light[63]; yet it is also said of John Baptist, *Lucerna ardens*, He was a burning and a shining light[64]; the ministry of the Gospel in the church, is your light; if by the benefit of this light, you consider every step you make, weigh every action you undertake, this is that love of pureness, that *pondus animæ*, the settling of the heart, that keeps it from evaporating upon transitory things, and settles it so, as that it becomes capable of that cure, which God, in his church, in the absolution of sins, and seals of reconciliation, exhibits to it. To recollect and contract that which hath been said, this pureness is not a purifying pureness, to correct and reform those things that appertain not to us; nor it is not such a purified pureness as makes us canonize ourselves, and think others reprobates (for all this is no pureness at all:) neither is it the true pureness, if it be not in the heart (for outward good works, not done to good ends, are impure:) nor is this pureness of heart acquired by any other means, than by discharging the heart in a detestation of former habits, and a sedulous watchfulness in preventing future attempts; nor can this pureness of heart, though by these means attained to, be preserved, but by this noble and incorruptible affection of love, that puts a true value upon it, and therefore prefers it above all other things. And this was the first of the two marks which we found to be upon that person that should be capable of the king's friendship, he that loveth pureness of heart. And the other is, that he have by honest industry fitted himself, in some way, to be of use to the public, delivered in that phrase, grace of lips; *He that loveth pureness of heart* (there is his honesty;) *for the grace*

[60] Psalm cxix. 104. [61] 2 Sam. xxii. 29. [62] Rev. xxi. 23.
[63] Prov. vi. 23. [64] John v. 35.

of his lips (there is his sufficiency;) *the king shall be his friend*, there is his reward, his preferment.

Ordinarily in Scriptures, where this word lips is not taken naturally, literally, narrowly, for that part of the body, but transferred to a figurative and larger sense, either it signifies speaking only (as in Solomon, As, *righteous lips are the delight of kings, and the king loveth him that speaketh right things*[65], that is, him, in whose counsels, and in whose relations he may confide and rely;) or else it is enlarged to all manner of expressing a man's ability, to do service to that state in which God hath made his station; and by lips, and fruits of lips, is well understood the fruit of all his good labours and endeavours. And so may those words be well interpreted, *With the fruit of a man's mouth shall his belly be satisfied, and with the increase of his lips shall he be filled*[66]; that is, his honest labours in a lawful calling shall enrich him. As therefore those words, *A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men*[67], are not always understood of gifts given in nature of bribes or gratifications for access to great persons, but also of gifts given by God to men, that those gifts and good parts make them acceptable to great persons; so is not grace of lips to be restrained, either to a plausible and harmonious speaking, appliable to the humour of the hearer (for that is excluded in the first part, the root and fountain of all, pureness of heart, for flattery cannot consist with that) nor to be restrained to the good offices and abilities of the tongue only (though they be many;) but this grace of lips is to be enlarged to all declarations, and expressings, and utterings of an ability to serve the public; all that is grace of lips. And in those words of Hosea, *We render the calves of our lips*[68], is neither meant as the Jews say, Those calves which we have promised with our lips, and will pay in sacrifice, then, when we are restored to our land of promise again. Nor are those calves of our lips only restrained to the lip-service of praise, and prayer, though of them also St. Paul understand them[69]; but they include all the sacrifices of the New Testament, and all ways by which man can do service to God; so here the grace of lips reaches to all the ways

[65] Prov. xvi. 13. [66] Prov. xviii. 20. [67] Prov. xviii. 16.
[68] Hosea xiv. 13. [69] Heb. xiv. 15.

by which a man in civil functions may serve the public. And this grace of lips, in some proportion, in some measure, every man is bound in conscience to procure to himself; he is bound to enable himself to be useful and profitable to the public, in some course, in some vocation.

Since even the angels, which are all spirit, be yet administering spirits, and execute the commissions and ambassages of God, and communicate with men; should man, who is not made all soul, but a composed creature of body and soul, exempt himself from doing the offices of mutual society, and upholding that frame in which God is pleased to be glorified? Since God himself, who so many millions of ages contented himself with himself in heaven, yet at last made this world for his glory; shall any man live so in it as to contribute nothing towards it? Hath God made this world his theatre, *Ut exhibeatur ludus Deorum*[70], That man may represent God in his conversation; and wilt thou play no part? But think that thou only wast made to pass thy time merrily, and to be the only spectator upon this theatre? Is the world a great and harmonious organ, where all parts are played, and all play parts; and must thou only sit idle and hear it? Is every body else made to be a member, and to do some real office for the sustentation of this great body, this world; and wilt thou only be no member of this body? Thinkest thou that thou wast made to be *cos amoris*, a mole in the face for ornament, a man of delight in the world? Because thy wit, thy fashion, and some such nothing as that, hath made thee a delightful and acceptable companion, wilt thou therefore pass in jest, and be nothing? If thou wilt be no link of God's chain, thou must have no part in the influence and providence, derived by that, successsively to us. Since it is for thy fault that God hath cursed the earth, and that therefore it must bring forth thorns and thistles, wilt not thou stoop down, nor endanger the pricking of thy hand, to weed them up? Thinkest thou to eat bread, and not sweat? Hast thou a prerogative above the common law of nature? Or must God insert a particular clause of exemption for thy sake?

Oh! get thee then this grace of lips; be fit to be inserted, and be inserted into some society, and some way of doing good to the

[70] Plato.

public. I speak not this to yourselves, you senators of London; but as God hath blessed you in your ways, and in your callings, so put your children into ways and courses too, in which God may bless them. The dew of heaven falls upon them that are abroad; God's blessings fall upon them that travel in the world. The fathers' former labours shall not excuse their sons' future idleness; as the father hath, so the son must glorify God, and contribute to the world, in some settled course. And then, as God hath blessed thee in the grace of thy lips, in thy endeavours, in thyself, so thy sons shall grow up, as the Son of God himself did, in grace and favour of God and man. As God hath blessed thee in the fruit of thy cattle, so he shall bless thee in the fruit of thy body; and as he hath blessed thee in the city, so he shall bless in the field, in that inheritance which thou shalt leave to thy son. Whereas, when children are brought up in such a tenderness, and wantonness at home, as is too frequent amongst you in this city, they never come to be of use to the state, nor their own estates of any longer use to them. That son that comes to say, My father hath laboured, and therefore I may take mine ease, will come to say at last, My Saviour hath suffered, and therefore I may take my pleasure; my Saviour hath fasted, and therefore I may riot, my Saviour hath wept enough, and therefore I may be merry. But as our Saviour requires *co-operarios*, that we be fellow-workers with him to make sure our salvation; so if your sons be not *co-operarii*, labourers in some course of life, to make sure their inheritance, though you have been called wise in your generation, that is; rich in your own times, yet you will be called fools in your generation too; that is, ignominious and wretched in your posterity. In a word, he that will be nothing in this world, shall be nothing in the next; nor shall he have the communion of saints there, that will not have the communion of good men here. As much as he can, he frustrates God's creation; God produced things of nothing, and he endeavours to bring all to nothing again; and he despises his own immortality and glorification; for since he lives the life of a beast, he shows that he could be content to die so too, *et accepit animam in vano*, he hath received a soul to no purpose.

This grace of lips then, this ability to do good to the public,

we are bound to have; but we are not commanded to love it, as we are the pureness of heart; we must love to have it, but we must not be in love with it when we have it. But since the Holy Ghost hath chosen to express these abilities, in this word, Grace of lips, that intimates a duty of utterance, and declaration of those abilities which he hath. *Habere te agnoscere, et ex te nihil habere;* to let it appear in the use of them, that thou hast good parts, and to confess that thou hast nothing of thine own; *hoc est nec ingratum esse, nec superbum;* therein thou art neither unthankful to God, nor proud of thyself. As he that hath no other good parts, but money; and locks up that, or employs it so, as that his money feeds upon the commonwealth, and does not feed it, (that is, lies gnawing and sucking blood, by usury, and does not make blood, by stirring and walking in merchandise,) is an unprofitable member in state; so he that hath good parts, and smothers them, in a retired and useless life, is inexcusable in the same measure. When therefore men retire themselves into cloisters and monasteries, when they will not be content with St. Paul's diminution, to be changed from Saul, to *Paulus*, (which is little) but will go lower than that little, by being called *minorites*, less than little, and lower than that, *minims*, least of all; and yet find an order less than that, as they have done, *nullani*, nothing at all, *ex ore suo*, out of their own mouths they shall be judged; and that which they have made themselves here, God shall make them in the world to come, *nullanos*, nothing at all. *Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ celata virtus*, it is all one as if he had no grace of lips, if he never have the grace to open his lips; to bury himself alive, is as much wrong to the state, as if he kill himself. Every man hath a politic life, as well as a natural life; and he may no more take himself away from the world, than he may make himself away out of the world. For he that dies so, by withdrawing himself from his calling, from the labours of mutual society in this life, that man kills himself, and God calls him not. *Morte morietur*, he shall die a double death; an allegorical death here, in his retiring, from his own hand; and a real death from the hand of God hereafter. In this case, that *Væ soli*, *Wo be unto him that is alone*, hath the heaviest weight with it; when a man lives so alone, as that he respects

nobody but himself, his own ease, and his own ends. For, to sum up all concerning this part, the subject, as our principal duty is, pureness of heart towards God, and to love that entirely, earnestly; so the next is the grace of lips, ability to serve the public; which though we bound not to love it with a pride, we are bound not to smother with a retiring. And then for these endowments (for being religious, and serviceable to the state) the king shall be our friend. Which is our second general part, to which, in our order proposed, we are now come.

As it is frequent and ordinary in the Scriptures, when the Holy Ghost would express a superlative, the highest degree of any thing, to express it, by adding the name of God to it (as when Saul and his company were in such a dead sleep, as that David could take his spear, and pot of water from under his head; it is called, *Tardemath Jehovah*, *Sopor Domini*, *The sleep of the Lord*, the greatest sleep that could possess a man; and so in many other places, *fortitudo Domini*, *timor Domini*, signify the greatest strength, and the greatest fear that could fall upon a man) so also doth the Holy Ghost often descend from God, to God's lieutenant; and as to express superlatives, he does sometimes use the name of God; so doth he also sometimes use the name of king. For, *Reges sunt summi regis defluxus* (says the author, who is so ancient, that no man can tell when he was, Trismegistus) God is the sun, and kings are beams, and emanations, and influences that flow from him. Such is the manner of the Holy Ghost expressing himself in Esay. *Tyrus shall be forgotten seventy years, according to the years of one king*[71]; that is, during the time of any one man's life, how happy and fortunate soever. And so also the miserable and wretched estate of the wicked, is likewise expressed, *His hope shall be rooted out of his dwelling, and shall drive him to the king of fears*[72]; that is, to the greatest despair; *Ad regem interituum* (says the vulgar) to the greatest destruction that can be conceived. So that in this first sense, *Amicitia regis*, the king's friendship that is promised here, (the king shall be his friend) is a superlative friendship, a spreading, a dilating, an universal friendship. He that is thus qualified, all the world shall love him.

[71] Isaiah xxiii. 15. [72] Job xviii. 14.

So also by the name of king, both in the Scriptures, and in Josephus, and in many more profane and secular authors, are often designed such persons as were not truly of the rank and quality of kings; but persons that lived in plentiful and abundant fortunes, and had all the temporal happinesses of this life, were called kings. And in this sense, the king's friendship that is promised here, (*The king shall be his friend*) is *utilis amicitia*, all such friends as may do him good. God promises, that to men thus endowed and qualified, belongs the love and assistance that men of plentiful fortunes can give; great persons, great in estate, great in power and authority, shall confer their favours upon such men, and not upon such as only serve to swell a train, always for ostentation, sometimes for sedition; much less shall they confer their favours upon sycophants and buffoons; least of all upon the servants of their vices and voluptuousness; but they whom God hath made kings in that sense, (masters of abundant fortunes) shall do good to them only who have this pureness of heart, and grace of lips.

But if these words be not only intended of the king literally, that he shall do good to men thus endowed and qualified, but extended to all men in their proportion, that all that are able should do good to such persons; yet this text is principally intended of the king himself, and therefore is so expressed singularly and emphatically, *The king shall be his friend.* As God hath appointed it for a particular dignity to his spouse, the church, *That kings shall be their fosterfathers, and queens their nurses*[73]; so God hath designed it for a particular happiness of religious and capable men, that they may stand before the king, and hear his wisdom, as the queen of Sheba observed of the servants of Solomon, and pronounced them happy for that[74]. This then is a happiness belonging to this pureness, and this grace, that the king shall not only nor absolutely rely upon the information of others, and take such a measure, and such a character of men, as the good or bad affections of others will present unto him; but he shall take an immediate knowledge of them himself; he shall observe their love to this pureness of heart, and their grace of lips, and so become their friend.

[73] Isaiah xlix. 23. [74] 1 Kings x. 9.

Unto which of the angels said God at any time, *Thou art my son*, says the apostle[75]. Indeed to none of them; it was a name peculiar to Christ. Unto what man did God ever say, Thou art my friend? only to one, to Abraham, (*Israel, and Jacob, and the seed of Abraham my friend*[76]) Jehoshaphat before this had taken knowledge of this friendship between God and Abraham, (*Didst thou not give this land to the seed of Abraham thy friend for ever*[77]?) And so doth St. James also record this friendship after, (*Abraham believed, and he was called the friend of God*[78].) God never called any man friend, but him to whom he gave a change of name, and honourable additions. He called him Abraham, a name of dilatation, *Patrem multitudinum*, a father of multitudes; he made him able to do good to others; for he did not only say, Blessed shalt thou be, for that might be, blessed of others, or blessed amongst others; but it is not *Eris benedictus*, but *Eris benedictio*, Thou shalt be a blessing, *A blessing to others*[79]. I will make thee a blessed instrument of conveying my blessings to other men. That is God's friendship, and the highest preferment that man is capable of in this life, to extend men beyond themselves, and make them his instruments to others.

Step we a step lower, from God to the king; for as kings have no example but God, so according to that example they are reserved, and sparing in affording that name of friend to any. For, as moral men have noted, friendship implies some degrees of equality, which cannot stand between king and subject. But this is the encouragement to this loving of pureness, and this seeking the grace of lips; that this is the true and the only way to that friendship of the king, which is intended in the word of this text. The word is *nagnah*[80]; and *nagnah* hath such a latitude in the Scriptures, as may well give satisfaction to any subject: for *nagnah* signifies *amare*, to love; and so the king

[75] Heb. i. 5. [76] Isaiah xli. 8. [77] 2 Chron. xx. 7.
[78] James ii. 23. [79] Gen. xii. 2.

[80] *Nagnah* is either a misprint, or a mistake of Donne's. The expression in the Hebrew text is רֵעֵהוּ מֹלֵךְ, the root of which is רָעָה, "he fed;" and in its secondary meaning, "be associated to himself," (in Pihel.) There is a word נָעַם, "he was pleasing," "he delighted;" occurring in Prov. ix. 17. A few lines lower, it is *Dagnah*, in the folio edition.—Ed.

shall love this man. But we have known cases in which kings have been fain to disguise and dissemble their love, out of a tenderness and lothness to grieve them whom they have loved before; and so the king may love this man, and he never the better. Therefore this word *nagnah*, signifies *sociare*, to draw him nearer, to associate him to him, in counsels, and other ways, and always to afford him easy accesses unto him; but we have known cases too, in which kings, though they have opened one cabinet, their affections, yet they have shut up another, their judgments, and their last purposes, even from them whom they have drawn near them. For kings naturally love to be at their liberty; and it is not only a greatness, but an ease, to be able to disavow an instruction, upon the mis-understanding of the minister and instrument. Therefore against such intricacies and entanglings, this *nagnah* signifies *docere*, the king shall teach him, inform him directly, candidly, ingenuously, apertly, without any perplexities or reservations. And who would not purify his heart, and add grace to his lips, that he might taste this friendship of the king, to be loved by him, and feel the influences of his affection, to be drawn near him, and made partaker of his consultations; to be taught by him, and carried all the way with clearness, and without danger of mistaking? And who would not employ the thoughts of a pure heart, and the praises of graceful lips, in thanksgivings to Almighty God, who hath blessed us with such times, as that such subjects have found such a king!

Neither is this encouragement to this pureness, and this grace in our text, only in the benignity of the king, (which yet were a just provocation, that the king would consider such men before others; for all kings do not always so) but it is in his duty, it is in his office; for, (as our translators have expressed it) we see it is not said, the king will be; but, the king shall be his friend; it is not an arbitrary, but a necessary thing. God, in whose hands the king's heart is, and who only can give law, and precept to the king, hath saith, *The king shall be his friend.* Neither hath God left the king at that largeness, that he shall seem to be his friend, and do for him as though he were his friend, but yet not be so. *Etiam simulare philosophiam, philosophia est;* it is a degree of wisdom to seem wise. To be able to hold the world in opinion

that one is great with the king, is a degree of greatness. And we have some tales, and apophthegms to that purpose; when men have been suitors to the king for that favour, that they might bid him but good-morrow in his ear, thereby to put impressions in the beholders, that they had a familiar interest in him. But when the grounds of this royal friendship are true and solid, pureness of heart, and grace of lips, the friendship must be so too. And then the ground being good, as it is not said, the king shall seem to be, but he shall be; so it is not said, the king shall have been, but he shall be; he shall be so still, he shall continue this friendship; but yet, but so long as this pureness and this grace continues, which produced this friendship in him.

For all this great frame, the friendship of the king, turns upon this little hinge, this particle, this monosyllable, *his;* the king shall be *his*, *his* friend. And to whom hath that *his* relation? To him, and him only that hath both pureness of heart, and grace of lips. Neither truth in religion, nor abilities to serve the public, must be wanting in him to whom the king shall be a friend. For for the first, sincerity in religion, St. Ambrose expressed that, (and the other too) elegantly; *An idoneum putabo qui mihi dat consilium, qui non dat sibi*[81]? Can I think him fit to give me counsel, that mis-counsels himself in the highest business, religion? *mihi eum vacare credam, qui sibi non vacat?* shall I think that he will study me, that neglects himself, his best self? the soul itself? And then for his doing good to the public, *Officium ab efficiendo, et efficium dicendum*, says he[82], He only is fit for an office, that knows how to execute it; he must have pureness of heart for his end; for he that proposes not that end, will make an ill end. And he must have this grace of lips, which implies that civil wisdom, which, (as the philosopher notes) *Versatur circa media pervenienda;* He must know wherein he may be useful and beneficial to others, thankful to God, profitable to others; that is his circumference; and then his centre here, is the love of the king. For these destroy not one another, religion and prudence. As that love which Christ bare to St. John, who lay in his bosom, (towards whom Christ had certainly other human and affectionate respects, than he had to the rest) made him not

[81] Ambrose, Offic. l. ii. 22. [82] l. i. 8.

the less fit to be an apostle, and an evangelist; nor the great office of apostleship made him not unfit for that love that Christ bare him; so both these endowments, pureness of heart, and grace of lips, are not only compatible, but necessary to him to whom the king shall be a friend. And both these doth God require, (if we consider the force of the original words) when he says, *Bring ye men of wisdom, and known among the tribes, and I will make them rulers over you*[83]. For that addition (*known among the tribes*) excludes reserved men, proud and inaccessible men: though God do not intend there popular men, yet he does intend men acceptable to the people. And when David comes to a lustration, to a sifting of his family, as he says, *He that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me*[84]; expressing in that, this pureness; so intending to speak of this grace of lips, which is an ability to be useful to others, for which nothing makes a man more unfit than pride, and harshness, and hardness of access, he scarce knows how to express himself and his indignation against such a man; *Him* (says he) *that hath a proud look, and a high heart, I cannot;* and there he ends abruptly; he does not say, I cannot work upon him, I cannot mend him, I cannot pardon him, I cannot suffer him; but only, I cannot, and no more; I cannot tell what to do with him, I cannot tell what to say of him; and therefore I give him over: him that hath a proud look, and a high heart, I cannot. Whatsoever his grace of lips be, how good soever his parts, he doth not only want the principal part, pureness of heart, but he cannot be a fit instrument of that most blessed union between prince and subject, if his proud look, and harsh behaviour make him unacceptable to honest men. It was (says the orator[85] to the emperor Theodosius) *Execratio postrema*, An execration, and an expressing of their indignation, beyond which they could not go, when speaking of Tarquin, *Libidine præcipitem, avaritia cæcum, furore vecordem, crudelitate immanem, vocarunt superbum*, They thought it enough to call a man that was licentious, and covetous, and furious, and bloody, proud; *et putaverunt sufficere convitium*, they thought themselves sufficiently revenged upon him for all their grievances, and that they had said as much as any orator in an invective, any

[83] Deut. i. 13. [84] Psalm ci. 6. [85] Pacatus.

poet in a satire, could say, when they had imprinted that name upon his memory, Tarquin the Proud.

To those therefore that have insinuated themselves into the friendship of the king, without these two endowments: if the king hath always Christ for his example, if he say to them, *Amice, quomodo intrasti? Friend, how came you in*[96]*?* If you had not this wedding garment on, or if this wedding garment were not your own, but borrowed by an hypocritical dissimulation, *Amice, quomodo intrasti?* Though you be never so much my friend, in never so near place to me, I must know how you got in; for, I have but two doors, (indeed, not two doors; but a gate, and a wicket; a greater, and an inferior way,) a religious heart, and useful parts: if you have not these, if you fear not God, and if you study not, (as I do) the welfare of my people; you are not come in at my gate, (that is, religion) nor at my wicket, (that is, the good of my people:) and therefore, how near soever you be crept, I must have a review, an inquiry, to know, *quomodo intrasti*, how you came in.

But for those which have these two endowments, (religion, and care of the public) we have the word of the King of kings, of God himself, in the mouth of the wisest king, King Solomon, *The king shall be his friend:* and the king hath Christ himself still for his example, *who loved them whom he loved to the end:* for, as long as the reason, upon which he grounds his word remains, *Regis verbum regi rex est*[97], The king's word, the king's love, the king's favour, *regi rex est*, is a king upon the king, and binds him to his word, as well as his subjects are bound to him.

To recollect and fasten these pieces; these be the benefits of this pureness of heart, and grace of lips, first, that the king shall take an immediate and personal knowledge of him, and not be misled by false characters, or false images of him, by any breath that would blast him in the king's ear. And then, that he shall take it to be his royal office, and Christian duty to do so; that to those men, whom he finds so qualified, he shall be a friend in all those acceptations of the word in our text: *amabit*, he shall love them, impart his affections to them; *sociabit*, he shall asso-

[96] Matt. xxii. 12. [97] Demosthenes.

ciate them to him, and impart his consultations unto them: and *sociabit* again, he shall go along with them, and accompany their labours, and their services, by the seal of his countenance, and ratification; and *docebit*, he shall instruct them clearly in his just pleasure, without entangling, or snaring them in perplexities, by ambiguous directions. This is the capacity required (to be religious and useful;) this is the preferment assured, *The king shall be his friend;* and this is the compass of our text.

Now, beloved, as we are able to interpret some places of the Revelation, better than the fathers could do, because we have seen the fulfilling of some of the prophecies of that book, which they did but conjecture upon; so we can interpret and apply this text by way of accommodation the more usefully, because we have seen these things performed by those princes whom God hath set over us. We need not that edict of the senate of Rome, *Ut sub titulo gratiarum agendarum*, That upon pretence of thanking our princes, for that which, we say, they had done *boni principes, quæ facerent recognoscerent*, good princes should take knowledge what they were bound to do, though they had not done so yet.

We need not this circuit, nor this disguise; for God's hand hath been abundant towards us, in raising ministers of state, so qualified, and so endowed; and such princes as have fastened their friendships, and conferred their favours upon such persons. We celebrate, seasonably, opportunely, the thankful acknowledgment of these mercies, this day: this day, which God made for us, according to the pattern of his first days in the creation; where, *vesper et mane dies unus*, the evening first, and then the morning made up the day; for here the saddest night, and the joyfullest morning, that ever the daughters of this island saw, made up this day. Consider the tears of Richmond this night, and the joys of London, at this place, at this time, in the morning; and we shall find prophecy even in that saying of the poet, *Nocte pluit tota*, showers of rain all night, of weeping for our sovereign; and we would not be comforted, because she was not[88]: and yet, *redeunt spectacula manè*, the same hearts, the same eyes, the same hands were all directed upon recognitions, and acclama-

[88] Matt. ii. 18.

tions of her successor in the morning: and when every one of you in the city were running up and down like ants with their eggs bigger than themselves, every man with his bags, to seek where to hide them safely, Almighty God shed down his Spirit of unity, and recollecting, and reposedness, and acquiescence upon you all. In the death of that queen, unmatchable, inimitable in her sex; that queen, worthy, I will not say of Nestor's years, I will not say of Methusalem's, but worthy of Adam's years, if Adam had never fallen; in her death we were all under one common flood, and depth of tears. But the Spirit of God moved upon the face of that depth; and God said, Let there be light, and there was light, and God saw that that light was good. God took pleasure, and found a savour of rest, in our peaceful cheerfulness, and in our joyful and confident apprehension of blessed days in his government, whom he had prepared at first, and preserved so often for us.

As the rule is true, *Cum de malo principe posteri tacent, manifestum est vilem facere præsentem*[89], when men dare not speak of the vices of a prince that is dead, it is certain that the prince that is alive proceeds in the same vices; so the inversion of the rule is true too, *Cum de bono principe loquuntur*, when men may speak freely of the virtues of a dead prince, it is an evident argument that the present prince practises the same virtues; for, if he did not, he would not love to hear of them. Of her, we may say (that which was well said, and therefore it were pity it should not be once truly said, for, so it was not, when it was first said to the emperor Julian) *Nihil humile, aut abjectum cogitavit, quia novit de se semper loquendum;* she knew the world would talk of her after her death, and therefore she did such things all her life as were worthy to be talked of. Of her glorious successor, and our gracious sovereign, we may say; *Onerosum est succedere bono principi*[90], It would have troubled any king but him, to have come in succession, and in comparison with such a queen. And in them both we may observe the unsearchableness of the ways of God; of them both, we may say, *Dominus fecit*, It is the Lord that hath done it, and it is wonderful in our eyes[91]: first, that a

[89] Plinius ad Trajan. [90] Ibid. [91] Psalm cxviii. 23.

woman and a maid should have all the wars of Christendom in her contemplation, and govern and balance them all; and then, that a king, born and bred in a warlike nation, and so accustomed to the sword, as that it had been directed upon his own person, in the strength of his age, and in his infancy, in his cradle, in his mother's belly, should yet have the blessed spirit of peace so abundantly in him, as that by his councils, and his authority, he should sheath all the swords of Christendom again. *De forti egressa dulcedo*[92], sweetness is come out of the strong, in a stranger manner, than when Samson said so in his riddle; and howsoever another wise king found it true, *Anima saturata calcabit favum*, The person that is full despiseth honey[93], they that are glutted with the benefits of peace, would fain change for a war; yet the wisest King of all hath pronounced for our king, *Beati pacifici*, Blessed are the peace-makers[94]. If subjects will not apprehend it with joy here, the king himself shall joy hereafter, for, Therefore (says that Gospel) therefore, because he was a peace-maker, he shall be called the child of God. Though then these two great princes (of whom the one *con-regnat Christo*, reigns now with Christ[95], the other reigns here over us, *vice Christi*, for Christ, were near in blood, yet thus were they nearest of kin, *quod uterque optimus*[96], that they were both better than any other, and equal to one another. *Dignus alter eligi, alter eligere*, that she was fittest in that fulness of years, to be chosen and assumed into heaven; and he fittest (as St. Paul did because it was more behooveful for his brethren) to choose to stay upon earth, for our protection, and for our direction; because (as in all princes it is) *vita principis perpetua censura*, there cannot be a more powerful increpation upon the subjects' excesses, than when they see the king deny himself those pleasures which they take.

As then this place, where we all stand now, was the sanctuary whither we all resorted this day, to receive the assurance of our safety, in the proclamation of his undoubted title to this kingdom, so let it be our altar now, where we may sacrifice our humble thanks to God, first, that he always gave the king a just, and a

[92] Judges xiv. 24. [93] Prov. xxvii. 7. [94] Matt. v. 9.
[95] 2 Tim. ii. 12. [96] Plin. de Nerva, et Trajan.

religious patience of not attempting a coming into this kingdom, till God emptied the throne here, by translating that queen to a throne more glorious. Perchance he was not without temptations from other men to have done otherwise. But, *ad principatum per obsequium venit*[97], he came to be king by his obedience, his obedience to the law of nature, and the laws of this kingdom, to which some other king would have disputed, whether he should have obeyed or no. *Cum omnia faceret imperare ut deberet, nihil fecit, ut imperaret;* all his actions, all that he did, showed him fit for this crown, and yet he would do nothing to anticipate that crown.

Next let us pour out our thanks to God, that in his entrance he was beholden to no by-religion. The papists could not make him place any hopes upon them, nor the puritans make him entertain any fears from them; but his God and our God; as he brought him *via lactea*, by the sweet way of peace, that flows with milk and honey, so he brought him *via regia*, by the direct and plain way, without any deviation or descent into ignoble flatteries, or servile humouring of any persons or factions. Which noble, and Christian courage he expressed more manifestly, when, after that infamous powder-treason, the intended dissolution, and conflagration of this state (that plot that even amazed and astonished the devil, and seemed a miracle even in hell, that treason, which, whosoever wishes might be covered now, is sorry that it was discovered then, whosoever wishes that it might be forgotten, wishes that it had proceeded; and therefore let our tongue cleave unto the roof of our mouths, if we do not confess his loving kindness before the Lord, and his wonderful works before the sons of men) then I say, did his majesty show this Christian courage of his more manifestly, when he sent the profession of his religion, the Apology of the Oath of Allegiance, and his opinion of the Roman antichrist, in all languages, to all princes of Christendom. By occasion of which book, though there have risen twenty Rabshakehs, who have railed against our God in railing against our religion, and twenty Shimeis, who have railed against the person of his sacred majesty (for I may pronounce that the number of them who have barked, and snarled

[97] Pacatus ad Theodosium.

at that book in writing, is scarce less than forty) yet scarce one of them all hath undertaken the arguments of that book, but either repeated, and perchance enlarged those things which their own authors had shovelled together of that subject (that is, the pope's temporal power) or else they have bent themselves maliciously, insolently, sacrilegiously, against the person of his majesty; and the pope may be antichrist still, for any thing they have said to the contrary. It belonged only to him, whom no earthly king may enter into comparison with, the King of heaven, Christ Jesus to say, *Those that thou gavest me have I kept, and none of them is lost*[99]; and even in him, in Christ Jesus himself, that admitted one exception; Judas the child of perdition was lost. Our king cannot say that none of his subjects are fled to Rome; but his vigilancy at home hath wrought so, as that fewer are gone from our universities thither, in his, than in former times; and his books abroad have wrought so, that much greater, and considerable persons are come to us, than are gone from us. I add that particular, (from our universities) because we see, that since those men whom our universities had bred, and graduated before they went thither, (of which the number was great, for many years of the queen's time) are worn out amongst them, and dead; those whom they make up there, whom they have had from their first youth there, who have received all their learning from their beggarly and fragmentary way of dictates there, and were never grounded in our schools nor universities, have proved but weak maintainers of that cause, compared with those men of the first times.

As Plato says of a particular natural body, he that will cure an ill eye, must cure the head; he that will cure the head, must cure the body; and he that will cure the body, must cure the soul; that is, must bring the mind to a temperature, a moderation, an equanimity; so in civil bodies, in states, head, and eye, and body; prince, and council, and people, do all receive their health and welfare from the pureness of religion: and therefore, as the chiefest of all, I chose to insist upon that blessing, that God hath given us a religious king, and religious out of his understanding. His other virtues work upon several conditions of

[99] John xvii. 12.

men; by this blessing, the whole body is blest. And therefore not only they which have been *salted with the salt of the court*[99], as it is said of the king's servants; but all that are *salted with the salt of the earth*[100], (as Christ calls his church, his apostles) all that love to *have salt with themselves, and peace with one another*[101], all that are sensible of the spiritual life, and growth, and good taste that they have by the Gospel, are bound to praise him, to magnify him for ever, that hath vouchsafed us a religious king, and religious out of understanding.

Many other happinesses are rooted in the love of the subject; and of his confidence in their love, his very absence from us is an argument to us. His continual abode with us hath been an argument of his love to us; and this long progress of his is an argument of his assurance of our loyalty to him. It is an argument also of the good habitude and constitution to which he hath brought this state, and how little harm they that wish ill to it, are able to do, upon any advantage; *Hanc in vobis fiduciam pertimescunt*[102]; This confidence of his makes his home-enemies more afraid, than his laws, or his trained-bands; *Et contemni se sentiunt, cum relinquuntur;* When they are left to their own malignity, and to do their worst, they discern in that, how despicable and contemptible a party they are. *Cum in interiora imperii seceditis,* When the king may go so far from the heart of his kingdom, and the enemy be able to make no use of his absence, this makes them see the desperateness of their vain imaginations. He is not gone from us; for a noble part of this body, (our nation) is gone with him, and a royal part of his body stays with us. Neither is the farthest place that he goes to, any other than ours, now, when, as the Roman orator[103] said; *Nunc demum juvat orbem terrarum spectare depictum, cum in illo nihil videmus alienum;* Now it is a comfort to look upon a map of the world, when we can see nothing in it that is not our own; so we may say, Now it is a pleasant sight to look upon a map of this island, when it is all one. As we had him at first, and shall have him again, from that kingdom, where the natural days are longer than ours are, so may he have longer days with us, than ever any of our

[99] Ezra iv. 14. [100] Matt. v. 13. [101] Mark ix. 50.
[102] Mamertinus Maximiano. [103] Eumenius.

princes had; and as he hath *immortalitatem propriam sibi, filium sibi similem*, (as it was said of Constantine,) a peculiar immortality, not to die, because he shall live in his son; so in the fulness of time, and in the accomplishment of God's purposes upon him, may he have the happiness of the other immortality, and peacefully surrender all his crowns in exchange of one, a crown of immortal glory, which the Lord the righteous Judge lay up for him against that day.

To conclude all, and to go the right way from things which we see, to things which we see not, by consideration of the king, to the contemplation of God; since God hath made us his tenants of this world, we are bound, not only to pay our rents, (spiritual duties and services towards him,) but we are bound to reparations too, to contribute our help to society, and such external duties as belong to the maintenance of this world, in which Almighty God hath chosen to be glorified. If we have these two, pureness of heart, and grace of lips, then we do these two; we pay our rent, and we keep the world in reparation; and we shall pass through all those steps and gradations, which St. Ambrose harmoniously, melodiously expresses, to be *servi per timorem*, to be the servants of God, and live in his fear; to be *mercenarii per laborem*, to be the workmen of God, and labour in his vineyard; to be *filii per lavacrum*, to be the sons of God, and preserve that inheritance which was sealed to us at first, in baptism; and last of all, *amici per virtutem*, by the good use of his gifts, the King of kings shall be our friend. That which he said to his apostles, his Spirit shall say to our spirit here, and seal it to us for a covenant of salt, an everlasting, an irrevocable covenant, *Henceforth call I you not servants, but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father, have I made known unto you*[104]. And the fruition of this friendship, which neither slackens in all our life, nor ends at our death, the Lord of life, for the death of his most innocent Son, afford to us all. Amen.

[104] John xv. 14.

SERMON CLIV.

PREACHED AT THE SPITAL, UPON EASTER MONDAY, 1622.

2 CORINTHIANS iv. 6.

For God who commanded light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.

THE first book of the Bible, begins with the beginning; *In principio*, says Moses, in Genesis; *In the beginning God created heaven and earth*: and can there be anything *prius principio*, before the beginning? Before this beginning, there is. The last book of the Bible, (in the order as they were written) the Gospel of St. John, begins with the same word too; *In principio*, says St. John; *In the beginning was the Word:* and here, *novissimum primum*, the last beginning is the first; St. John's beginning, before Moses; Moses speaking but of the creature, and St. John of the Creator; and of the Creator, before he took that name, before he came to the act of creation; as, *the Word was with God, and was God* from all eternity. Our present text is an epitome of both those beginnings: of the first beginning, the creation, when *God commanded light to shine out of darkness:* and of the other beginning, which is indeed the first, of him, in whose face we shall have *the knowledge of the glory of God, Christ Jesus.*

The first book of the Bible, is a revelation, and so is the last, in the order as they stand, a revelation too. To declare a production of all things out of nothing, (which is Moses' work;) that when I do not know, and care not whether I know or no, what so contemptible a creature as an ant is made of, but yet would fain know what so vast, and so considerable a thing as an elephant is made of; I care not for a mustard-seed, but I would fain know what a cedar is made of: I can leave out the consideration of the whole earth, but would be glad to know what the heavens, and the glorious bodies in the heavens, sun, moon and stars are made of; I shall have but one answer from Moses for all, that all my elephants, and cedars, and the heavens that I

consider, were made of nothing; that a cloud is as nobly born, as the sun in the heavens; and a beggar, as nobly as the king upon earth; if we consider the great grand-father of them all, to be nothing: to produce light of darkness thus, is a revelation, a manifestation of that, which, till then, was not: this Moses does. St. John's is a revelation too: a manifestation of that state, which shall be, and be for ever, after all those which were produced of nothing, shall be returned and resolved to nothing again; the glorious state of the everlasting Jerusalem, the kingdom of heaven. Now this text is a revelation of both these revelations: the first state, that which Moses reveals, was too dark for man to see; for it was nothing: the other, that which St. John reveals, is too bright, too dazzling for man to look upon; for it is no one limited, determined object, but all at once, glory, and the fear and fountain of all glory, the face of Christ Jesus.

The Holy Ghost hath showed us both these, severally in Moses, and in St. John, and both together in St. Paul, in this text: where, as the sun stands in the midst of the heavens, and shows us both the creatures that are below it, upon earth, and the creatures that are above it, the stars in heaven; so St. Paul, as he is made an apostle of the Gentiles, stands in the midst of this text, (*God hath shined in our hearts:*) ours, as we are apostolical ministers of the Gospel; and he shows us the greatness of God, in the creation which was before, when God commanded light out of darkness; and the goodness of God which shall be hereafter, when he shall give us *the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Christ Jesus.*

So that this text, giving light, by which we see, light commanded by God out of darkness; and the object which we are to see, *the knowledge of the glory of God;* and this object being brought within a convenient distance to be seen *in the face of Jesus Christ.* And a fit and well-disposed medium being illumined, through which we may see it, God having shined in our hearts, established a ministry of the Gospel: for that purpose, if you bring but eyes, to that which this text brings, light, and object, and distance, and means, then, as St. Basil said of the Book of Psalms, upon an impossible supposition, If all the other books of Scripture could perish, there were enough in that one,

for the catechising of all that did believe, and for the convincing of all that did not: so if all the other writings of St. Paul could perish, this text were enough to carry us through the body of divinity, from the cradle of the world, in the creation, when God commanded light out of darkness, to the grave; and beyond the grave of the world, to the last dissolution; and beyond it, when we shall have fully, *the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Christ Jesus.* Now, whilst I am to speak of all this, which is *omne scibile*, all, and more than can fall within the comprehension of a natural man; for it is the beginning of this world, and it is the way to the next, and it is the next world itself, I comfort myself at my first setting out, with that of St. Gregory, *Purgatas aures, et hominum gratiam nancisci, nonne Dei donum est?* I take it for one of God's great blessings to me, if he have given me now an auditory, *purgatæ auris*, of such spiritual and circumcised ears, as come not to hear that wisdom of words, which may make the cross of Christ of none effect; much less such itching ears, as come to hear popular and seditious calumnies and scandals, and reproaches, cast upon the present state and government. For a man may make a sermon, a satire; he may make a prayer, a libel, if upon colour of preaching, or praying, against toleration of religion, or persecution for religion, he would insinuate, that any such tolerations are prepared for us, or such persecutions threatened against us. But if for speaking the mysteries of your salvation, plainly, sincerely, inelegantly, inartificially; for the gold, and not for the fashion; for the matter, and not for the form, *nanciscor populi gratiam*, my service may be acceptable to God's people, and available to their edification; *nonne Dei donum*, shall not I call this a great blessing of God? Beloved, in him, I must; I do. And therefore, because I presume I speak to such, I take to myself, that which follows there, in the same father, that he that speaks to such a people, does not his duty, if he consider not deliberately, *Quibus, quando, quantum loquatur;* Both to whom, and at what time, and how much he is to speak. I consider the persons; and I consider that the greatest part, by much, are persons born since the reformation of religion, since the death of idolatry in this land; and therefore not naturalized by conversion, by transplantation from

another religion to this, but born the natural children of this church; and therefore, to such persons, I need not lay hold upon any points of controverted doctrine. I consider also *quando*, the time; and I consider, that it is now, in these days of Easter, when the greatest part of this auditory, have, or will renew their bands to Christ Jesus in the sacrament of his body, and his blood; that they will rather lose theirs, than lack his: and therefore towards persons, who have testified that disposition in that seal, I need not depart into any vehement, or passionate exhortations to constancy and perseverance, as though there were occasion to doubt it. And I consider lastly, *quantum*, how much is necessary to be spoken to such a people, so disposed; and therefore, farther than the custom, and solemnity of this day, and place, lays an obligation upon me, I will not extend myself to an unnecessary length; especially, because that which shall be said by me, and by my brethren which come after, and were worthy to come before me, in this place, is to be said to you again, by another, who alone, takes as much pains, as all we, and all you too: hears all, with as much patience as all you; and is to speak of all, with as much, and more labour, than all we. Much therefore for your ease, somewhat for his, a little for mine own, with such succinctness and brevity, as may consist with clearness, and perspicuity, in such manner, and method, as may best enlighten your understandings, and least encumber your memories, I shall open unto you that light, which God commanded out of darkness, and that light by which *he hath shined in our hearts;* and this light, by which we shall have *the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Christ Jesus.*

Our parts therefore in these words, must necessarily be three; three lights. The first, shows us our creation; the second, our vocation; the third, our glorification. In the first, we, who were but, (but what?) but nothing, were made creatures: in the second, we, who were but Gentiles, were made Christians: in the third, we, who were but men, shall be made saints. In the first, God took us, when there was no world: in the second, God sustains us, in an ill world: in the third, God shall crown us, in a glorious and joyful world. In the first, God made us; in the second, God mends us; in the third, God shall perfect us. First,

God commanded light out of darkness, that man might see the creature; then *he shined in our hearts*, that man might see himself; at last, he shall shine so *in the face of Christ Jesus*, that man may see God, and live; and live as long, as that God of light and life shall live himself. Every one of these parts, will have divers branches; and it is time to enter into them. In the first, the creation, because this text does not purposely and primarily deliver the doctrine of the creation, not prove it, not press it, not enforce it; but rather suppose it, and then propose it by way of example and comparison; (for when the apostle says, *God, who commanded light out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts*, he intimates therein, these two propositions: first, that the same God that does the one, does the other too; God perfects his works; and then this proposition also, as God hath done the one, he hath done the other: God himself works by patterns, by examples). These two propositions shall therefore be our two first branches in this first part. First, *idem Deus*, the same God goes through his works; and therefore let us never fear that God will be weary: and then *sicut Deus*, as God hath done, he will do again; he works by pattern, and so must we: and then from these two, we shall descend to our third proposition, *quid Deus*, what God is said to have done here; and it is, that he commanded light out of darkness. In these three, we shall determine this part; and for the branches of the other two parts, our vocation, and our glorification, it will be a less burden to your memories, to open them then, when we come to handle the parts themselves, than altogether now. Now we shall proceed in the branches of the first part.

In this, our first consideration is, *idem Deus*, the same our God goes through all. Those divers heretics who thought there were two Gods, (for Cerdo thought so, and Marcion thought so too; the Gnostics thought so, and the Manichees thought so too) though they differed in their mistakings, (for error is always manifold, and multiform) yet all their errors were upon this ground, this root, they could not comprehend that the same God should be the God of justice, and the God of mercy too; a God that had an earnestness to punish sin, and an easiness to pardon sin too. Cerdo, who was first, though he made two gods, yet he used

them both reasonable well; for with him, *Alter bonus, alter justus*[1]: one of his gods is perfectly good, merciful; and the other, though he be not so very good, yet he is just. Marcion, who came after, says worse; Because he could not discern the good purposes of God in inflicting judgments, nor the good use which good men make of his corrections; but thought all acts of his justice to be calamitous and intolerable; and naturally evil: therefore with him, *alter bonus, alter malus;* he that is the merciful god, is his good god; and he that is so just, but just, is an ill god. Hence they came to call the God of the New Testament, a good God, because there was *copiosa redemptio*, plentiful redemption in the Gospel: and the God of the Old Testament, *malum Deum*, an ill God, because they thought all penalties of the law, evil. They came lower; to call that God, which created the upper region of man, the brain, and the heart, (the presence and privy chamber of reason, and consequently of religion too) a good God, because good things are enacted there; and that God that created the lower region of man, the seat and scene of carnal desires, and inordinate affections, an ill God, because ill actions are perpetrated there. But *idem Deus*, the same *God that commanded light out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts:* the God of the law, and the God of the Gospel too; the God of the brain, and the God of the belly too; the God of mercy, and the God of justice too, is all one God.

In all the Scriptures, you shall scarce find such a demonstration of God's indignation, such a severe execution, as that upon the Syrians; when, after the slaughter of one hundred thousand foot in the field in one day, the walls of the city, into which they fled, fell, and slew twenty-seven thousand more. The armies of the Israelites were that day, but as *little flocks of kids*, says the text there; and yet those few, slew one hundred thousand. The walls of Aphak promised succour; and yet they fell, and slew twenty-seven thousand. Now from whence proceeded God's vehement anger in this defeat? The prophet tells the king the cause; *Because the Syrians have said, The Lord is the God of the hills, but he is not God of the valleys.* The Israelites had beaten them upon the hills, and they could not attribute this to their

[1] Iren. i. 28, 29.

forces, for they were very small; they must necessarily ascribe it to their God; but they thought they might find a way to be too hard for their God: and therefore, since he was a God of the mountains, they would fight with him in the valleys. But the God of Israel is *idem Deus*, one and the same God. He is *Jugatinus* and *Vallonia* both, as St. Augustine speaks out of the Roman authors: He is God of the mountains, he can exalt; and he is God of the valleys, he can throw down. Our age hath produced such Syrians, too; men, who, after God hath declared himself against them many ways, have yet thought they might get an advantage upon him some other way. They begun in rebellions; animated persons of great blood, and great place to rebel: their rebellions God frustrated. Then they came to say, (to say in actions) Their God is God of rebellions, a God that resists rebellions; but he is no God of excommunications: then they excommunicated us. But our God cast those thunder-bolts, those *bruta fulmina*, into the sea, no man took fire at them. Then they said, He is a God of excommunications, he will not suffer an excommunication stolen out in his name, against his children, to do any harm; but he is no God of invasion, let us try him there: then they procured invasion; and there the God of Israel showed himself the Lord of hosts, and scattered them there. Then they said, He is the God of invasions, annihilates them; but he is not the God of supplantations; surely their God will not pry into a cellar, he will not peep into a vault; he is the God of water, but he is not the God of fire; let us try him in that element; and in that element, they saw one another justly eviscerated, and their bowels burnt. All this they have said, so as we have heard them; for they have said it in loud actions, and still they say something in corners, which we do not hear. Either he is not a God of equivocations, and therefore let us be lying spirits in the mouths of some of his prophets, draw some men that are in great opinion of learning, to our side, or at least draw the people into an opinion that we have drawn them; or else, he is not the God of jealousy and suspicion, and therefore let us supple and slumber him with security, and pretences and disguises. But he is *idem Deus;* that God who hath begun, and proceeded, will persevere in mercy towards us. Our God is not

out of breath, because he hath blown one tempest, and swallowed a navy: our God hath not burnt out his eyes, because he hath looked upon a train of powder: in the light of heaven, and in the darkness of hell, he sees alike; he sees not only all machinations of hands, when things come to action; but all imaginations of hearts, when they are in their first consultations: past, and present, and future, distinguish not his *quando;* all is one time to him: mountains and valleys, sea and land, distinguish not his *ubi;* all is one place to him: *When I begin*, says God to Eli, *I will make an end;* not only that all God's purposes shall have their certain end, but that even then, when he begins, he makes an end: from the very beginning, imprints an infallible assurance, that whom he loves, he loves to the end: as a circle is printed all at once, so his beginning and ending is all one.

Make thou also the same interpretation of this *idem Deus*, in all the vicissitudes and changes of this world. Hath God brought thee from an exposititious child laid out in the streets, of uncertain name, of unknown parents, to become the first foundation-stone of a great family, and to ennoble a posterity? Hath God brought thee from a carrier's pack, upon which thou camest up, to thy change of foot-cloths, and coaches? Hath God brought thee from one of these blue coats to one of those scarlet gowns? Attribute not this to thine own industry, nor to thine own frugality; (for, industry is but fortune's right hand, and frugality her left;) but come to David's acclamation, *Dominus fecit*, It is the Lord's doing[2]: that takes away the impossibility: if the Lord will do it, it may be, it must be done; but yet even that takes not away the wonder; for, as it follows there, *Dominus fecit, et est mirabile*, though the Lord have done it, it is wonderful in our eyes, to see whom, and from whence, and whither, and how God does raise and exalt some men. And then if God be pleased to make thee a roll written on both sides, a history of adversity, as well as of prosperity: if when he hath filled his tables, with the story of Mardocheus, a man strangely raised, he takes this sponge, and wipes out all that, and writes down in thee, the story of Job, a man strangely ruined, all this is *idem Deus*, still the same God, and the same purpose in that God, still to bring thee

[2] Psalm cxviii. 22.

nearer to him, though by a lower way. If then thou abound, come not to say with the over-secure man, *Soul thou hast much goods laid up, for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry*[3]: and if thou want, come not to that impatience of that prophet, *Satis est*, Lord, this is enough, now take away my life: nay, though the Lord lead thee into temptation, and do not deliver thee from evil, but let thee fall into a sin, though he let thee fall so far, as to doubt of his mercy for that sin, yet *idem Deus*, all this while, all this is the same God; and even that voice, though it have an accent* of despair in it, is the voice of God; and though it be spoken in the mouth of the devil, it is God that speaks it; for even then, when the devil possesses man, God possesses the devil. God can make his profit, and thine, of thy sin: he can make the horror of a sin committed, the occasion of thy repentance, and his mercy: for, *Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it*[4]? God is no disposer to sin, but he is the disposer of sin: God is not lord of sin, as author of sin; but he is the lord of sin, as steward of it: and he dispenses not only for our sins, but the sins themselves. God imprints not that obliquity, infuses not that venom that is in our sinful actions, but God can extract good out of bad, and cordials out of poison. Be not thou therefore too nimble a sophister, nor too pressing an advocate against thine own soul: conclude not too soon, that God hath forsaken thee, because he hath let thee fall, and let thee lie some time, in some sin: you know who did so, and yet was a man according to God's own heart; for God hath set his heart upon that way, to glorify himself out of David's repentance, rather than out of his innocence. In the hills, and in the valleys too; in spiritual, as well as in temporal prosperity and adversity too; in the Old, and in the New Testament; in the ways of mercy, and of justice too, thou mayest find the same God, who is in every change *idem Deus;* God, that is, the same God, who commanded light out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts: and so we have done with the first proposition.

The next is, *sicut Deus;* as God hath done the one, so he hath the other. God brings himself into comparison with himself:

[3] Luke xii. 19. [4] Amos iii. 6.

* Folio edition, "account."—Ed.

our unworthiness changes not his nature: his mercy is new every morning; and, his mercy endureth for ever. One generation is a precedent to another, and God is his own example; whatsoever he hath done for us, he is ready to do again. When he had once written the law in stone tables, for the direction of his people, and that Moses in an over-vehement zeal and distemper, had broke those tables, God turned to his precedent, remembered what he had done, and does so again; he writes that law again in new tables. When God had given us the light of the Reformation for a few years of a young king, and that after him, in the time of a pious truly, but credulous princess, a cloud of blood over-shadowed us in a heavy persecution, yet God turned to his precedent, to the example of his former mercy, and in mercy re-established that light, which shines yet amongst us; and (if the sins of the people extinguish it not) shall shine as long as the sun and moon shall shine above. The Lord's hand is not shortened, nor weakened in the ways of justice; and his justice hath a *sicut*, a precedent, an example too. There is *sicut Kore*[5], if we sin as Kore and his complices sinned, as Kore and his complices we shall perish. There is an *anathema sicut illud, Thou shalt not bring an abomination into thy house*[6], (not an idolator into thy house) *lest thou be an accursed thing, sicut illud*, as guilty in the eye of God, as the idolator himself. There is *sicut Midian;* God can do unto the men of these times, as he did unto the Midianites, as to Sisera, as to Jabin[7], which perished, and became as the dung of the earth. He can make their nobles *sicut Oreb sicut Zeeb*, like unto Oreb, like unto Zeeb, and all their princes *sicut Zebah, sicut Salmana*. There are precedents of his justice too. But yet in the greatest act of his justice that ever he did, which was the general drowning of the whole world, though that history remain as an everlasting demonstration of his power, and of his justice, yet he would not have it remain as a precedent; but he records that, with that protestation, *I will no more curse the earth, nor smite any more, every living thing, as I have done:* though I have showed that I can do it, and have done it, I will do it no more. God forbears, and waves his own example in matter of justice; but God never showed any mercy, but he

[5] Num. xvi. 40. [6] Deut. vii. 26. [7] Psalm lxxxiii. 9.

desires that that mercy may be recorded, and produced, and pleaded to our conscience, to the whole congregation, to God himself, as a leading and a binding case, as he commanded light out of darkness, so he hath shined in our hearts.

God proceeds by example, by pattern: even in this first great act presented in our text, in the creation he did so. God had no external pattern in the creation, for there was nothing extant; but God had from all eternity an internal pattern, an idea, a preconception, a form in himself, according to which he produced every creature. And when God himself proceeds upon pre-conceptions, premeditations, shall we adventure to do, or to say any thing in his service unpremeditately, extemporally? It is not God's way. Now, it is a penurious thing, to have but one candle in a room: it is too dim a light to work by, to live by, to have but rule and precept alone; rule and example together, direct us fully. Who shall be our example? *Idea novi hominis Christus Jesus*[a]. If thou wilt be a new creature, (and, circumcision is nothing, uncircumcision nothing, but only to be a new creature) then Christ is thy idea, thy pattern, thine original: for, *Quid in eo non novum?* What was there in him that was not new? When was there such a conception, of the Holy Ghost? Such a birth, of a Virgin? Such a pregnancy, to dispute so, so young, with such men? When such a death, as God to die? When such a life, as a dead man to raise himself again? *Quid in eo non novum?* To be produced by this idea, built up by this model, copied by this original, is truly, is only to be a new creature. But that thou mayest put thyself into the way to this, it is usefully said, *Enim vero, certum vitæ genus sibi constituere*[b]; Certainly to undertake a certain profession, a calling in this world, and to propose to ourselves the example of some good, and godly man in that calling, whose steps we will walk in, and whom we will make our precedent, *Tanti momenti esse duco*, says that father, is a matter of so great importance, as that upon that (says he) lies the building of our whole life. That little philosopher Epictetus, could give us that rule; Whensoever thou enterprisest, any action, says he, consider what Socrates, what Plato, (that is, what a wise and religious man) would have done in that case,

[a] Hierome. [b] Nazianzen.

and do thou so. This way our Saviour directs us; *I have given you an example*[10]: it is not only *mandatum novum*, but *exemplum novum*, That ye should do, even as I have done unto you. And this is the way that the apostle directs us to, *Brethren, be followers of me*[11]: and because he could not be always with them, he adds, *Look on them which walk so, as you have us for an example.* Love the legends, the lives, the actions, and love the sayings, the apophthegms of good men. In all temptations like Joseph's temptations, love Joseph's words, *How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God*[12]? In all temptations like Job's temptations, love the words of Job, *Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not receive evil*[13]? In all temptations like to Shadrach's and his fellow-confessors', love their words, *Our God is able to deliver us, and he will deliver us: but if not, we will not serve thy god, nor worship thine image*[14]. Certainly, without the practice, it is scarce to be discerned, what ease and what, profit there is, in proposing certain and good examples to ourselves. And when you have made up your profit that way, rectified yourself by that course, then, as your sons write by copies, and your daughters work by samplars, be every father a copy to his son, every mother a samplar to her daughter, and every house will be an university. Oh in how blessed a nearness to their direction, is that child, and that servant, and that parishioner, who, when they shall say to Almighty God, by way of prayer, What shall I do, to get eternal life? shall hear God answer to them by his Spirit, Do but as thou seest thy father do, do as thou seest thy master do, do as thou seest thy pastor do! To become a precedent, govern thyself by precedent first; which is all the doctrine that I intended to deduce out of this second proposition, *Sicut Deus*, As God commanded light out of darkness, so he hath shined in our hearts: God did as he had done before: and so we pass from the *idem Deus*, and the *sicut Deus*, to the *Quid Deus*, What that is which God hath done here, *he commanded light out of darkness.*

The drowning of the first world, and the repairing that again; the burning of this world, and establishing another in heaven,

[10] John xiii. 15. [11] Phil. iii. 13. [12] Gen. xxxix. 9.
[13] Job ii. 10. [14] Dan. iii. 17.

do not so much strain a man's reason, as the creation, a creation of all out of nothing. For, for the repairing of the world after the flood, compared to the creation, it was eight to nothing; eight persons to begin a world upon, then; but in the creation, none. And for the glory which we receive in the next world, it is (in some sort) as the stamping of a print upon a coin; the metal is there already, a body and a soul to receive glory: but at the creation, there was no soul to receive glory, no body to receive a soul, no stuff, no matter, to make a body of. The less anything is, the less we know it: How invisible, how unintelligible a thing then, is this nothing! We say in the school, *Deus cognoscibilior angelis*, We have better means to know the nature of God, than of angels, because God hath appeared and manifested himself more in actions, than angels have done: we know what they are, by knowing what they have done; and it is very little that is related to us what angels have done: What then is there that can bring this nothing to our understanding? What hath that done? A leviathan, a whale, from a grain of spawn; an oak from a buried acorn, is a great; but a great world from nothing, is a strange improvement. We wonder to see a man rise from nothing to a great estate; but that nothing is but nothing in comparison; but absolutely nothing, merely nothing, is more incomprehensible than any thing, than all things together. It is a state (if a man may call it a state) that the devil himself in the midst of his torments, cannot wish. No man can, the devil himself cannot, advisedly, deliberately, wish himself to be nothing. It is truly and safely said in the school, that whatsoever can be the subject of a wish, if I can desire it, wish it, it must necessarily be better (at least in my opinion) than that which I have; and whatsoever is better, is not nothing; without doubt it must necessarily produce more thankfulness in me, towards God, that I am a Christian; but certainly more wonder that I am a creature: it is vehemently spoken, but yet needs no excuse, which Justin Martyr says, *Ne ipse quidem Domino fidem haberem*, &c. I should scarce believe God himself, if he should tell me, that any but himself created this world of nothing; so infallible, and so inseparable a work, and so distinctive a character is it of the

Godhead, to produce any thing from nothing; and that God did when he commanded light out of darkness.

Moses stands not long upon the creation, in the description thereof; no more will we: When there went but a word to the making itself, why should we make many words in the description thereof? We will therefore only declare the three terms in this proposition, and so proceed; first, God commanded, then he commanded light, and light out of darkness.

For the first, that which we translate here commanded, is in St. Paul's mouth, the same that is Moses' *dixit*, and no more; God said it. But then if he said it, *Cui dixit?* To whom did he say it? Procopius asks the question; and he answers himself, *Dixit angelis*, He said it to the angels. For Procopius being of that opinion, which very many were of besides himself, that God had made the angels some time before he came to the creation of particular creatures, he thinks that when he came to that, he called the angels, that they, by seeing of what all other creatures were made, might know also of what stuff themselves were made, of the common and general nothing. Some others had said, that God said this to the creature itself, which was now *in fieri*, (as we say in the school) in the production, ready to be brought forth. But then, says Athanasius, God would have said *Sis lux*, and not *Sit lux:* he would have said, Be thou, O light, or appear and come forth, O light, and not let there be light. But what needs all this vexation in Procopius, or Athanasius? Whenas *dicere Dei est intelligere ejus practicum*[15]*:* when God would produce his idea, his preconception into action, that action, that production was his *dixit*, his saying. It is, as we say in school, *actus indicativus practici intellectus;* God's outward declaration of an inward purpose by execution of that purpose, that his *dixit*, his saying. It is sufficiently expressed by rabbi Moses, *In creatione dicta sunt voluntates;* In the act of creation, the will of God, was the word of God; his will that it should be, was his saying, Let it be. Of which it is a convenient example which is in the prophet Jonah, *The Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited Jonah upon the dry land*[16]*;* that is, God would have the

[15] Dionysius.

[16] Jonah ii. 10.

fish to do it, and it did it. God spake then in the creation, but he spake *ineffabiliter*, says St. Augustine, without uttering any sound. He spake, but he spake *intemporaliter*, says that father too, without spending any time in distinction of syllables. But yet when he spoke, *aliquis ad fuit*, as Athanasius presses it; surely there was somebody with him; there was, says he. Who? *Verbum ejus adfuit, et adfuit Spiritus ejus*, says he, truly, The second person in the Trinity, his eternal Word; and the third person, the Holy Ghost, were both there at the creation, and to them he spoke. For, *By the Word of the Lord were the heavens framed, and all the host of them*[17]; *Spiritu oris ejus, by that Spirit that proceeded from him*, says David. *The Spirit of God hath made me*[18]; and, *By his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens*[19]. So that in one word, thou, who wast nothing, hast employed and set on work, the heart and hand of all the three persons, in the blessed and glorious Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to the making of thee; and then what oughtest thou to be, and to do in retribution? and not to make thee, that which thou art now, a Christian, but even to make thee that, wherein thou wast equal to a worm, to a grain of dust. Hast thou put the whole Trinity to busy themselves upon thee? and therefore what shouldst thou be towards them? But here, in this branch, we consider not so much; not his noblest creature, man, but his first creature, light: he commanded, and he commanded light.

And of light, we say no more in this place, but this; that in all the Scriptures, in which the word light is very often metaphorically applied, it is never applied in an ill sense. Christ is called a lion; but there is an ill lion too, that seeks whom he may devour. Christ is the serpent that was exalted; but there is an ill serpent, that did devour us all at once. But Christ is the light of the world, and no ill thing is called light. Light was God's signature, by which he set his hand to the creation: and therefore, as princes sign above the letter, and not below, God made light first; in that first creature he declared his presence, his majesty; the more, in that he commanded light out of darkness.

There was *lumen de lumine* before; light of light, very God of very God; an eternal Son of an eternal Father, before: but light

[17] Psalm xxxiii. 6. [18] Job xxxiii. 4. [19] Job xxvi. 13.

out of darkness, is music out of silence. It was one distinct plague of Egypt, darkness above; and one distinct blessing, that the children of Israel had, light in their dwellings. But for some spiritual applications of light and darkness, we shall have room again; when, after we shall have spoken of our second part, our vocation, as God hath shined in our hearts, positively, we shall come to speak of that shining comparatively, that God hath so shined in our hearts, as he commanded light out of darkness. And to those two branches of our second part, the positive and comparative, consideration of that shining, we are in order, come now. In the first part, we were made; in this second, we are mended: in the first, we were brought into this world; in this second, we are led through it: in the first, we are creatures; in this, we are Christians. God hath shined in our hearts. In this part, we shall have two branches; a positive, and a comparative consideration of the words: first, the matter itself, what this shining is; and it is the conversion of man to God, by the ministry of the Gospel; and secondly, how this manner of expressing it, answers the comparison, *As God commanded light out of darkness*, so he hath *shined in our hearts*. And in the first, the positive, we shall pass by these few and short steps: first, God's action, *illuxit*, he shined; it is evidence, manifestation: and then, the time, when this day breaks, when this sun rises; *Illuxit*, he hath shined, he hath done enough already. Thirdly, the place, the sphere in which he shines, the orb which he hath illumined, *in cordibus:* if he shine, he shines in the heart. And lastly, the persons, upon whom he casts his beams, *in cordibus nostris*, in our hearts. And having passed these four in the positive part, we shall descend to the comparative; as *God commanded light out of darkness*, so he hath *shined in our hearts*.

First then, for God's action, his working in the Christian church, which is our vocation, we can consider man to be all, to be all creatures; according to that expression of our Saviour's, *Go, preach the Gospel to every creature*[20]; and agreeable to that largeness in which he received it, the apostle delivers it, *The Gospel is preached to every creature under heaven*[21]: the properties, the qualities of every creature, are in man; the essence, the exist-

[20] Mark xvi. 15. [21] Coloss. i. 23.

ence of every creature is for man; so man is every creature. And therefore the philosopher draws man into too narrow a table, when he says he is *microcosmos*, an abridgment of the world in little: Nazianzen gives him but his due, when he calls him *mundum magnum*, a world to which all the rest of the world is but subordinate: for all the world besides, is but God's foot-stool; man sits down upon his right hand: and howsoever God be in all the world, yet how did God dwell in man, in the assumption of that nature? and what care did God take of that dwelling, that when that house was demolished, would yet dwell in the ruins thereof? for the Godhead did not depart from the body of Christ Jesus in the grave. And then how much more gloriously than before, did he re-edify that house, in raising it again to glory? Man therefore is *Cura divini ingenii*[22], A creature upon whom not only the greatness, and the goodness, but even the study and diligence of God is employed. And being thus a greater world than the other, he must be greater in all his parts, and so in his lights; and so he is: for, instead of this light, which the world had at first, man hath a nobler light, an immortal, a discerning soul, the light of reason. Instead of the many stars, which this world hath, man hath had the light of the law, and the succession of the prophets: and instead of that sun, which this world had, a Son from God; man hath had the Son of God; God hath spoken to us by his Son; God hath shined upon us in his Son. The whole work of Almighty God, in the conversion of man, is many times expressed by this act of shining; an effectual, a powerful shining. The infusion of the Holy Ghost into the apostles at Pentecost, was with fire[23]: the light which shined upon St. Paul, going to Damascus, struck him to the ground[24]. And in both those cases, there were tongues too. The apostles' fire, was fiery tongues, and St. Paul's light was accompanied with a voice; for then does God truly shine to us, when he appears to our eyes and to our ears, when by visible and audible means, by sacraments which we see, and by the word which we hear, he conveys himself unto us. In Paul's case, there were some that saw the light, but heard not the voice: God hath joined them,

[22] Tertullian. [23] Acts ii. 2. [24] Acts ix. 4.

separate them not: upon him that will come to hear, and will not come to see; will come to the sermon, but not to the sacrament; or that will come to see, but will not come to hear; will keep his solemn, and festival, and anniversary times of receiving the sacrament, but never care for being instructed in the duties appertaining to that high mystery, God hath not shined. They are a powerful thunder, and lightning that go together: preaching is the thunder, that clears the air, disperses all clouds of ignorance; and then the sacrament is the lightning, the glorious light, and presence of Christ Jesus himself. And in the having and loving of these, the word and sacraments, the outward means of salvation, ordained by God in his church, consists this irradiation, this coruscation, this shining, And we have done with that.

The next is the time, *illuxit*, he hath shined already; and *illuxit mundo*, he hath shined; that is, manifested himself sufficiently to the whole world. *Illuxit nobis*, he hath done it fully to this nation; and *illuxit vobis*, he hath shined sufficiently upon every one of you. First, upon the whole world; for, though at first he shined only upon the Jews, and left all the world beside in darkness, and in the shadow of death; and even to the Jews themselves, he shined but as a light in a dark place[25]; the temple itself was but a dark room in respect of the Christian church; yet, as soon as Christ had established that, illumined that, inanimated that, given it breath in his Word, the written Scriptures, and given it motion, and action in the preaching of that Word, and administration of the sacraments, when this was done, immediately there was *meridies*, a full noon; the light was at the highest, the sun was at the tropic, it could go no further; no fundamental thing can be added by man to this light by which the Son of God hath shined in his church. To set up candles to images, is a weakness in them that do it; but to set up candles to God, is a presumption; that God cannot or hath not shined out sufficiently upon his church, in his institutions, but that they must supply him with the traditions and additions of men. *Lex lux*, says David, *the law of God*, the Scripture, is a light, it is the light, it is all light; and therefore they who would take away this light, not suffer men to read the Scriptures; or if they will

[25] 2 Pet. i. 19.

not snuff this light, not mend the barbarisms, the errors, the contradictions which are in their translation, and let it shine according to the original truth, this is a shutting of their eyes against this *illuxit;* for God hath showed enough, and said enough, and done enough, and suffered enough, for the salvation of his church; he hath shined out upon all, and needs no supply of lesser lights.

So he hath shined upon all; and *illuxit nobis*, he hath shined abundantly upon this nation. He shined upon us betimes; this day sprung, this sun rose in the east; in the east, Christ lived and preached in person; but in his beams, his messengers, he shined quickly into the west too. And when he did so, he did not so shine upon the west, upon Rome, as that that light was cast upon us, as by reflection from a glass, from the walls of Rome: but we had it, as they had it, by persons ordained by God, to convey it over the world. I dispute not too earnestly, I determine not too vehemently any matter of fact in this point. I confess ingenuously, we had many assistances from Rome; but truly, she hath been even with us since: and, *computatis computandis*, I think she may be content to give us an acquittance. God shined upon this island early; early in the plantation of the Gospel, (for we had not our seed-corn from Rome, howsoever we may have had some waterings from thence) and early in the Reformation of the church: for we had not the model of any other foreign church for our pattern; we stripped not the church into a nakedness, nor into rags; we divested her not of her possessions, nor of her ceremonies, but received such a reformation at home, by their hands whom God enlightened, as left her neither in a dropsy, nor in a consumption; neither in a superfluous and cumbersome fatness, nor in an uncomely and faint leanness and attenuation: early in the plantation, early in the Reformation, *illuxit nobis*, and we have light enough, without either seeing other light from Rome, or more of this light from other places. God continue to us the light of this Reformation, without re-admitting any old clouds, any old clouts, and we shall not need any such re-reformation, or super-reformation, as swimming brains will needs cross the seas for. *The word of God is not above thee*, says Moses, *nor beyond the sea*. We need not climb

up seven hills, nor wash ourselves seven times in a lake for it: God make the practice of our lives agreeable to the doctrine of our church; and all the world shall see that we have light enough.

Illuxit mundo, illuxit nobis, and *vobis* too; God hath also shined sufficiently upon every of you, that hear this, already: upon the greatest part of you in both, upon all in one of his sacraments. God hath been content to talk with you in your infancy, as parents with their children, before they can speak plain, in his language of catechisms; and since you came to better strength, in his stronger language of preaching. He hath admitted you to him in your private prayers, and come to you in your private readings of his Word. He hath opened your ears to him, and his to hear you in the public congregation: and as he that waters his garden, pours in water into that vessel at one place, and pours it out again at an hundred; God, who as he hath walled this island with a wall of water, the sea; so he waters this garden with the waters of paradise: the Word of life hath poured in this water, into that great, and royal vessel, the understanding, and the love of his truth, into the large and religious heart of our sovereign, and he pours it out in a hundred, in a thousand spouts, in a more plentiful preaching thereof, than ever your fathers had it; in both the ways of plenty; plentiful in the frequency, plentiful in the learned manner of preaching. *Illuxit*, he hath shined upon you before you were born, in the covenant, in making you the children of the seed of Abraham, of Christian parents. *Illuxit*, he hath shined upon you ever since you could hear and see, had any exercise of natural and supernatural faculties; and *illuxit*, by his grace, who sends treasure in earthen vessels, he hath shined upon some of you, since you came hither now. Consider only now, after all this shining, that a candle is as soon blown out, at an open door, or an open window, as in the open street. If you open a door to a supplanter, an underminer, a whisperer against your religion; if there be a broken window, a woman loaden with sin, as the apostle speaks, and thereby dejected into an inordinate melancholy, (for such a melancholy as makes witches, makes papists too) if she be thereby as apt to change religions now, as loves before, and as weary of this God, as of that man; if

there be such a door, such a window, a wife, a child, a friend, a sojourner bending that way, this light that hath shined upon thee, may as absolutely go out, in thy house, and in thy heart, as if it were put out in the whole kingdom. Leave the public to him whose care the public is; and who, no doubt, prepares a good account to him, to whom only he is accountable. Look then to thine own heart, and thine own house; for that is thy charge. And so we have done with the action, shining evidence; and with the time, *illuxit*, there is enough done already; and we come to the place, *in corde;* if God shine, he shines in the heart.

Fecit Deus cœlum et terram, non lego quod requieverit, says that father[26]; God made heaven and earth, but I do not read that he rested, when he had done that: *fecit solem et lunam*, (as he pursues that meditation;) he made the sun and moon, and all the host of heaven, but yet he rested not: *fecit hominem, et requievit;* when God had made man, then he rested: for, when God had made man, he had made his bed, the heart of man, to rest in. God asks nothing of man, but his heart; and nothing, but man, can give the heart to God. And therefore in that sacrifice of Noah after the flood[27], and often in the Scriptures elsewhere, sacrifice is called *odor quietis*, God smelt a savour of rest: in that which proceeds from a religious heart, God rests himself, and is well pleased. *Loqui ad cor Jerusalem*, to speak to the heart of Jerusalem, is ever the Scripture phrase, from God to man, to speak comfortably; and *loqui a corde*, to speak from the heart, is an emphatical phrase, from man to God too. He that speaks from his own heart, speaks to God's heart. *Did not our hearts burn within us, while he opened the Scriptures?* say those two disciples that went with Christ to Emmaus[28]. And if your hearts do not so all this while, you hear but me; (and, alas! who, or what am I?) you hear not God. But let this light, the love of the ordinary means of your salvation, enter into your hearts, and shine there; and then, as the fire in your chimney grows pale, and faints, and out of countenance when the sun shines upon it; so whatsoever fires of lust, of anger, of ambition, possessed that heart before, it will yield to this, and evaporate. But why do I

[26] Ambrose. [27] Gen. viii. 21. [28] Luke xxiv. 32.

speak all this to others? Is it so clear a case, that the hearts in this text, are the hearts of others; of them that hear, and not of ourselves that speak? That we are to see now; for that is the next, and last branch in this part, who be the persons: *in cordibus nostris*, in our hearts.

Certainly this word *nostris*, primarily, most literally, most directly, concerns us; us, the ministers of God's word and sacraments. If we take God's word into our mouths, and pretend a commission, a calling, for the calling of others, we must be sure that God hath shined in our hearts. There is *vocatio intentionalis*, an intentional calling, when parents, in their intention and purpose dedicate their children to this service of God, the ministry, even in their cradle. And this is a good and holy intention, because though it bind not in the nature of a vow, yet it makes them all the way more careful, to give them such an education, as may fit them for that profession. And then there is *vocatio virtualis*, when having assented to that purpose of my parents, I receive that public seal, the imposition of hands, in the church of God: but it is *vocatio radicalis*, the calling that is the root and foundation of all, that we have this light shining in our hearts, the testimony of God's Spirit to our spirit, that we have this calling from above. First then, it must be a light; not a calling taken out of the darkness of melancholy, or darkness of discontent, or darkness of want and poverty, or darkness of a retired life, to avoid the mutual duties and offices of society: it must be a light, and a light that shines; it is not enough to have knowledge and learning; it must shine out, and appear in preaching; and it must shine in our hearts, in the private testimony of the spirit there: but when it hath so shined there, it must not go out there, but shine still as a candle in a candlestick, or the sun in his sphere; shine so, as it give light to others: so that this light doth not shine in our hearts, except it appear in the tongue, and in the hand too: first, in the tongue, to preach opportune, and importune; *in season and out of season*[29]; that is, opportune *volentibus*, importune *nolentibus*[30]: preaching is in season to them who are willing to hear; but though they be not, though they had rather the laws would permit them to be absent,

[29] 2 Tim. iv. 2. [30] Augustine.

or that preaching were given over; yet I must preach. And in that sense, I may use the words of the apostle, *As much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to them also that are at Rome*[31]: at Rome in their hearts; at Rome, that is, of Rome, reconciled to Rome. I would preach to them, if they would have me, if they would hear me; and that were opportune, in season. But though we preach importune, out of season to their ends, and their purposes, yet we must preach, though they would not have it done: for we are debtors to all, because all are our neighbours. *Proximus tuus est antequam Christianus est*[32]: a man is thy neighbour, by his humanity, not by his divinity; by his nature, not by his religion: a Virginian is thy neighbour, as well as a Londoner; and all men are in every good man's diocese, and parish. *Irrides adorantem lapides*, says that father; thou seest a man worship an image, and thou laughest him to scorn; assist him, direct him if thou canst, but scorn him not: *ignoras quomodo illum præsciverit Deus*: thou knowest not God's purpose, nor the way of God's purpose upon that man; his way may be to convert that man by thee, and to bring that man to serve him; *religiosius*[33] *fortasse, quam tu qui irridebas;* perchance more sincerely than thou; not only when thou didst laugh at him, but even when thou didst preach to him. *For brass, I will bring gold*, says God in Esay[34]; *and for iron, silver*. God can work in all metals, and transmute all metals: he can make a moral man, a Christian; and a superstitious Christian, a sincere Christian; a papist, a protestant; and a dissolute protestant, a holy man, by thy preaching. And therefore let this light shine in our hearts, in the testimony of a good conscience, in having accepted this calling, but also shine in our tongues, preach. Though the disease of St. Chrysostom's times, should overtake ours, *Qui quantum placuit tantum principibus displicuit*[35]; The more good he did by preaching, the more some great persons were displeased with him; yet all this were but St. Paul's importune, a little out of season: but out of season we must preach. How much more now, now, when, as the apostle says of God, we may say of God's

[31] Rom. i. 15. [32] Augustine. [33] Fol. edit. "Religio tuis."
[34] Isaiah LX. 17. [35] Nicephorus.

lieutenant, In whom there is no change, nor shadow of change, no approach towards a change, no occasion of jealousy of it! How much were we inexcusable, if either out of fulness of fortunes, or emptiness of learning; if either out of state, or business, or laziness, or pretence of fear, where no fear is, we should smother this light, which if it have truly shined in our hearts, will shine in our tongues too?

It must shine there, and it must shine in our hands also, in our actions, in the example of our life. Christ says to his apostles, *Vos estis lux*, You are light: there they were illumined: but to what use? It follows, *That men may see your good works*[86]: for, as St. Ambrose says of the creation, *Frustra fecisset lucem*, God had made light to no purpose, if he had not made creatures to show by that light: so we have the light of learning, and the light of other abilities to no purpose, if we have no good works to show, when we have drawn men's eyes upon us. Upon those words of Solomon's, *Tempus tacendi, tempus loquendi*, St. Gregory makes this note, that Solomon does not say first, There is a time of speaking, and a time of silence, that when a man hath taken that calling, that binds him to speak, then he might prevaricate in a treacherous silence: but first there is a time of silence, of study, of preparation, how to speak, and then speak on in God's name. But howsoever there may be *tempus tacendi*, some time wherein we may be silent; yet there is not *tempus peccandi;* no circumstance of time, no circumstance at all can excuse an ill life in an ill man, less in a leading and exemplary man, least of all in a churchman. To that which is vulgarly said, *Loquere ut te videam;* Speak that I may see thee; I do not see thee, not see what is in thee, except I hear thee preach: let me add more, *Age ut te audiam*, Do something that I may hear thee: I do not hear thee, not hear thee to believe thee, except I hear of thee in a good testimony of thy conversation. I hope our times, and our callings is far enough from that suspicion of St. Ambrose, *Ne sit nomen inane, crimen immane in sacerdotibus:* God forbid the name of priest should privilege any man otherwise obnoxious from just censure. He were a strange master of faculties to himself, that would give himself a dispensation so; this were truly to

[86] Matt. v. 14, 16.

incur a premunire in the highest kingdom, to forfeit all everlastingly; to appeal from our conversation, to our profession; to make a holy profession the cloak, nay, the reason of unholy actions. But I speak not now of enormous ill, but of omissions of good, and of too easy venturing upon things, in their own nature indifferent: for, as for our words, St. Bernard says well, *Nugæ in ore laici sunt nugæ, in ore sacerdotis blasphemiæ;* Idle words, are but idle words in a secular man's mouth; but in a churchman's mouth, they are blasphemies. So for our actions; it may become us, it may concern us to abstain from some indifferent things, which other men without any scandal may do.

Vehementer destruit ecclesiam Dei, laicos esse meliores clericis[87]: Nothing shakes the church more, than when churchmen are no better than other men are. Where we read in Genesis, *Vox sanguinis, The voice of Abel's blood calls*[88]; it is in the original, *vox sanguinum*, of bloods, in the plural; many bloods, much blood: the blood of a whole parish, of a whole province, cries out against the life of such a man: for his sermons are but his texts; his life is his sermon that preaches; Aaron and Moses were joined in commission; Aaron had the tongue, the power of speaking; Moses had the rod, the power of doing great works. When the Lystrians called Paul, Mercury[89], for his eloquence, they called his companion Barnabas, Jupiter; their eye was upon their great work, as well as their sweet words. Clearly and ingenuously, we, we the ministers of the Gospel, acknowledge ourselves to be principally intended by the apostle in this text; this light, that is the knowledge, and the love of God's truth, must shine in our hearts, sincerely there; and in our tongues, assiduously there; and in our hands, evidently there; and so we are the persons; but yet not we alone, though the apostle express it in that phrase, *in cordibus nostris.*

When this apostle speaks of *hereditas nostra*, our inheritance; and *pax nostra*, our peace; and *spes nostra*, our hope, as he does to the Ephesians, and often elsewhere, he does not so appropriate Christ, of whom he says all that, to himself, as that they to whom he writes, should not have an inheritance, and a peace, and a

[87] Hierome. [88] Gen. iv. 10. [89] Acts xiv. 12.

hope in Christ, as well as he, or any apostle. So when he says here *in cordibus nostris*, in our hearts, he intends that the Colossians, that people to whom he writes, (and he writes to all) should have that light in their hearts, and consequently in their tongues and hands too; in words and actions, as well as men of the church. It is not only to priests that St. Peter said, *God had made them a royal priesthood*[40]; not only of priests that St. John said, *God hath made us kings and priests*[41]. There is not so regal, so sovereign, so monarchical a prerogative, as to have *Animum Deo subditum, corporis sui rectorem*[42]; That man who hath a soul in subjection to God, and in dominion over his own body, that man is a king. And then there is not so holy, so priestly an office, as *pietatis hostias de altari cordis offerre*. That man who from the altar of a pure heart, offers sacrifices of prayer and praise to God, that man is a priest: so all you are or may be kings; and all priests. Nay, St. Chrysostom appropriates this rather to you, than to us; not to us at all; for he read this very text, *In cordibus vestris*, In your hearts. Since then to this intendment you are priests, as we are; since altogether make up *clerum Domini*, the Lord's clergy, and his portion, do not you make us to be all of the inferior ministry, and all yourselves to be bishops over us, to visit us, judge us, syndicate us, and leave out yourselves: *Plus sacerdotum vitam quam suum discutientes*, as St. Gregory complains; That bestow more time in examining the lives of their pastors, than their own. *Quid tibi malus minister, ubi bonus dominus*, says Aquinas upon this: As long as thou art sure, that the master of the house will receive thee kindly, what carest thou though a surly fellow let thee in at door? *Sacramenta absunt indigne tractantibus*, says that father[43]: An hypocritical preaching of the Word, an unclean administration of the sacraments, shall aggravate the condemnation of that unclean hypocrite; but yet *prosunt digne sumentibus;* a worthy receiver, receives the virtue and benefit of the Word and sacraments, though from an unworthy giver.

I may be bold to say, that this city hath the ablest preaching

[40] 1 Pet. ii. 9. [41] Rev. v. 10.
[42] Leo. [43] Augustine.

clergy of any city in Christendom; must I be fain to say, that the clergy of this city hath the poorest entertainment of any city that can come into comparison with it? It is so. And that to which they have pretences and claims to be farther due to them, is detained, not because that which they have is enough, but because that which they claim is too much: the circumstance of the quantity and proportion, keeps off the consideration of the very right: so that this clergy is therefore poor, because they should be rich; therefore kept without any part, because so great a part seems to belong unto them. Grieve not the Spirit of God; grieve not the spiritual man, the man of God neither: *Ex tristitia sermo procedens, minus gratus est*[44]: He that preaches from a sad heart, under the sense of a great charge, and small means, cannot preach cheerfully to you. *Provide*, says the apostle, *that they who watch over your souls, may do it with joy and not with grief*[45]: *for*, says he, *that is unprofitable for you.* You receive not so much profit by them, as you might do, if they might attend your service entirely; when they are distracted with chargeable suits abroad, or macerated with penurious fortunes at home. Consider how much other professions, of arms, of merchandise, of agriculture, of law itself, are decayed of late: and thence, (though not only thence) it is, that so many more in our times, than ever before, of honourable and worshipful families, apply themselves to our profession, to the ministry. Let therefore this light shine in your hearts, bless God for this blessed increase, and shine in your tongues; glorify God in a good interpretation of the actions of his ministers, and shine in your hands; cherish and comfort them so, that they be not put to bread and water, that give you bread and wine; nor mourn in smokey corners, who bring you the sunshine of the glorious Gospel, the Gospel of consolation, into the congregation. And so we have done with all the four considerations, which made up this first branch, our vocation by this light, considered positively, the thing, the time, the place, and the persons. A little remains by debt of promise, to be said of this comparatively, *As God commanded light, so he hath shined in our hearts.* A little before the text, the act of the devil is to induce darkness; but God illumines. *Deus hujus sæculi*, says

[44] Augustine. [45] Heb. xiii. 17.

the apostle, *The god of this world*[46], that is, the devil, blinds the eyes of men. Which words by the way give just occasion of making this short note, that many times by altercation and vehemence of disputation, the truth of the literal sense is endangered: and therefore we should rather content ourselves with positive and necessary divinity, than entangle ourselves with impertinent controversies. The Manichees, and those other heretics, who constituted *duo principia*, and consequently two gods, one good, and one bad, made use of this text for that opinion; that if the devil were god of this world, and if any god did blind the eyes of man, there was an ill god. And to elevate and take away that argument of those heretics, very many of the ancient fathers, Irenæus, literally and expressly, and expressly and literally St. Chrysostom too, and St. Augustine says, most of the orthodox fathers would needs read that place with another distinction, another interpunction, than indeed belongs to it, not *deus hujus sæculi*, the god of this world hath blinded man; but *Deus, hujus sæculi mentes*, God, that is, the true God, hath blinded the eyes of the men of this world. And so, for fear of giving the name of God to the devil, they attribute the action of the devil to God. I do not mean that the fathers do it, they were far from it; but this shift, and this inconvenient manner of expressing themselves, hath made some later men who think so, think, that the fathers thought God to be really, positively, primarily, the author of the excæcation of the reprobates. In what sense that may be said, how, and how far God concurs to this excæcation, we dispute not now. We rest in that of St. Augustine, *Aliud venit de astutia suadentis, aliud de nequitia nolentis, aliud de justitia punientis.* God hath a part, a great part in this; but not the first. First, says St. Augustine, Satan suggests, then man consents; then enters God, by way of punishment, of justice. And how far doth he punish? *Deserendo*, he forsakes that sinner, he withdraws his grace: and then, as upon the departing of the sun, darkness follows, but the sun is not the cause of darkness; so upon departing of grace, follows excæaction. God, our God, is the God of light, and lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. So he began in the creation, so he proceeds in our voca-

[46] 2 Cor. iv. 4.

tion, *As he commanded light out of darkness, so he hath shined in our hearts.*

First, he made light: there was none before; so first, he shines in our hearts, by his preventing grace; there was no light before; not of nature, by which any man could see, any means of salvation; not of foreseen merits, that God should light his light at our candle, give us grace therefore, because he saw that we would use that grace well. He made light, he infused grace.

And then, he made light first of all creatures: *Ut innotescerent*, says St. Ambrose; That by that light all his other creatures might be seen: which is also the use of this other light, that shines in our hearts, that by that light, the love of the truth, and the glory of Christ Jesus, all our actions may be manifested to the world, and abide that trial; that we look for no other approbation of them, than as they are justifiable by that light, as they conduce to the maintenance of his religion, and the advancement of his glory: not to consider actions as they are wisely done, valiantly done, learnedly done, but only as they are religiously done: and *Ut abdicemus occulta dedecoris*, as the apostle speaks; *That we may renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, and not walk in craftiness*[47]: that is, not sin therefore, because we see our sins may be hid from the world: For, says St. Ambrose, speaking of Gyges' ring, a ring by which he that wore it, became invisible; *Da sapienti*, says that father, Give a wise man, (a man religiously wise) that ring, and though he might sin invisibly before men, he would not, because God sees. Nay, even the moral man[48] goes further than that, in that point; Though I knew, says he, *hominem ignoraturum, et Deum ignosciturum*, that man should never know it, and that God would forgive it, I would not sin, for the very foulness that is naturally in sin. As God commanded light for the manifestation of his creatures, so he hath shined in our hearts, that our actions might appear by that light.

How then made he that light? *Dixit*, he said it, by his word. In which we note, first, the means: *verbo*, he did it by his word; and by his word, the preaching of his word, doth he shine in our hearts. And we consider also the dispatch, how soon he made light, with a word. *Dixit, id est, summa cum celeritate fecit*[49]

[47] 2 Cor. iv. 2. [48] Seneca [49] Chrysostom.

His work cost him but a word; and then *Cogitasse jussisse est*[50], His word cost him but a thought. So if we consider the dispatch of Christ Jesus in all his miracles, there went but a *tolle*, Take up thy bed and walk, to the lame man; but an *ephphatha*, Be opened, to the deaf man; but a *Quid vides?* What seest thou? to the blind man. If we consider his dispatch upon the thief on the cross, how soon he brought him from reviling, to glorifying; and if any in this auditory feel that dispatch of the Holy Ghost, in his heart; that whereas he came hither but to see, he hath heard; or if he came to hear the man, he hath heard God in the man, and is better at this glass, than he was at the first; better now, than when he came, and will go away better than he is yet; he that feels this, must confess, that as God commanded light out of darkness, so he hath shined in his heart: so, that is, by the same means, by his word; and so, that is, with the same speed and dispatch.

Again, *Deus vidit lucem*, God saw the light; he looked upon it; he considered it; this second light, even religion itself, must be looked upon, considered; not taken implicitly, nor occasionally, not advantageously, but seriously and deliberately, and then assuredly, and constantly.

And then *vidit quod bona*, God saw that this light was good; God did not see, nor say that darkness was good; that ignorance, how near of kin soever they make it to devotion, was good; nor that the waters were good; that a fluid, a moving, a variable, an uncertain irresolution in matter of religion, is good; nor that that *abyssus*, that depth which was before light, was good; that it is good to surround and enwrap ourselves in deep and perplexing school-points; but he saw that light, evident and fundamental articles of religion, were good, good to clear thee in all scruples, good to sustain thee in all temptations. God knew that this light would be good, before he made it; but he did not say so, till he saw it. God knew every good work that thou shouldest do, every good thought that thou shouldest think to thy end, before thy beginning, for he of his own goodness, imprinted this degree of goodness in thee; but yet assure thyself, that he loves thee in another manner, and another measure, then, when thou comest

[50] Tertullian.

really to do those good works, than before, or when thou didst only conceive a purpose of doing them: he calls them good when he sees them.

And when he saw this light, this good light, he separated all darkness from it. When thou hast found this light to have shined in thy heart, God manifested in his way, his true religion, separate all darkness, the dark inventions and traditions of men, and the works of darkness, sin; and since thou hast light, benight not thyself again, with relapsing to either.

The comparison of these two lights, created and infused light, would run *in infinitum;* I shut it up with this, that as at the first production of light, till light was made, there was a general, an universal darkness, darkness over all, but after light was once made, there was never any universal darkness, because there is no body big enough to shadow the whole sun from the earth; so till this light shine in our hearts, we are wholly darkness; but when it hath truly and effectually shined in us, and manifested to us the evidence of our election in God's eternal decree, howsoever there may be some clouds, some eclipses, yet there is no total darkness, no total, no final falling away of God's saints. And in all these respects, the comparison holds. *As God commanded light out of darkness, so he hath shined in our hearts;* and so we have done with all the branches of our second part, which implies our vocation here, and we pass to the last, our glorification hereafter.

As in our first part we considered by occasion of the first creature, light, the whole creation, and so the creation of man; and in our second part, by occasion of this shining in our hearts, the whole work of our vocation and proceeding in this world: so in this third part, by occasion of this glorious manifestation of God, in the face of Christ Jesus, which is intended principally, by this apostle, of the manifestation of God in the Christian church; we shall also, as far as that dazzling glory will give us leave, consider the perfect state of glory in the kingdom of heaven: so that first, our branches in this third part, will be three, these three terms, (1) knowledge, (2) glory, and then, the face of Jesus Christ. And then we must look upon all these three terms two ways, first, *inchoativè*, how we have an inchoation of this knowledge,

of this glory, in this face of Christ Jesus here in the church; and then *consummative*, how we shall have a consummation of all this hereafter.

To us then, who were created of nothing, in the first part, and called from the Gentiles in the second, in this third part, our preparation to glory, is knowledge. The persons in this part of the text, are, as in the former; not only we, we the ministers of God's Word, but you also the hearers thereof: for there is a knowledge, an art of hearing, as well as of speaking. Students make up the university, as well as doctors: and hearers make up the congregation, as well as preachers. A good hearer is as much a doctor, as a preacher; a doctor to him that sits by him, in example, whilst he is here: a doctor to all his family, in his repetition, when he comes home: a doctor to that which is more than the whole world, to him, his own soul, all his life. Christ appeared to this apostle, and said, *I have appeared unto thee, for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, to open the Gentiles' eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God*[31]. There he received his degree, his learning, and the use of it; but when St. Paul came abroad into the world, when he comes to preach, and to write, he says to the Colossians, *The Father hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in his light*[32]. Us, says St. Chrysostom, and so says Theophylact too, and many more than they two; us, that is, all us, us that preach, you that hear; you are bound to study this knowledge, as well as we. And truly, a hearer hath in some respects advantage of the preacher: for a preacher, though in some measure well disposed, can hardly *exuere hominem*, put off the affections of man, by being a preacher; they stick closer to him than his hood and habit, even in the pulpit. Some little clouds, if not of ostentation, and vain glory, yet of complacency and self-pleasing, will affect him; the hearer hath not that temptation, but hath herein a more perfect exercise of the most Christian virtue, humility, than the preacher hath. Though therefore, when you cast your eye upon this part of this text, you see in your book, a difference of character, in this word, *To give, to give light*, &c., which seems to fix all upon the person

[31] Acts xxvi. 16, 18. [32] Col. i. 12.

of the apostle, and consequently of the minister; yet that word is not in the text, but the text is only, *for the enlightening; God hath shined, for the enlightening*, &c., *which is alike upon all; and therefore let us, all us, cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light:* light itself is faith; but the armour of light is knowledge; an ignorant man is a disarmed man, a naked man.

Ignorance then is not our usher into this presence, to show us the face of Christ Jesus: almost in every one of the ancient fathers, you shall find some passages, wherein they discover an inclination to that opinion, that before Christ came in the manifestation of his Gospel (for, since that coming, every man is bound to see him there) many philosophers, men of knowledge, and learning, were saved without the knowledge of Christ. *Christus ratio*, says one of them[53], well, (for *Logos* is *ratio*, and not only *verbum*, as it is ordinarily translated) Christ is reason, rectified reason; and *secundum rationem vixerunt, Christiani semper*, says he, Whosoever lives according to rectified reason, which is the law of nature, he is a Christian; and therefore, when that father, Justin Martyr, who had been before a philosopher amongst the Gentiles, came to be a preacher amongst the Christians, he never left off his philosopher's habit, because that gave an impression of his learning, and an estimation by it. That knowledge was a help to salvation, the ancients thought: but that is a new doctrine, that men should make a title to God, by being ignorant: that whereas all the life of man, is either an active life, or a contemplative, they should in the Roman church make one order, and call them *nullanos*, men that did nothing, in contempt of the active life, and in contempt of the contemplative life; another order, whom they call *ignorantes*, men that know nothing. There is an annihilation in sin; *Homines cum peccant, nihil sunt*[54]: Then when by sin, I depart from the Lord my God, in whom only I live, and move, and have my being, I am nothing; and truly, in this sinful profession of thine, of doing nothing, of knowing nothing, they come too near being nothing. What other answer can this knowing nothing, here, produce at the last day, from Christ Jesus, but his *nescio vos*, I know not you? As David

[53] Justin Martyr. [54] Augustine.

says of God[55], *Cum perverso perverteris*, With the froward, God will be froward; so, *ignorantes ignorabit*, of the ignorant, God will be ignorant; not know them, that study not knowledge. The miracle that Christ wrought in the conversion of the world, was not, that he wrought upon men by apostles, that were unlearned; for the apostles were not so; they were never unprovided to give a pertinent and satisfactory answer to the learnedest of the philosophers amongst the Gentiles, to any of the Gamaliels and Nicodemuses, who were true understanders of the law amongst the Jews; to any of their scribes, the perverters of the law; to any of the Pharisees, their separatists, and schismatics; to any of the Sadducees, their formal heretics; nor to any of their Herodians, their state divines, who made divinity serve present turns, and occasions. The apostles were no ignorant men, then, when they were employed: but in this consisted the miracle, that in an instant, Christ, by his Spirit, infused all knowledge, necessary for that great function, into them. If they had not had it, they could not have done his work. All must have it; *Intelligite reges*, says David; For all their business, kings must study for it: *Erudimini judices*[56]; With their other learning, judges must have this. The prophet denounces it for a heavy curse, *The prophet shall be a fool*[57]; he that should teach, shall not be able to do it: and, as it follows, *the spiritual man shall be mad*; if he have knowledge, he shall not know how to use it. St. Hierome translates that word, *arreptitius*, he shall be possessed; possessed with the spirit of fear, or of flattery; others shall speak in him, and he become the instrument of men, and not of God. It was the devil's first advantage, knowledge; the serpent was wiser than any beast: it is so still; Satan is wiser than any man in natural, and in civil knowledge. It is true, he is a lion too; but he was a serpent first; and did us more harm as a serpent, than as a lion. But now, as Christ Jesus hath nailed his handwriting, which he had against us, to the cross, and thereby cancelled his evidence; so in his descent to hell, and subsequent acts of his glorification, he hath burnt his library, annihilated his wisdom, in giving us a wisdom above his craft; he hath shined in our hearts by the knowledge of his Gospel.

[55] Psalm xviii. 26. [56] Psalm ii. 10. [57] Hosea ix. 7.

Measure not thou therefore the growth and forwardness of thy child, by how soon he could speak, or go; how soon he could contract with a man, or discourse with a woman: but how soon he became sensible of that great contract which he had made with Almighty God, in his baptism: how soon he was able to discharge those sureties, which undertook for him, then, by receiving his confirmation, in the church: how soon he became to discern the Lord's Spirit, in the preaching of his word, and to discern the Lord's body, in the administration of the sacrament. A Christian child must grow, as Christ when he was a child, *in wisdom and in stature: first, in wisdom, then in stature*[58]. Many have been taller at sixteen, than ever Christ was; but not any so learned at sixty, as he when he disputed at twelve. *He grew in favour*, says that text, *with God and man;* first, with God, then with man. Bring up your children in the knowledge and love of God; and good, and great men, will know, and love them too.

It is a good definition of ill love, that St. Chrysostom gives, that it is *animæ vacantis passio*, a passion of an empty soul, of an idle mind. For fill a man with business, and he hath no room for such love. It will fit the love of God too, so far, as that that love must be *in anima vacante:* at first, when the soul is empty, disencumbered from other studies, disengaged in other affections, then to take in the knowledge, and the love of God; for, *Amari nisi nota non possunt*, says St. Augustine truly; however we may slumber ourselves with an opinion of loving God, certainly we do not, we cannot love him, till we know him; and therefore hear, and read, and meditate, and confer, and use all means whereby thou mayest increase in knowledge. *If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them*, says Christ; you are not happy till you do them; that is true: but ye can never do them, till ye know them. Zeal furthers our salvation; but it must be *secundum scientiam*, zeal according to knowledge. Works further our salvation; but not works done in our sleep, stupidly, casually, nor erroneously, but upon such grounds as fall within our knowledge to be good. Faith most of all furthers and advances our salvation; but a man cannot believe that which he does not know. Conscience includes science; it is knowledge, and more; but it is that first. It is,

[58] Luke ii. 52.

as we express it in the school, *syllogismus practicus*. I have a good conscience in having done well; but I did that upon a former knowledge, that that ought to be done. God hath shined in our hearts, to give us the light of knowledge, that was the first; and then, *of the knowledge of the glory of God*, that is our second term, in this first acceptation of the word. The light of the knowledge of the glory of this world, is a good, and a great piece of learning. To know, that all the glory of man, is as the flower of grass[59]: that even the glory, and all the glory, of man, of all mankind, is but a flower, and but as a flower, somewhat less than the prototype, than the original, than the flower itself; and all this but as the flower of grass neither, no very beautiful flower to the eye, no very fragrant flower to the smell: to know, that for the glory of Moab, *auferetur*, it shall be contemned, consumed[60]; and for the glory of Jacob itself, *attenuabitur*, it shall be extenuated[61]; that the glory of God's enemies shall be brought to nothing, and the glory of his servants shall be brought low in this word; to know how near nothing, how mere nothing, all the glory of this world is, is a good, a great degree of learning.

It is a book of an old edition, to put you upon the consideration what great and glorious men have lost their glory in this world: give me leave to present to you a new book, a new consideration; not how others have lost, but consider only how you have got that glory which you have in this world: consider advisedly, and confess ingenuously, whether you have not known many men, more industrious than ever you were, and yet never attained to the glory of your wealth? many wiser than ever you were, and yet never attained to your place in the government of state? and valianter than ever you were, that never came to have your command in the wars? Consider then how poor a thing the glory of this world is, not only as it may be so lost, as many have lost it, but as it may be so got, as you have got it. *Nullum indifferens glorioum*, says that moral man[62]; in that which is so obvious, as that any man may compass it, truly this can be no glory.

But this is not fully the knowledge of the glory of this text:

[59] 1 Peter i. 24. [60] Isaiah xvi. 24. [61] Isaiah xvii. 4.
[62] Seneca.

though this moral knowledge of the glory of this world, conduce to the knowledge of this place, which is the glory of God; yet not of the majestical, and inaccessible glory of the essence, or attributes of God, or inscrutable points of divinity: for *Scrutator majestatis opprimetur a gloria*, as St. Hierome and all those three rabbins, whose commentaries we have upon that book, read that palce[66]: He that searches too far into the secrets of God, shall be dazzled, confounded by that glory. But here, *gloria Dei*, is indeed *gloria Deo;* the glory of God, is the glorifying of God: it is as St. Ambrose expresses it, *Notitia cum laude;* the glory of God, is the taking knowledge, that all that comes, comes from God, and then the glorifying of God for whatsoever comes. And this is a heavenly art, a divine knowledge; that if God send a pestilence amongst us, we come not to say, it was a great fruit year, and therefore there must follow a plague in reason: that if God swallow up an invincible navy, we come to say, there was a storm, and there must follow a scattering in reason: that if God discover a mine, we come not to say, there was a false brother that writ a letter, and there must follow a discovery in reason; but remember still, that though in David's Psalms, there be psalms of prayer, and psalms of praise; psalms of deprecation, and of imprecation too; how diverse soever the nature of the psalm be, yet the church hath appointed to shut up every psalm with that one acclamation, *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son*, &c. Whether I pray, or praise; deprecate God's judgments from myself, or imprecate them upon God's enemies, nothing can fall from me, nothing can fall upon me, but that God may receive glory by it, if I will glorify him in it. So that then, in a useful sense, *gloria Dei*, is *gloria Deo;* but yet more literally, more directly, the glory of God in this place, is the glorious Gospel of Christ Jesus: which is that which is intended, and expressed in the next phrase, which is the last branch, in this first acceptation of these words, *in facie, The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.*

When our Saviour Christ charged the Sadducees with error, it was not merely because they were ignorant: the Sadducees were not so: but, *Erratis nescientes Scripturas*, says Christ; *You*

[66] Prov. xxv. 27.

err because you understand not the Scriptures[64]: all knowledge is ignorance, except it conduce to the knowledge of the Scriptures, and all the Scriptures lead us to Christ. *He is the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person*[65]. *The brightness of the everlasting light, and the image of his goodness*[66]. And, to insist upon a word of the fittest signification, *Him hath God the Father sealed*[67]. Now, *Sigillum imprimitur in materia diversa*[68]: A seal graven in gold or stone, does not print in stone or gold: in wax it will, and it will in clay; for this seal in which God hath manifested himself, we consider it not, as it is printed in the same metal, in the eternal Son of God; but as God hath sealed himself in clay, in the human nature; but yet in wax too, in a person ductile, pliant, obedient to his will. And there, *Signatum super nos lumen vultus tui*, says David, *The light of thy countenance*[69], that is, the image of thyself, is sealed; that is, derived, imprinted, upon us; that is, upon our nature, our flesh. *Signatum est, id est, significatum est*[70]: God hath signified this pretence, manifested, revealed himself in the face of Jesus Christ. For that is the office, and service, that Christ avows himself to have done; *O Father, I have manifested thy name:* that is, thy name of Father, as thou art a father: for, *Qui solum Deum novit creatorem, judaicæ mensuram prudentiæ non excedit*[71]. Knowest thou that there is a God, and that that God created the world? What great knowledge is this? The Jews know it too. *Non est idem, nosse Deum opificem esse, et habere filium*[72]. It is another religion, another point of faith, to know that God had a Son of eternal begetting, and to have a world of late making. God therefore hath shined in no man's heart, till he know the glory of GOD in the face of Jesus Christ, till he come to the manifestation of God, in the Gospel. So that that man comes short of this light, that believes in God, in a general, in an incomprehensible power, but not in Christ; and that man goes beyond this light, who will know more of God, than is manifested in the Gospel, which is the face of Christ Jesus: the one comes not to the light, the other goes beyond, and both are in blindness.

[64] Matt. xxii. 29. [65] Heb. i. 3. [66] Wisd. ii. 26. [67] John vi. 27.
[68] Hilary. [69] Psalm iv. 6. [70] Tertullian.
[71] Cyprian. [72] Chrysostom.

Christ is the image of God, and the Gospel is the face of Christ: and now, I rest not in God's picture, as I find it in every creature; though there be in every creature an image of God; I have a livelier image of God, Christ. And then I seek not for Christ's face, as it was traditionally sent to Agbarus in his life; nor for his face, as it was imprinted in the Veronica, in the woman's apron, as he went to his death; nor for his face, as it was described in Lentulus's letter to the senate of Rome; but I have the glory of God in Christ, I[73], and I have the face of Christ in the Gospel. Except God had taken this very person upon him, this individual person, me, (which was impossible, because I am a sinful person) he could not have come nearer, than in taking this nature upon him. Now I cannot say, as the man at the pool, *Hominem non habeo, I have no man to help me;* the heathen cannot say, I have no God; but I cannot say, I have no man; for I have a man, the man Jesus; him who, by being man, knows my misery; and by being God, can and will show mercy unto me. *The night is far spent*, says the apostle, *the day is at hand*[74]; *Nox ante Christum, aurora in evangelio, dies in resurrectione*[75]. Till Christ all was night, there was a beginning of day, in the beginning of the Gospel, and there was a full noon in the light and glory thereof; but such a day, as shall be always day, and overtaken with no night, no cloud, is only the day of judgment, the resurrection: and this hath brought us to our last step, to the consideration of these three terms; (1) knowledge; (2) glory; (3) the face of Christ Jesus in that everlasting kingdom.

For this purpose did God command light out of darkness, that men might glorify God in the contemplation of the creatures; and for this purpose hath God shined in our hearts, by the Scriptures in the church, that man might be directed towards him, here; but both these hath God done therefore, to this purpose, this is the end of all, that man might come to this light, in that everlasting state, in the consummation of happiness in soul, and body too, when we shall be called out of the solitariness of the grave, to the blessed and glorious society of God, and his angels, and his saints there. *Hoc verbo reconcinnor, et componor et in*

[73] i. e. "aye." See Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. scene ii.
[74] Rom. xiii. 12. [75] Gregory.

alium virum migro[76]: with that word, *Surgite mortui*, Arise ye that sleep in the dust, all my pieces shall be put together again, *reconcinnor*; with that word, *Intra in gaudium*, Enter into thy Master's joy, I am settled, I am established, *componor*; and with that word, *Sede ad dextram*, Sit down at my right hand, I become another manner of man, *in alium virum migro*; another manner of miracle, than the same father makes of man in this world; *Quodnam mysterium*, says he, What a mystery is man here! *Parvus sum et magnus*: I am less in body than many creatures in the world, and yet greater in the compass and extent of my soul than all the world: *Humillimus sum et excelsus*; I am under a necessity of spending some thoughts upon this low world, and yet in an ability to study, to contemplate, to lay hold upon the next: *Mortalis sum, et immortalis*; in a body that may, that must, that does, that did die ever since it was made; I carry a soul, nay, a soul carries me, to such a perpetuity, as no saint, no angel, God himself shall not survive me, over-live me. And lastly, says he, *Terrenus sum, et cœlestis*; I have a body, but of earth; but yet of such earth, as God was the potter to mould it, God was the statuary to fashion it; and then I have a soul, of which God was the father, he breathed it into me, and of which no matter can say, I was the mother, for it proceeded of nothing. Such a mystery is man here: but he is a miracle hereafter; I shall be still the same man, and yet have another being: and in this is that miracle exalted, that death who destroys me, re-edifies me: *Mors veluti medium excogitata, ut de integro restauraretur homo*[77]: Man was fallen, and God took that way to raise him, to throw him lower, into the grave; man was sick, and God invented, God studied physic for him, and strange physic, to recover him by death. The first, *faciamus hominem*, the creation of man, was a thing incomprehensible in nature; but the *denuo nasci*, to be born again, was stranger, even to Nicodemus[78], who knew the former, the creation, well enough. But yet the *immutabimur* is the greatest of all, which St. Paul calls all to wonder at, *Behold, I show you a mystery, we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed*[79]: a mystery, which if Nicodemus had discerned

[76] Nazianzen. [77] Cyril.
[78] John iii. 4. [79] 1 Cor. xv. 57.

it, would have put him to more wonder, than the *denuo nasci;* to enter into his mother's womb, (as he speaks) to enter into the bowels of the earth, and lie there, and lie dead there, not nine months, but many years, and then to be born again, and the first minute of that new birth to be so perfect, as that nothing can be better, and so perfect as that he can never become worse, that is that which makes all strange accidents to natural bodies, and bodies politic too, all changes in man, all revolutions of states, easy, and familiar to us; I shall have another being, and yet be the same man. And in that state, I shall *have the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Christ Jesus.* Of which three things being now come to speak, I am the less sorry, and so may you be too, if my voice be so sunk, as that I be not heard; for, if I had all my time, and all my strength, and all your patience reserved till now, what could I say that could become, what, that could have any proportion, to this knowledge, and this glory, and this face of Christ Jesus, there in the kingdom of heaven? But yet be pleased to hear a word, of each of these three words; and first, of knowledge. In the attributes of God, we consider his knowledge to be *principium agendi dirigens*, the first proposer, and director; this should be done: and then his will to be *principium imperans*, the first commander, this shall be done; and then his power to be *principium exsequens*, the first performer, this is done: this should be done, this shall be done, this is done, expresses to us, the knowledge, the will, and the power of God. Now we shall be made partakers of the divine nature; and the knowledge, and the will, and the power of God, shall be so far communicated to us there, as that we shall know all that belongs to our happiness, and we shall have a will to do, and a power to execute, whatsoever conduces to that. And for the knowledge of angels, that is not in them *per essentiam*, for whosoever knows so, as the essence of the thing flows from him, knows all things, and that is a knowledge proper to God only: neither do the angels know *per species*, by those resultances and species, which rise from the object, and pass through the sense to the understanding, for that is a deceivable way, both by the indisposition of the organ, sometimes, and sometimes by the depravation of the judgment; and therefore,

as the first is too high, this is too low a way for the angels. Some things the angels do know by the dignity of their nature, by their creation, which we know not; as we know many things which inferior creatures do not; and such things all the angels, good and bad, know. Some things they know by the grace of their confirmation, by which they have more given them, than they had by nature in their creation; and those things only the angels that stood, but all they, do know. Some things they know by revelation, when God is pleased to manifest them unto them; and so some of the angels know that, which the rest, though confirmed, do not know. By creation, they know as his subjects; by confirmation, they know as his servants; by revelation, they know as his council. Now, *Erimus sicut angeli*, says Christ, There we shall be as the angels: the knowledge which I have by nature, shall have no clouds; here it hath: that which I have by grace, shall have no reluctation, no resistance; here it hath: that which I have by revelation, shall have no suspicion, no jealousy; here it hath: sometimes it is hard to distinguish between a respiration from God, and a suggestion from the devil. There our curiosity shall have this noble satisfaction, we shall know how the angels know, by knowing as they know. We shall not pass from author to author, as in a grammar-school, nor from art to art, as in an university; but, as that general which knighted his whole army, God shall create us all doctors in a minute. That great library, those infinite volumes of the books of creatures, shall be taken away, quite away; no more nature; those reverend manuscripts, written with God's own hand, the Scriptures themselves, shall be taken away, quite away; no more preaching, no more reading of Scriptures; and that great schoolmistress, experience and observation, shall be removed, no new thing to be done; and in an instant, I shall know more, than they all could reveal unto me. I shall know, not only as I know already, that a bee-hive, that an ant-hill is the same book in *decimo sexto*, as a kingdom is in *folio*, that a flower that lives but a day, is an abridgment of that king, that lives out his threescore and ten years; but I shall know too, that all these ants, and bees, and flowers, and kings, and kingdoms, howsoever they may be examples, and comparisons to one another, yet they are all as

nothing, altogether nothing, less than nothing, infinitely less than nothing, to that which shall then be the subject of my knowledge, for, *It is the knowledge of the glory of God.*

Before, in the former acceptation, the glory of God, was our glorifying of God; here, the glory of God, is his glorifying of us: there it was his receiving, here it is his giving of glory. That prayer which our Saviour Christ makes, *Glorify me, O Father, with thine own self, with the glory which I had, before the world was*[80], is not a prayer for the essential glory of God; for Christ in his divine nature was never divested, never unaccompanied of that glory; and for his human nature, that was never capable of it: the attributes, and so the essence of the glory, of the divinity, are not communicable to his human nature, neither perpetually, as the Ubiquitaries say, nor temporarily in the sacrament, as the Papists imply. But the glory which Christ asks there, is, the glory of sitting down at the right hand of his Father in our flesh, in his human nature, which glory he had before the world, for he had it in his predestination, in the eternal decree. And that is the glory of God, which we shall know; know, by having it. We shall have a knowledge of the very glory, the essential glory of God, because we shall see him *sicuti est*, as God is, in himself; and *cognoscam ut cognitus; I shall know as I am known*[81]: that glory shall dilate us, enlarge us, give us an inexpressible capacity, and then fill it; but we shall never comprehend that glory, the essential glory; but that glory which Christ hath received in his human nature, (in all other degrees, excepting those which flow from his hypostatical union) we shall comprehend, we shall know, by having: we shall receive a crown of glory, that fadeth not[82]: it is a crown that compasses round, no entrance of danger any way: and a crown that fadeth not, fears no winter: we shall have interest in all we see, and we shall see the treasure of all knowledge, the face of Christ Jesus. Then and there, we shall have an abundant satisfaction and accomplishment, of all St. Augustine's three wishes: he wished to have seen Rome in her glory, to have heard St. Paul preach, and to have seen Christ in the flesh. We shall have all: we

[80] John xvii. 5. [81] 1 Cor. xiii. 12. [82] 1 Pet. v. 4.

shall see such a Jerusalem, as that Rome, if that were literally true, which is hyperbolically said of Rome, *In urbe, in orbe*, That city is the whole world; yet Rome, that Rome, were but a village to this Jerusalem. We shall hear St. Paul, with the whole choir of heaven, pour out himself in that acclamation, *Salvation to our God, that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb*[83]: and we shall see, and see for ever, Christ in that flesh, which hath done enough for his friends, and is safe enough from his enemies. We shall see him in a transfiguration, all clouds of sadness removed; and a transubstantiation, all his tears changed to pearls, all his blood-drops into rubies, all the thorns of his crown into diamonds: for, where we shall see the walls of his palace to be sapphire, and emerald, and amethyst, and all stones that are precious[84], what shall we not see in the face of Christ Jesus! And whatsoever we do see, by that very sight becomes ours. Be therefore no strangers to this face: see him here, that you may know him, and he you, there: see him, as St. John did, who turned to see a voice[85]: see him in the preaching of his word; see him in that seal, which is a copy of him, as he is of his Father; see him in the sacrament. Look him in the face as he lay in the manger, poor, and then murmur not at temporal wants; suddenly enriched by the tributes of kings, and doubt not but that God hath large and strange ways to supply thee. Look him in the face, in the temple, disputing there at twelve years; and then apply thyself to God, to the contemplation of him, to the meditation upon him, to a conversation with him betimes. Look him in the face in his father's house; a carpenter, and but a carpenter. Take a calling, and contain thyself in that calling. But bring him nearer, and look him in the face, as he looked on Friday last; when he whose face the angels desire to look on, he who was fairer than the children of men, as the prophet speaks[86], who so marred more than any man, as another prophet says[87], *That they hid their faces from him, and despised him;* when he who bore up the heavens bowed down his head, and he who gives breath to all, gave up the ghost: and then look him in the face again, as he looked yesterday, not lamed upon

[83] Rev. vii. 10. [84] Rev. xxi. 19. [85] Rev. i. 12.
[86] Psalm XLV. 3. [87] Isaiah LII. 14; LIII. 3.

the cross, not putrefied in the grave, not singed in hell, raised, and raised by his own power, victoriously, triumphantly, to the destruction of the last enemy, death; look him in the face in all these respects, of humiliation, and of exaltation too; and then, as a picture looks upon him, that look upon it, God upon whom thou keepest thine eye, will keep his eye upon thee, and, as in the creation, when he commanded light out of darkness, he gave thee a capacity of this light; and as in thy vocation, when he shined in thy heart, he gave thee an inchoation of this light, so in associating thee to himself at the last day, he will perfect, consummate, accomplish all, and give thee *the light of the glory of God, in the face of Christ Jesus* there.

This is the last word of our text: but we make up our circle by returning to the first word; the first word is, *for;* for the text is a reason of that which is in the verse immediately before the text; that is, we preach not ourselves, *but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants, for Jesus' sake.* We stop not on this side Christ Jesus; we dare not say, that any man is saved without Christ; we dare say, that none can be saved, that hath received that light, and hath not believed in him. We carry you not beyond Christ neither, not beyond that face of his, in which he is manifested, the Scriptures. Till you come to Christ you are without God, as the apostle says to the Ephesians: and when you go beyond Christ, to traditions of men, you are without God too. There is a *sine deo*, a left-handed atheism, in the mere natural man, that will not know Christ; and there is a *sine deo*, a right-handed atheism, in the stubborn papist, who is not content with Christ. They preach Christ Jesus and themselves, and make themselves lords over you in Jesus' place, and farther than ever he went. *We preach not ourselves, but him, and ourselves your servants for his sake;* and this is our service, to tell you the whole compass, the beginning, the way, and the end of all, that all is done in, and by, and for Christ Jesus, that from thence flow, and thither lead, and there determine all, to bring you, from the memory of your creation, by the sense of your vocation, to the assurance of your glorification, by the manifestation of God in Christ, and Christ in the Scriptures. For *God, who commanded light out of darkness, hath shined*, &c.

A SERMON

UPON THE

FIFTEENTH VERSE OF THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER OF THE BOOK OF JUDGES;

WHEREIN OCCASION WAS JUSTLY TAKEN FOR THE PUBLICATION OF SOME REASONS, WHICH HIS SACRED MAJESTY HAD BEEN PLEASED TO GIVE, OF THOSE DIRECTIONS FOR PREACHERS, WHICH HE HAD FORMERLY SENT FORTH.

PREACHED AT THE CROSS, THE 15TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1622,

By JOHN DONNE,

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, AND DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON;

AND NOW BY COMMANDMENT OF HIS MAJESTY PUBLISHED AS IT WAS THEN PREACHED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE, MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM,

HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND, &c.

WHEN I would speak to the King, by your Lordship's means, I do: now, when I would speak to the Kingdom, I would do that by your Lordship's means too: and therefore I am bold to transfer this Sermon to the world, through your Lordship's hands, and under your name. For the first part of the sermon, the explication of the text, my profession and my conscience is warrant enough that I have spoken as the Holy Ghost intended. For the second part, the application of the text, it will be warrant enough, that I have spoken as his Majesty intended, that your Lordship admits it to issue in your name. It is because kings favour the church, that the prophet says they are her foster-fathers; and then, those persons, who have also interest in the favour of kings, are her foster-brothers: and such use to love well. By that title, (as by many other also) your Lordship loves the church; as you are her foster-brother; loved of him who loves her. And by that title you love all them in the church, who endeavour to advance both the unity of our church in itself, and the unity of the church, with the godly designs of our religious King. To which service, I shall ever sacrifice all the labours of

Your Lordship's humblest and thankfulest Servant
in Christ Jesus,
JOHN DONNE.

SERMON CLV.

PREACHED AT ST. PAUL'S CROSS, SEPTEMBER 14, 1622.

JUDGES v. 20.

De cœlo dimicatum est contra eos: stellæ manentes in ordine, et cursu suo, adversus Siseram pugnaverunt.

They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

ALL the words of God are always sweet in themselves, says David; but sweeter in the mouth, and in the pen of some of the prophets, and some of the apostles, than of others, as they differed in their natural gifts, or in their education: but sweetest of all, where the Holy Ghost hath been pleased to set the word of God to music, and to convey it into a song; and this text is of that kind: part of the song which Deborah and Barak sung after their great victory upon Sisera; Sisera who was Jabin the king of Canaan's general against Israel. God himself made Moses a song[1], and expressed his reason why; The children of Israel, says God, will forget my law; but this song they will not forget; and whensoever they sing this song, this song shall testify against them, what I have done for them, how they have forsaken me. And to such a purpose hath God left this song of Deborah and Barak in the Scriptures, that all murmurers, and all that stray into a diffidence of God's power, or of his purpose to sustain his own cause, and destroy his own enemies, might run and read, might read and sing, the wonderful deliverances that God hath given to his people, by weak and unexpected means. This world begun with a song, if the Chaldee paraphrasts upon Solomon's Song of Songs have taken a true tradition, that as soon as Adam's sin was forgiven him, he expressed (as he calls it in that song) *Sabbatum suum*, his Sabbath, his peace of conscience, in a song; of which, we have the entrance in that paraphrase. This world begun so; and so did the next world too, if we count the beginning of that (as it is a good computation to do so) from the coming of Christ Jesus: for that was expressed on earth, in

[1] Deut. xxxi. 19.

divers songs; in the blessed Virgin's Magnificat; *My soul doth magnify the Lord:* in Zachary's Benedictus; *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel;* and in Simeon's Nunc Dimittis, *Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.* This world began so, and the other; and when both shall join, and make up one world without end, it shall continue so in heaven, in that song of the Lamb, *Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints*[2]. And, to tune us, to compose and give us a harmony and concord of affections, in all perturbations and passions, and discords in the passages of this life, if we had no more of the same music in the Scriptures (as we have the song of Moses at the Red Sea, and many Psalms of David to the same purpose), this song of Deborah were enough, abundantly enough, to slumber any storm, to becalm any tempest, to rectify any scruple of God's slackness in the defence of his cause, when in the history and occasion of this song, expressed in the chapter before this, we see, that *Israel had done evil in the sight of the Lord again*, and yet again God came to them: that *God himself had sold Israel into the hands of Jabin king of Canaan*, and yet he repented the bargain, and came to them: that *in twenty years' oppression he came not*, and yet he came. That *when Sisera came against them, with nine hundred chariots of iron*, and all preparations, proportionable to that, and God called up a woman, a prophetess, a Deborah against him, because Deborah had a zeal to the cause, and consequently an enmity to the enemy, God would effect his purpose by so weak an instrument, by a woman, but by a woman, which had no such interest, nor zeal to the cause; by Jael: and in Jael's hand, by such an instrument, as with that scarce any man could do it, if it were to be done again, with a hammer she drives a nail through his temples, and nails him to the ground, as he lay sleeping in her tent: and then the end of all, was the end of all, *not one man of his army left-alive.* *O my soul, why art thou so sad, why art thou so disquieted within me?* Sing unto the Lord an old song, the song of Deborah and Barak, that God by weak means doth mighty works, that all God's creatures fight in his behalf, *They fought from heaven, the stars in their order, fought against Sisera.*

[2] Rev. xv. 3.

You shall have but two parts out of these words; and to make these two parts, I consider the text, as the two hemispheres of the world, laid open in a flat, in a plain map. All those parts of the world, which the ancients have used to consider, are in one of those hemispheres; all Europe is in that, and in that is all Asia, and Africk too: so that when we have seen that hemisphere, done with that, we might seem to have seen all, done with all the world; but yet the other hemisphere, that of America, is as big as it; though, but by occasion of new and late discoveries we had had nothing to say of America. So the first part of our text, will be as that first hemisphere; all which the ancient expositors found occasion to note out of these words, will be in that: but by the new discoveries of some humours of men, and rumours of men, we shall have occasion to say somewhat of a second part too. The parts are, first, the literal, the historical sense of the words; and then an emergent, a collateral, an occasional sense of them. The explication of the words, and the application, *quid tunc, quid nunc*, how the words were spoken then, how they may be applied now, will be our two parts. And, in passing through our first we shall make these steps. First, God can, and sometimes doth effect his purposes by himself; entirely, immediately, extraordinarily, miraculously by himself: but yet, in a second place, we shall see, by this story, that he looks for assistance, for concurrence of second causes, and subordinate means: and that therefore, God in this song of Deborah, hath provided an honourable commemoration of them, who did assist his cause; for the princes have their place, *The princes of Issachar were with her*[3]: and then, the governors, the great persons, the great officers of the state, have their place in this honour, that *they offered themselves willingly to that service*[4]; and after them, the merchants, for those who are said there, *to ride upon white asses*, to be well mounted, according to the manner of those nations, are, by Peter Martyr, amongst our expositors, and by Serarius the Jesuit, amongst the others, fitly understood, to be intended of merchants; and in the same verse, the judges are honourably remembered, *Those that sit in judgment;* and a far unlikelier sort of people, than any of these, in

[3] Judges v. 15. [4] Judges v. 9, 10.

the same verse too, *Those that walked by the way;* idle, and discoursing men, that were not much affected, how business went, so they might talk of them: and lastly, the whole people in general, how poor soever, they have evidence from this record, that *they offered themselves*[5] (and what will they deny, that offer themselves) and willingly, to this employment. And then, God having here afforded this honourable mention of them, who did assist him, he lays also a heavy note upon such, who for collateral respects prevaricated, or withdrew themselves from his service: particularly upon Reuben, who was *divided by greatness of heart*, and upon Dan, *who remained in his ships*[6]. And therefore to the encouragement of those who did assist him, in any proportion, though their assistance were no ways competent against so potent an enemy, God fought for himself too, *They fought from heaven, the stars in their order fought against Sisera.* And these will be the branches, or circumstances of our first part: for the particulars of the second, we shall open them more commodiously for your memory and use, then, when we come to handle them, than now. Now we proceed to those of the first part.

And into those I pass with this protestation, that in all which I shall say this day, being to speak often of God, in that notion, as he is Lord of hosts, and fights his own battles, I am far from giving fire to them that desire war. Peace in this world, is a precious earnest, and a fair and lovely type of the everlasting peace of the world to come: and war in this world, is a shrewd and fearful emblem of the everlasting discord and tumult, and torment of the world to come: and therefore, our blessed God, bless us with this external, and this internal, and make that lead us to an eternal peace. But I speak of this subject, especially to establish and settle them, that suspect God's power, or God's purpose, to succour those, who in foreign parts, groan under heavy pressures in matter of religion, or to restore those, who in foreign parts, are divested of their lawful possessions, and inheritance; and because God hath not done these great works yet, nor yet raised up means in appearance, and in their apprehension, likely to effect it, that therefore God likes not the cause; and therefore they begin to be shaken in their own religion at home,

[5] Judges v. 2. [6] Judges v. 16, 17.

since they think that God neglects it abroad? But, beloved, since God made all this world of nothing, cannot he recover any one piece thereof, or restore any one piece, with a little? In the creation, his production of specific forms, and several creatures in the several days, was much, very much; but not very much, compared with that, which he had done immediately before, when he made heaven and earth of nothing. For, for the particular creatures, God had then *præjacentem materiam*, he had stuff before him; enough to cut out creatures of the largest size, his elephants of the earth, his whales and leviathans in the sea. In that matter there was *semen creaturarum*, the seed of all creatures in that stuff. But for the stuff itself, the heaven and earth, God had not *semen cœli*, any such seed of heaven as that he could say to it, do thou hatch a heaven; he had not any such *semen terræ*, as that he could bid that grow up into an earth: there was nothing at all, and all that is, was produced from that; and then who shall doubt of his proceeding, if by a little he will do much? He suffered his greater works to be paralleled, or to be counterfeit by Pharaoh's magicians; but in his least, in the making of lice, he brought them to confess *digitum Dei*, the finger of God; and that was enough; the arm of God, the hand of God needs not; where he will work, his finger is enough; it was not that imagination, that dream of the rabbins, that hindered the magicians, who say, that the devil cannot make any creature, less than a barley-corn; as it is with men, they misconceive it to be with the devil too; harder to make a little clock, a little picture, anything in a little, than in a larger form. That was no part of the reason in that case: but since man ordinarily esteems it so, and ordinarily admires great works in little form, why will he not be content to glorify God that way, in a faithful confidence, that he can and will do great works by weak means? Should God have stayed to levy, and arm, and train, and muster, and present men enow to discomfit Sennacherib? He took a nearer way; he slew almost two hundred thousand of them, in one night, by an angel[r]. Should God have troubled an angel to satisfy Elisha his servant? Only by apparition in the clouds, he brought him to acknowledge, that

[r] Isaiah xxxvii. 36.

there were more with them, than with the enemy, when there was none[8]. He troubled not so much as a cloud, he employed no creature at all, against the Philistines, when they came up with thirty thousand chariots[9]; but he breathed a damp, an astonishment into them, he imprinted a divine terror in their hearts, and they fought against one another. God foresaw a diminution of his honour, in the augmentation of Israel's forces, and therefore he reduced Gideon's thirty-two thousand to three hundred persons[10]. It was so in persons, God does much with few, and it was so in time, God does much, though late; though God seem a long time to have forgot his people, yet in due time, that is, in his time, he returns to them again. St. Augustine makes a useful historical note, that that land to which God brought the children of Israel, was their own land before; they were the right heirs to it, lineally descended from him, who was the first possessor of it, after the flood: but they were so long out of possession of it, as that they were never able to set their title on foot; nay they did scarce know their own title, and yet God repossessed them of it, reinvested them in it. It is so for persons, and times in his ways in this world, much with few, much though late, and it is so in his ways to the next world too: for persons, Elias knew of no more but himself, that served the right God aright: God makes him know that there were seven thousand more; seven thousand was much to one, but it was little to all the world: and yet these seven thousand have peopled heaven, and sent up all those colonies thither; all those armies of martyrs, those flocks of lambs, innocent children, those fathers, the fathers of the church, and mothers, holy matrons, and daughters, blessed virgins, and learned and laborious doctors; these seven thousand have filled up the places of the fallen angels, and repeopled that kingdom: and wheresoever we think them most worn out, God at this time hath his remnant, (as the apostle says[11]) and God is able to make up the whole garment of that remnant. So he does much with few, in the ways to heaven; and that he does much though late, in that way too, thou mayest discern in his working upon thyself. How often hast thou suf-

[8] 2 Kings v. 16. [9] 1 Sam. xxiii. 5.
[10] Judges vi. [11] Rom. xi. 5.

fered thy soul to grow clean out of all reparations into ruin, by thine inconsiderate and habitual course of sin, and never repaired it by any good use of hearing the word, or receiving the sacrament in a long time, and when thou hast at any time come to a survey of thy conscience, how hast thou been affected with an inordinate apprehension of God's anger, and his inacccessibleness, his inexorableness towards thee, and sunk even into the jaws of desperation; and yet *quia manet semen Dei*, because the seed of God hath remained in thee[12], *incubat Spiritus*, the Holy Ghost hath sat upon that seed, and hatched a new creature in thee, a modest, but yet infallible assurance of the mercy of thy God. Recollect all; in raising of sieges, and discomfiting of armies, in restoring possessions, and reinvesting right heirs, in repairing the ruins of the kingdom of heaven, depopulated in the fall of angels, in re-establishing peace of conscience; in a presumptuous confidence, or over-timorous diffidence in God, God glorifies himself that way, to do much with little.

He does so; but yet he will have something. God is a good husband, a good steward of man's contributions, but contributions he will have: he will have a concurrence, a co-operation of persons. Even in that great work, which we spake of at first, the first creation, which was so absolutely of nothing, yet there was a *faciamus*, Let *us*, *us*, make man; though but one God, yet more Persons in that work. Christ had been able to have done as the devil would have had him do[13], to have made bread of stones, when he had so great a number to feed in the wilderness; but he does not so; he asks his disciples, *Quot panes habetis*[14]? How many loaves have you? and though they were but five, yet since they were some, he multiplies them, and feeds above five thousand with those five. He would have a remnant of Gideon's army to fight his battles; a remnant of Israel's believers to make up his kingdom; a remnant of thy soul, his seed wrapped up somewhere, to save thy soul; and a remnant of thyself, of thy mind, of thy purse, of thy person, for thy temporal deliverance. God goes low, and accepts small sacrifices; a pigeon, a handful of flour, a few ears of corn; but a sacrifice he will have. The Christian church implies a shrewd distress, when she provides

[12] 1 John iii. 4. [13] Mat. iv. 3. [14] Mark vi. 38.

that reason, that clause in her prayer, *Quia non est alius, Give peace in our time, O Lord, because there is none other that fighteth for us:* if the bowels of compassion be eaten out, if the band of the communion of saints be dissolved, we fight for none, none fights for us, at last neither we nor they shall fight for Christ, nor Christ for them nor us, but all become a prey to the general enemy of the name of Christ; for God requires something, some assistance, some concurrence, some co-operation, though *he can fight from heaven, and the stars, in their order, can fight against Sisera.*

And therefore, though God give his glory to none, his glory, that is, to do all with nothing, yet he gives them their glory, that do anything for him, or for themselves. And as he hath laid up a record, for their glory and memorial, who were remarkable for faith (for the eleventh chapter to the Hebrews, is a catalogue of them); so in this song of Deborah and Barak, he hath laid up a record for their glory, who expressed their faith in works, and assisted his service. That which is said in general, *The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot*[15], that is applied and promised in particular, by him, who can perform it, by Christ, to that woman, who anointed him that *wheresoever his Gospel should be preached in the whole world, there should also this that this woman had done, be told for a memorial of her*[16]. She assisted at his funeral (as Christ himself interprets her actions, that *she did it to bury him*) and hath her glory: how shall he glorify them, that advance his glory? She hath her reward in his death; what shall they have, that keep him, and his Gospel alive? Not a verse in Deborah and Barak's song, and yet that is honourable evidence: not a commemoration at the preaching of the Gospel; and yet that is the honourable testimony in this place, and at these exercises, of such as have contributed to the conveniences of these exercises; but they shall have a place in the book of life; indelibly in the book of life, if they proceed in that devotion of assisting God's cause, and do not think, that they have done all, or done enough, if they have done something some one time. The moral man hath saith well, and well applied it; *A ship is a ship for ever, if you repair it*[17]. So, says he, *Honour is*

[15] Prov. xiii. 7. [16] Matt. xxvi. 13. [17] Plutarch.

honour, and so say we, *A good conscience is a good conscience for ever, if you repair it:* but, says he well, *Aliquid famæ addendum, ne putrescat*, Honour will putrefy, and so will a good conscience too, if it be not repaired. He that hath done nothing must begin, and he that hath done something for God's cause, must do more, if he will continue his name in the book of life; though God leave no one particular action, done for his glory, without glory; as those who assisted his glory here, have a glorious commemoration in this song.

In the fifteenth verse, princes have their place; *The princes of Issachar were with Deborah.* When the king goes to the field, many, who are in other cases privileged, are by their tenures bound to go. It is a high tenure, to hold by a crown; and when God, of whom, and of whom only they hold, that hold so, goes into the field, it becomes them to go with him. But as God sits in heaven, and yet goes into the field, so they of whom God hath said, *Ye are gods*, the kings of the earth, may stay at home, and yet go too. They go in their assistance to the war; they go in their mediation for peace; they go in their example, when from their sweetness, and moderation in their government at home. there flows out an instruction, a persuasion to princes abroad. Kings go many times, and are not thanked, because their ways are not seen: and Christ himself would not always be seen; in the eighth of John, he would not be seen. When they took up stones to stone him, he withdrew himself invisibly, he would not be seen: when princes find that open actions exasperate, they do best, if they be not seen. In the sixth of John, Christ would not be seen. When they would have put upon him, that which was not fit for him to take, when they would have made him king, he withdrew himself, and was not seen. When princes are tempted to take territories, or possessions into their hands, to which other princes have just pretences, they do best, if they withdraw themselves from engagements in unnecessary wars, for that, that only was Josiah's ruin[18]. Kings cannot always go in the sight of men, and so they lose their thanks; but they cannot go out of the sight of God, and there they never lose their reward: for *the Lord that sees them in secret, shall reward them openly*, with peace

[18] 2 Kings xiii. 29.

in their own states, and honour in their own chronicles, as here, for assisting his cause, he gave the princes of Issachar a room, a strain in Deborah and Barak's song.

And in the ninth verse, the governors, the great officers, have their place, in this praise, *My heart is towards the governors of Israel that offered themselves willingly.* It is not themselves in person; great officers cannot do so; they are intelligences that move great spheres, but they must not be moved out of them. But their glory here is their willingness. That before they were inquired into, how they carried themselves in their offices, before they were intimidated, or suppled with fines and ransoms, voluntarily they assisted the cause of God. Some in the Roman church write, that the cardinals of that church, are so incorporated into the pope, so much of his body, and so blood of his blood, that in a fever they may not let blood without his leave. Truly, the great persons and governors in any state, are so noble and near parts of the king, as that they may not bleed out in any subventions and assistances of such causes under-hand, as are not avowed by the king; for, it is not evident that that cause is God's cause; at least not evident that that way is an assistance of God's cause. But a good, and tractable, and ductile disposition, in all courses which shall lawfully be declared to be for God's glory, then, not *contra*, but *præter*, not against, but besides, not in opposing, but in preventing the king's will, before he urge, before he press, to be willing and forward in such assistances; this gives great persons, governors, and officers, a verse in Barak's and Deborah's song, and Deborah and Barak's song is the Word of God.

The merchants have their place in that verse too. For, (as we said before) *those who ride upon white asses*, which was as honourable a transportation, as coaches are now, are by Peter Martyr amongst ours, and by Serarius the Jesuit amongst others, well understood to be the merchants. The greatness and the dignity of the merchants of the east is sufficiently expressed in those of Babylon, *Thy merchants were the great men of the earth*[19]. And for the merchants of the west, we know that in divers foreign parts, their nobility is in their merchants, their merchants

[19] Rev. xviii. 23.

are their gentlemen. And certainly, no place of the world, for commodities and situation, is better disposed than this kingdom, to make merchants great. You cannot show your greatness more, than in serving God with part of it; you did serve before you were free; but here you do both at once, for his service is perfect freedom. I am not here to-day, to beg a benevolence for any particular cause on foot now: there is none; but my errand in this first part is, first to remove jealousies and suspicions of God's neglecting his business, because he does it not at our appointment, and then to promove and advance a disposition, to assist his cause and his glory, in all ways, which shall be declared to conduce thereunto, whether in his body, by relieving the poor, or in his house by repairing these walls, or in his honour in employments more public: and to assure you that you cannot have a better debtor, a better paymaster than Christ Jesus: for all your entails, and all your perpetuities do not so nail, so hoop in, so rivet an estate in your posterity, as to make the Son of God your son too, and to give Christ Jesus a child's part, with the rest of your children. It is noted (perchance but out of levity) that your children do not keep that which you get: it is but a calumny, or but a fascination of ill wishers. We have many happy instances to the contrary, many noble families derived from you; one, enough to ennoble a world; Queen Elizabeth was the great grandchild of a Lord Mayor of London[20]. Our blessed God bless all your estates, and bless your posterity in a blessed enjoying thereof; but truly it is a good way to that, amongst all your purchases, to purchase a place in Barak and Deborah's song, a testimony of the Holy Ghost, that you were forward in all due times in the assistance of God's cause.

That testimony, in this service in our text, have the judges of the land, in the same verse too, *Ye that sit in judgment.* Certainly, men exercised in judgment, are likeliest to think of the last judgment. Men accustomed to give judgment, likeliest to think of the judgment they are to receive. And at that last

[20] Ann Boleyn's great grandfather, Sir Geoffry Boleyn, had been Lord Mayor of London. (See Burnet, vol. i. p. 68.) So that Queen Elizabeth was the great great grandchild of a Lord Mayor. But the expression great grandchild is used generally for descendants beyond the second generation.—ED.

judgment the malediction of the left hand falls upon them that have not harboured Christ, not fed him, not clothed him. And when Christ comes to want those things in that degree, that his kingdom, his Gospel, himself cannot subsist, where it did, without such a sustentation, an omission in such an assistance, is much more heavy. All judgments end in this, *Suum cuique, To give every one his own.* Give God his own, and he hath enough; give him his own, in his own place, and his cause will be preferred before any civil or natural obligation. But God requires not that: pay every other man first, *Owe nothing to any man;* pay your children, apportion them convenient portions. Pay your estimation, your reputation, live in that good fashion which your rank and calling calls for: when all this is done, of your superfluities begin to pay God, and even for that you shall have your room in Deborah and Barak's song, for assistants, and coadjutors to him.

For a far unlikelier sort of people, than any of these, have that in the same verse also, *Ambulantes super viem, They that walk up and down* idle, discoursing men, men of no calling, of no profession, of no sense of other men's miseries, and yet they assist this cause. Men that suck the sweet of the earth, and the sweat of other men: men that pay the state nothing in doing the offices of mutual society, and embracing particular vocations; men that make themselves but pipes to receive and convey, and vent rumours, but sponges to suck in, and pour out foul water; men that do not spend time, but wear time, they trade not, they plough not, they preach not, they plead not, but walk, and walk upon the way, till they have walked out their six months for the renewing of bands, even these had some remorse in God's cause, even these got into Deborah and Barak's song for assisting there.

And less; that is, poorer than these: for in the second verse, the people are as forward as the governors, in the ninth, *They offered themselves willingly.* They might offer themselves, their persons. It is likely they did; and likely that many of them had nothing to offer but themselves. And when men of that poverty offer, part easily with that which was hardly got, how acceptable to God, that sacrifice is, we see in Christ's testimony

of that widow, who amongst many great givers gave her mite, *that she gave more than all they, because she gave all:* which testified not only her liberality to God, but her confidence in God, that though she left nothing, she should not lack: for that right use doth St. Augustine make of that example, *Divites largiuntur securi de divitiis, pauper securus de Domino: A rich man gives, and feels it not, fears no want, because he is sure of a full chest at home; a poor man gives, and feels it as little, because he is sure of a bountiful God in heaven.*

God then can work alone; there we set out: yet he does require assistance; that way we went: and to those that do assist, he gives glory here; so far we are gone; but yet this remains, that he lays notes of blame, and reproach upon them, whom collateral respects withdrew from this assistance. For there is a kind of reproach and increpation laid upon Reuben in that question, *Why abodest thou amongst the sheepfolds? The divisions of Reuben were great thoughts of heart*[21]. Ambition of precedency in places of employment, greatness of heart, and a lothness to be under the command of any other, and so an incoherence, not concurring in counsels and executions, retard oftentimes even the cause of God. So is there also a reproach and increpation upon Dan, in that question, *Why did Dan remain in his ships*[22]*?* a confidence in their own strength, a sacrificing to their own nets, an attributing of their security to their own wisdom or power, may also retard the cause of God; that stayed Dan behind.

Thus then they have their thanks that do, thus their marks that do not assist in God's cause: though God to encourage them that do, accomplishes his work himself, *They fought from heaven, the stars in their order fought against Sisera.* They fought, says the text, but does not tell us who; lest men should direct their thanks for that which is past, or their prayers for future benefits, to any other, even in heaven, than to God himself. The stars are named; it could not be feared that men would pray to them, sacrifice to them; angels and saints are not named; men might come to ascribe to them, that which appertained to God only. Now these stars, says the text, fought in their courses, *Manentes in ordine,*

[21] Judges v. 16. [22] Judges v. 17.

They fought not disorderly. It was no enchantment, no sorcery, no disordering of the frame, or the powers, or the influence of these heavenly bodies, in favour of the Israelites; God would not be beholden to the devil, or to witches, for his best friends. It was no disorderly enchantment, nor it was no miracle, that disordered these stars; as in Joshua's time, the sun and moon were disordered in their motions; but as Josephus, who relates this battle more particularly, says, with whom all agree, *The natural influence of these heavenly bodies, at this time, had created and gathered such storms and hails, as blowing vehemently in the enemies' face, was the cause of this defeat:* for so we might have said, in that deliverance, which God gave us at sea, *They fought from heaven, the stars in their order fought against the enemy.* Without conjuring, without miracle, from heaven, but yet by natural means, God preserved us. For that is the force of that phrase, and of that manner of expressing it, *Manentes in ordine*, The stars, containing themselves in their order, fought. And that phrase induces our second part, the accommodation, the occasional application of these words; God will not fight, nor be fought for disorderly; and therefore in illustration, and confirmation of those words of the apostle, *Let all things be done decently, and in order*, Aquinas, in his commentaries upon that place, cites, and applies this text, as words to the same purpose, and of the same signification. You, says St. Paul, you who are stars in the church, must proceed in your warfare, decently, and in order; for the stars of heaven, when they fight for the Lord, they do their service, *manentes in ordine*, containing themselves in their order. And so in our order, we are come to our second part. In which, we owe you by promise made at first, an analysis, a distribution of the steps and branches of this part, now when we are come to the handling thereof: and thus we shall proceed: first, the war, which we are to speak of here, is not as before, a worldly war, it is a spiritual war; and then the munition, the provision for this war, is not as before, temporal assistance of princes, officers, judges, merchants, all sorts of people, but it is the Gospel of Christ Jesus, and the preaching thereof. Preaching is God's ordinance, with that ordinance he fights from heaven, and batters down all errors. And thirdly, to maintain

this war, he hath made preachers stars; and *væ si non*, woe be unto them, if they do not fight, if they do not preach: but yet in the last place, they must fight, as the stars in heaven do, in their order, in that order, and according to those directions, which they, to whom it appertains, shall give them: for that is to fight in order. And in these four branches, we shall determine this second part.

First then we are in contemplation of a spiritual war; now, though there be a *beati pacifici*, a blessing reserved to peace-makers, to the peace-maker, our Peace-maker, who hath sometimes effected it in some places, and always seriously and chargeably, and honourably endeavoured it in all places, yet there is a spiritual war, in which, *maledicti pacifici;* cursed be they that go about to make peace, and to make all one, the wars between Christ and Belial. Let no man sever those whom God hath joined, but let no man join those whom God hath severed neither, and God hath severed Christ and Belial: and that was God's action, *ponam inimicitias;* the seed of the woman, and the seed of the serpent, we and the devil, should never have fallen out; we agree but too well; but God hath put an enmity between us. God hath put truth and falsehood, idolatry and sincerity so far asunder, and infused such an incompatibility, and imprinted such an implacability between them, as that they cannot flow into one another: and therefore, there, *maledicti pacifici*, it is an opposition against God, by any colourable modifications, to reconcile opinions diametrically contrary to one another, in fundamental things. Day and night may join and meet. *In diluculis* and in *crepusculis*, the dawning of the day, in the morning, and the shutting in of the day in the evening, make day and night so much one, as sometimes you cannot tell which to call them: but *lux et tenebræ*, light and darkness, midnight and noon never met, never joined. There are points, which passions of men, and vehemence of disputation, have carried farther asunder than needed: and these indeed have made the greatest noise; because upon these, for the most part, depends the matter of profit; and *beati pacifici*, blessed were that labour, and that labourer, that could reconcile those things: and of that there might be hope, because it is often but the persons that fight, it is not the thing,

the matters are not so different. But then there are matters so different, as that a man may sit at home, and weep, and wish, praise God that he is in the right, and pray to God for them that are in the wrong, but to think that they are indifferent, and all one, *maledicti pacifici*, he that hath brought such a peace, hath brought a curse upon his own conscience, and laid, not a satisfaction, but a stupefaction upon it. A Turk might perchance say, in scorn of us both, They call you heretics, you call them idolaters; why might not idolaters and heretics agree well enough together? But a true Christian will never make contrarieties in fundamental things indifferent, never make foundations, and super-edifications, the Word of God, and the traditions of men, all one. Every man is a little world, says the philosopher; every man is a little church too; and in every man there are two sides, two armies: the flesh fights against the spirit. This is but a civil war, nay it is but a rebellion indeed; and yet it can never be absolutely quenched. So every man is also a soldier in that great and general war, between Christ, and Belial, the Word of God, and the will of man. Every man is bound to hearken to a peace, in such things as may admit peace, in differences, where men differ from men; but bound also to shut himself up against all overtures of peace, in such things, as are in their nature irreconcileable, in differences where men differ from God. That war God hath kindled, and that war must be maintained, and maintained by his way; and his way, and his ordinance in this war, is preaching.

If God had not said to Noah, *Fac tibi arcam;* and when he had said so, if he had not given him a design, a model, a platform of that ark, we may doubt credibly, whether ever man would have thought of a ship, or of any such way of trade or commerce. Shipping was God's own invention, and therein *Lætentur insulæ*, as David says, *Let the islands rejoice.* So also, if Christ had not said to his apostles, *Ite prædicate, Go and preach:* and when he had said so, said thus much more, *Qui non crediderit damnabitur, He that believes not your preaching shall be damned:* certainly man would never have thought of such a way of establishing a kingdom, as by preaching. No other nation had any such institution, as preaching. In the Roman state, there was a

public officer, *Conditor precum*, who upon great emergent occasions, deprecations of imminent dangers, or gratulations for evident benefits, did make particular collects answerable to those occasions: and some such occasional panegyrics, and gratulatory orations for temporal benefits, they had in that state. But a fixed and constant course of containing subjects in their religious and civil duties, by preaching, only God ordained, only his children enjoyed. Christ when he sent his apostles, did not give them a particular command, *Ite orate*, Go and pray in the public congregation; all nations were accustomed to that; Christ made no doubt of any man's opposing, or questioning public prayer; and therefore for that, he only said, *Sic orabitis*, not, Go, and pray, but, When you pray, pray thus; he instructed them in the form; the duty was well known to all before. But, for preaching, he himself was anointed for that, *The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach*[23]: his unction was his function. He was anointed with that power, and he hath anointed us with part of his own unction: *All power is given unto me*, says he, *in heaven and in earth;* and therefore (as he adds there) *Go ye, and preach*[24]: because I have all power, for preaching, take ye part of my power, and preach too. For preaching is *the power of God unto salvation, and the saver of life unto life.* When therefore the apostle says, *Quench not the spirit*[25], *Nec in te, nec in alio*, says Aquinas; Quench it not in yourself, by forbearing to hear the word preached, quench it not in others, by discouraging them that do preach. For so St. Chrysostom, (and not he alone) understood that place, *That they quench the spirit, who discountenance preaching, and dishearten preachers.* St. Chrysostom took his example from the lamp that burnt by him, when he was preaching; (it seems therefore he did preach in the afternoon) and he says, *You may quench this lamp, by putting in water, and you may quench it by taking out the oil.* So a man may quench the spirit in himself, if he smother it, suffocate it, with worldly pleasures, or profits, and he may quench it in others, if he withdraw that favour, or that help, which keeps that man, who hath the spirit of prophecy, the unction of preaching, in a

[23] Isaiah LXI. 1. [24] Matt. xxviii. 19. [25] 1 Thes. v. 19.

cheerful discharge of his duty. Preaching then being God's ordinance, to beget faith, to take away preaching, were to disarm God, and to quench the spirit; for by that ordinance, he fights from heaven.

And to maintain that fight, he hath made his ministers stars; as they are called, in the first of the Revelation. And they fight against Sisera, that is, they preach against error. They preach out of necessity; *Necessity is laid upon me to preach*, says the apostle[26]; and upon a heavy penalty, if they do not; *Væ mihi si non, Woe be unto me if I do not preach the Gospel.* Neither is that spoken there with the case of a future, as the Roman translation hath it, *Si non Evangelizavero*, If I do not hereafter preach; if I preach not at one time or other; if I preach not when I see how things will go, what kind of preaching will be most acceptable? but it is *Si non evangelizem*, If I preach not now; now, though I had preached yesterday; for so St. Ambrose preached his sermon *De sancto latrone*, Of the good thief, *Hesterno die*, Yesterday I told you, &c.: so St. Augustine preached his sermon upon All Saints' Day: and so did St. Bernard his twelfth sermon upon the Psalm, *Qui habitat.* Now, though I preached but lately before; and now, though I had but late warning to preach now; so St. Basil preached his second sermon upon the *Hexameron*, The six days' work, when he had but that morning for meditation: and more than so, in his second *Sermon de Baptismo;* for, it seems he preached that without any premeditation, *Prout suggerit Spiritus Sanctus.* Now, though I had not time to labour a sermon, and now, though I preach in another man's place; for so St. Augustine preached his sermon upon the ninety-fifth Psalm: where he says, *Frater noster Severus, Our brother Severus, should, by promise, have preached here, but since he comes not, I will.* Now, that is, whensoever God's good people may be edified by my preaching: *Væ si non*, Woe be unto me, if I do not preach. *The dragon drew a third part of the stars from heaven*[27]. Antichrist, by his persecutions, and excommunications, silenced many; all that would not magnify him. And many amongst us, have silenced themselves: abundance silences some, and laziness and ignorance some, and some

[26] 1 Cor. ix. 16. [27] Rev. xii. 3, 4.

their own indiscretion, and then they lay that upon the magistrate. But God hath placed us in a church, and under a head of the church, where none are silenced, nor discountenanced, if being stars, called to the ministry of the Gospel, and appointed to fight, to preach there, they fight within the discipline and limits of this text, *Manentes in ordine, Containing themselves in order.*

In this phrase, as we told you before, out of Aquinas, the same thing is intended, as in that place of St. Paul, *Let all things be done decently, and in order.* That the Vulgate edition reads, *Fiant honeste;* and then says St. Ambrose, *Honeste fit, quod cum pace fit,* That is done honestly, and decently, which is done quietly, and peaceably. Not with a peace, and indifference to contrary opinions to fundamental doctrines, not to shuffle religions together, and make it all one which you choose, but a peace with persons, an abstinence from contumelies, and revilings. It is true that we must hate God's enemies with a perfect hatred, and it is true that St. Chrysostom says, *Odium perfectum est, odium consummatissimum,* That is not a perfect hatred, that leaves out any of their errors unhated. But yet a perfect hatred is that too, which may consist with perfection, and charity is perfection: a perfect hatred is that which a perfect, that is, a charitable man may bear, which is still to hate errors, not persons. When their insolences provoke us to speak of them, we shall do no good therein, if therein we proceed not decently, and in order. Christ says of his church, *Terribilis ut castrorum acies, It is powerful as an army*[28]; but it is, *Ut acies ordinata, As an army disciplined, and in order:* for without order, an army is but a great riot; and without this decency, this peaceableness, this discretion, this order, zeal is but fury, and such preaching is but to the obduration of ill, not to the edification of good Christians. St. Paul in his absence from the Colossians, rejoices as much in beholding their order[29], as in their steadfastness in the faith of Christ Jesus: nay, if we consider the words well, as St. Chrysostom hath done, we shall see that it is only their order that he rejoices in: for *Non dixit fidem, sed firmamentum fidei,* says that father, *It was not their faith, but that which established their faith, that was their*

[28] Cant. vi. 3. [29] Col. ii. 5.

order, that occasioned his joy. For whence there is not an uniform, a comely, an orderly presenting of matters of faith, faith itself grows loose, and loses her estimation; and preaching in the church comes to be as pleading at the bar, and not so well: there the counsel speaks not himself, but him that sent him, here we shall preach not him who sent us, Christ Jesus, but ourselves. *Study to be quiet, and to do your own business*[30], is the apostle's commandment to every particular man amongst the Thessalonians. It seems some amongst them disobeyed that: and therefore he writes no more to particular persons, but to the whole church, in his other epistle, and with more vehemence, than a small matter would have required: *We command you in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you withdraw yourself from all that walk inordinate*[31], as the Vulgate reads that in one place, and *inquietè*, as they translate the same word, in another, disorderly, unquietly: from all such as preach suspiciously, and jealously; and be the garden never so fair, will make the world believe, there is a snake under every leaf, be the intention never so sincere, will presage, and prognosticate, and predivine sinister and mischievous effects from it. *A troubled spirit is a sacrifice to God*[32], but a troublesome spirit is far from it. I am glad that our ministry is called orders; that when we take this calling, we are said to take orders. Yours are called trades, and occupations, and mysteries: law and physic are called sciences, and professions: many others have many other names, ours is orders. When by his majesty's leave, we meet in our convocations, and being met have his further leave, to treat of remedies for any disorders in the church, our constitutions are canons, canons are rules, rules are orders: parliaments determine in laws, judges in decrees, we in orders. And by our service in this mother church, we are *canonici*, canons, regular, orderly men; not *canonistæ*, men that know orders, but *canonici*, men that keep them: where we are also called prebendaries, rather *a præbendo*, than *a præbenda*, rather for giving example of obedience to orders, than for any other respect. In the Roman church the most disorderly men, are their men in orders. I speak not of

[30] 1 Thes. iv. 11 [31] 2 Thes. iii. 6. [32] Psalm li. 7.

the viciousness of their life, I am no judge of that, I know not that: but they are so out of all order, that they are within rule of no temporal law, within jurisdiction of no civil magistrate, no secular judge. They may kill kings, and yet can be no traitors; they assign their reason, because they are no subjects. He that kills one of them, shall be really hanged; and if one of them kill, he shall be metaphorically hanged, he shall be suspended. We enjoy gratefully, and we use modestly the privileges which godly princes, out of their piety, have afforded us, and which their godly successors have given us again by their gracious continuing of them to us; but our profession of itself, naturally (though the very nature of it dispose princes to a gracious disposition to us) exempts us not from the tie of their laws. All men are indeed, we are indeed and in name too, men of orders; and therefore ought to be most ready of all others to obey.

Now, beloved, *Ordo semper dicitur ratione principi*[23]: *Order always presumes a head*, it always implies some by whom we are to be ordered, and it implies our conformity to him. Who is that? God certainly, without all question, God. But between God, and man, we consider a two-fold order. One, as all creatures depend upon God, as upon their beginning, for their very being; and so every creature is wrought upon immediately by God, and whether he discern it or no, does obey God's order, that is, that which God hath ordained, his purpose, his providence is executed upon him, and accomplished in him. But then the other order is, not as man depends upon God, as upon his beginning, but as he is to be reduced and brought back to God, as to his end: and that is done by means in this world. What is that means? for those things which we have now in consideration, the church. But the body speaks not, the head does. It is the head of the church that declares to us those things whereby we are to be ordered.

This the royal and religious head of these churches within his dominions hath lately had occasion to do. And in doing this, doth he innovate anything, offer to do any new thing? Do we repent that canon, and constitution, in which at his majesty's first coming we declared with so much alacrity, as that it was

[23] Aquinas.

the second canon we made, That the king had the same authority in causes ecclesiastical, that the godly kings of Judah, and the Christian emperors in the primitive church had? Or are we ignorant what those kings of Judah, and those emperors did? We are not, we know them well. Take it where the power of the empire may seem somewhat declined in Charles the Great; we see by those capitularies of his, that remain yet, what orders he gave in such cases; there he says in his entrance to them, *Nemo præsumtuosum dicat;* Let no man call this that I do an usurpation, to prescribe orders in these cases, *Nam legimus quid Josias fecerit*, We have read what Josiah did, and we know that we have the same authority that Josiah had. But, that emperor consulted with his clergy, before he published those orders. It is true, he says he did. But he, from whom we have received these orders, did more than so; his majesty forbore, till a representation of some inconveniences by disorderly preaching, was made to him, by those in the highest place in our clergy, and other grave and reverend prelates of this church; they presented it to him, and thereupon he entered into the remedy. But that emperor did but declare things constituted by other councils before: but yet the giving the life of execution to those constitutions in his dominions, was introductory, and many of the things themselves were so. Amongst them, his seventieth capitulary is appliable to our present case; there he says, *Episcopi videant*, That the bishops take care, that all preachers preach to the people the exposition of the Lord's Prayer: and he enjoins them too, *Ne quid novum, ne quid non canonicum*, That no man preach any new opinion of his own; nay, though it be the opinion of other learned men in other places, yet if it be *non canonicum*, not declared in the universal church, not declared in that church, in which he hath his station, he may not preach it to the people; and so he proceeds there to catechistical doctrine.

That is not new then, which the kings of Judah did, and which the Christian emperors did. But it is new to us, if the kings of this kingdom have not done it. Have they not done it? How little the kings of this kingdom did in ecclesiastical causes then, when by their connivance that power was devolved[84] into

[84] Old edition, "deuold."—Ed.

a foreign prelate's hand, it is pity to consider, pity to remember, pity to bring into contemplation; and yet truly even then our kings did exercise more of that power, than our adversaries, who oppose it, will confess. But, since the true jurisdiction was vindicated, and re-applied to the crown, in what just height Henry the Eighth, and those who governed his son's minority, Edward the Sixth, exercised that jurisdiction in ecclesiastical causes, none that knows their story, knows not. And, because ordinarily, we settle ourselves best in the actions, and precedents of the late queen of blessed and everlasting memory, I may have leave to remember them that know, and to tell them that know not, one act of her power and her wisdom, to this purpose. When some articles concerning the falling away from justifying grace, and other points that beat upon that haunt[25], had been ventilated, in conventicles, and in pulpits too, and preaching on both sides past, and that some persons of great place and estimation in our church, together with him who was the greatest of all, amongst our clergy, had upon mature deliberation, established a resolution what should be thought and taught, held and preached in those points, and had thereupon sent down that resolution to be published in the university, not vulgarly neither, to the people, but in a sermon, *ad clerum* only, yet her majesty being informed thereof, declared her displeasure so, as that, scarce any hours before the sermon was to have been, there was a countermand, an inhibition to the preacher for meddling with any of those points. Not that her majesty made herself judge of the doctrines, but that nothing, not formerly declared to be so, ought to be declared to be the tenet, and doctrine of this church, her majesty not being acquainted, nor supplicated to give her gracious allowance for the publication thereof.

His sacred majesty then, is herein upon the steps of the kings of Judah, of the Christian emperors, of the kings of England, of all the kings of England, that embraced the Reformation; of Queen Elizabeth herself; and he is upon his own steps too. For

[25] "That haunt," that subject; a Latinism: "locus" would be the word here used. We have also in Thucydides (lib. i. c. 97), τοῖς πρὸ ἐμοῦ ἅπασιν ἐκλιπὲς ἦν τοῦτο τὸ χώριον. "This part of history has been left untouched by all those before me."—Ed.

it is a seditious calumny to apply this which is done now, to any occasion that rises but now: as though the king had done this now, for satisfaction of any persons at this time, for some years since, when he was pleased to call the heads of houses from the university, and intimate to them the inconveniences that arose from the preaching of such men, as were not at all conversant in the fathers, in the school, nor in the ecclesiastical story, but had shut up themselves in a few later writers; and gave order to those governors for remedy herein. Then he began, then he laid the foundation for that, in which he hath proceeded thus much further now, to reduce preaching nearer to the manner of those primitive times, when God gave so evident, and so remarkable blessings to men's preaching.

Consider more particularly that which he hath done now; his majesty hath accompanied his most gracious letter to the most reverend father in God, my lord's grace of Canterbury, with certain directions how preachers ought to behave themselves in the exercise of that part of their ministry. These being derived from his grace, in due course to his reverend brethren, the other bishops, our worthy diocesan, ever vigilant for the peace and unity of the church, gave a speedy, very speedy intimation thereof, to the clergy of his jurisdiction; so did others, to whom it appertained so to do in theirs. Since that, his majesty, who always taking good works in hand, loves to perfect his own works, hath vouchsafed to give some reasons of this his proceeding; which being signified by him to whom the state and church owes much, the right reverend father in God, the Bishop of Lincoln, lord keeper of the great seal, and after by him also, who began at first, his majesty's pleasure appearing thereby, (as he is too great, and too good a king to seek corners, or disguises, for his actions) that these proceedings should be made public, I was not willing only, but glad to have my part therein, that as, in the fear of God, I have always preached to you the Gospel of Christ Jesus, who is the God of your salvation; so in the testimony of a good conscience, I might now preach to you, the Gospel of the Holy Ghost, who is the God of peace, of unity, and concord.

These directions then, and the reasons of them, by his majesty's particular care, every man in the ministry may see and write out,

in the several registers' offices, with his own hand for nothing, and for very little, if he use the hand of another. Perchance you have; at your convenience you may see them. When you do, you shall see that his majesty's general intention therein is, to put a difference between grave and solid, from light and humourous preaching. Origen does so, when upon the Epistle to the Romans, he says, There is a great difference, *Inter prædicare, et docere:* A man may teach an auditory, that is, make them know something that they knew not before, and yet not preach; for preaching is to make them know things appertaining to their salvation. But when men do neither, neither teach nor preach, but (as his majesty observes the manner to be) to soar in points too deep, to muster up their own reading, to display their own wit, or ignorance in meddling with civil matters, or (as his majesty adds) in rude and indecent reviling of persons; this is that which hath drawn down his majesty's piercing eye to see it, and his royal care to correct it. He corrects it by Christ's own way, *quid ab initio,* by considering how it was at first: for, (as himself to right purpose cites Tertullian) *Id verum quod primum;* That is best, which was first. He would therefore ~~have us conversant in antiquity:~~ for, Nazianzen asks that question with some scorn, *Quis est qui veritatis prepugnatorem, unius diei spatio, velut eluto statuam, fingit?* Can any man hope to make a good preacher, as soon as a good picture? in three or four days, or with three or four books? His majesty therefore calls us to look, *quid primum,* what was first in the whole church? And again, *quid primum,* when we received the Reformation in this kingdom, by what means, (as his majesty expresseth it) papistry was driven out, and puritanism kept out, and we delivered from the superstition of the papist, and the madness of the anabaptist, as before he expresseth it? And his religious and judicious eye sees clearly, that all that doctrine, which wrought this great cure upon us, in the Reformation, is contained in the two catechisms in the thirty-nine articles, and in the two books of homilies. And to these, as to heads and abundaries, from whence all knowledge necessary to salvation may abundantly be derived, he directs the meditations of preachers.

Are these new ways? No way new: for they were our first way in receiving Christianity, and our first way in receiving the

Reformation. Take a short view of them all: as it is in the catechisms, as it is in the articles, as it is in the homilies. First you are called back to the practice of catechising: remember what catechising is; it is *institutio viva voce*. And in the primitive church, when those persons, who coming from the Gentiles to the Christian religion, might have been scandalized with the outward ceremonial, and ritual worship of God in the church, (for ceremonies are stumbling-blocks to them who look upon them without their signification, and without the reason of their institution) to avoid that danger, though they were not admitted to see the sacraments administered, nor the other service of God performed in the church, yet in the church, they received instruction, institution, by word of mouth, in the fundamental articles of the Christian religion, and that was catechising. The Christians had it from the beginning, and the Jews had it too: for their word *chanach*[36], is of that signification, *initiare*, to enter. *Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it*[37]. Train up, says our translation in the text; catechise, say our translators in the margin, according to the natural force of the Hebrew word. And *sepher chinnuch*, which is *liber institutionum*, that is, of catechism, is a book well known amongst the Jews, everywhere, where they are now: their institution is their catechism. And if we should tell some men, that Calvin's institutions were a catechism, would they not love catechising the better for that name? And would they not love it the better, if they gave me leave to tell them that, of which I had the experience? An artificer of this city brought his child to me, to admire (as truly there was much reason) the capacity, the memory especially, of the child. It was but a girl, and not above nine years of age, her parents said less, some years less; we could scarce propose any verse of any book, or chapter of the Bible, but that that child would go forward without book. I began to catechise this child; and truly, she understood nothing of the Trinity, nothing of any of those fundamental points which must save us: and the wonder was doubled, how she knew so much, how so little.

The primitive church discerned this necessity of catechising: and therefore they instituted a particular office, a calling in the

[36] חנך

[37] Prov. xxii. 6.

church of catechisers; which office, as we see in St. Cyprian's forty-second epistle, that great man Optatus exercised at Carthage, and Origen at Alexandria. When St. Augustine took the epistle, and the gospel, and the psalm of the day, for his text to one sermon, did he, think you, much more than paraphrase, than catechise? When Athanasius makes one sermon, and, God knows, a very short one too, *contra omnes hæreses*, to overthrow all heresies in one sermon; did he, think you, any more than propose fundamental doctrines, which is truly the way to overthrow all heresies? When St. Chrysostom enters into his sermon upon the third chapter to the Galatians, with that preparation, *Attendite diligenter, non enim rem vulgarem pollicemur*, Now hearken diligently, says he, for it is no ordinary matter that I propose. There he proposes catechistical doctrine of faith and works. Come to later times, when Chrysologus makes six or seven sermons upon the Creed, and not a several sermon upon every several article, but takes the whole Creed for his text, in every sermon, and scarce any of those sermons a quarter of an hour long: will you not allow this manner of preaching to be catechising? Go as low as can be gone, to the Jesuits; and that great catechiser amongst them, Canisius, says, *Nos hoc munus suscipimus:* We, we Jesuits make catechising our profession. I doubt not but they do recreate themselves sometimes in other matters too, but that they glory in, that they are catechisers. And in that profession, says he, we have St. Basil, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Cyril, in our society; and truly as catechisers, they have; as state friars, as Jesuits, they have not. And in the first capacity they have him, who is more than all; for as he says rightly, *Ipse Christus catechista*, Christ's own preaching was a catechising. I pray God that Jesuit's conclusion of that epistle of his, be true still; there he says, *Si nihil aliud*, If nothing else, yet this alone should provoke us to a greater diligence in catechising: *Improbus labor, et indefessa cura*, That our adversaries the Protestants do spend so much time (as he says) day and night in catechising. Now, if it were so then, when he writ, and be not so still amongst us, we have intermitted one of our best advantages: and therefore God hath graciously raised a blessed and a royal instrument, to call us back to that which

advantaged us, and so much offended the enemy. That man may sleep with a good conscience, of having discharged his duty in his ministry, that hath preached in the forenoon, and catechised after. *Quære*, says Tertullian, (and he says that with indignation) *an idolatriam committat, qui de idolis catechizat?* Will any man doubt, says he, whether that man be an idolater, that catechises children and servants in idolatry? Will any man doubt, whether he be painful in his ministry, that catechises children and servants in the sincere religion of Christ Jesus? The Roman church hath still made her use of us; of our fortunes, when she governed here, and of our example, since she did not: they did, as they saw us do; and thereupon they came to that order in the council of Trent, That upon Sundays and holidays they should preach in the forenoon, and catechise in the afternoon; till we did both, they did neither. *Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven*[38], says Christ. Except ye, ye the people be content at first to feed on the milk of the Gospel, and not presently to fall to gnawing of bones, of controversies, and unrevealed mysteries; and except ye, the ministers and preachers of the Gospel, descend and apply yourselves to the capacity of little children, and become as they, and build not your estimation only upon the satisfaction of the expectation of great and curious auditories, you stop theirs, you lose your own way to the kingdom of heaven. Not that we are to shut up, and determine ourselves, in the knowledge of catechistical rudiments, but to be sure to know them first. The apostle puts us upon that progress, *Let us learn the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and go on to perfection*[39]. Not leave at them; but yet not leave them out: endeavour to increase in knowledge, but first make sure of the foundation. And that increase of knowledge is royally and fatherly presented to us, in that which is another limb[40] of his majesty's directions, the thirty-nine articles.

The foundation of necessary knowledge, is in our catechisms; the super-edification, the extension, in these articles. For they carry the understanding, and the zeal of the ablest man, high enough and deep enough. In the third article there is an ortho-

[38] Matt. xviii. 3. [39] Heb. vi. 1.

[40] Old edition, *limne*.—Ed.

dox assertion of Christ's descent into hell; who can go deeper! In the seventeenth article there is a modest declaration of the doctrine of predestination; who can go higher? Neither do these articles only build up positive doctrine; if the church had no adversaries, that were enough; but they embrace controversies too, in points that are necessary. As in the twenty-second article of purgatory, of pardons, of images, of invocations: and these not in general only, but against the Romish doctrine of pardons, of images, of invocation. And in the twenty-eighth article against transubstantiation, and in such terms as admit no meeting, no reconciliation; but that it is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, and hath given occasion to many superstitions. And in one word, we may see the purpose and scope of these articles, as they were intended against the Roman church, in that title which they had in one edition (in which, though there were some other things that justly gave offence, yet none was given or taken in this). That these articles were conceived and published, to condemn the heresies of the Manichees, of the Arians, of the Nestorians, of the Papists, and others. And therefore in these reasons, which his majesty hath descended to give of his directions, himself is pleased to assign this, That the people might be seasoned in all the heads of the Protestant religion. Not only of the Christian against Jews, Turks, and Infidels, but of the Protestant against the Roman church.

The foundation is in the catechism; the growth and extension in the articles, and then the application of all to particular auditories in the homilies: which, if his majesty had not named, yet had been implied in his recommendation of the articles. For the thirty-fifth article appoints the reading of them: both those which were published in the time of Edward the Sixth, and those which after. In the first book, the very first homilies are, of the sufficiency of Scriptures, and of the absolute necessity of reading them; sufficiently opposed against that which hath been said in that church, both of the impertinency of Scriptures, as not absolutely necessary, and of the insufficiency of these Scriptures, if Scriptures were necessary. And in the second book, the second homily is against idolatry; and so far against all approaches towards it, by having any images in

churches, as that perchance moderate men, would rather think that homily too severe in that kind, than suspect the homilies of declination towards papistry. Is it the name of homilies that scandalizes them? would they have none? St. Cyril's thirty Paschal sermons, which he preached in so many several Easter-days, at his archbishopric of Alexandria, and his Christmas-day's sermons too, were ordinarily exscribed, and rehearsed over again, by the most part of the clergy of those parts: and in their mouths they were but homilies. And Calvin's homilies upon Job (as Beza in his preface before them, calls them) were ordinarily repeated over again in many places of France: and in their mouths they were but homilies. It is but the name, that scandalizes; and yet the name of *homilia* and *concio*, a homily and a sermon, is all one. And if some of these were spoken, and not read, and so exhibited in the name of a sermon, they would like them well enough. Certainly his majesty mistook it not, that in our catechisms, in our articles, in our homilies, there is enough for positive, enough for controverted divinity; for that Jesuit, that intended to bring in the whole body of controverted divinity into his book, (whom we named before) desired no other subject, no other occasion to do that, but the catechism of that church; neither need any sober man, that intends to handle controversies, ask more, or go further.

His majesty therefore, who as he understands his duty to God, so doth he his subjects' duties to him, might justly think, that these so well grounded directions might, (as himself says) be received upon implicit obedience. Yet he vouchsafes to communicate to all, who desire satisfaction, the reasons that moved him. Some of which I have related, and all which, all may, when they will see, and have. Of all which the sum is, his royal and his pastoral care, that by that primitive way of preaching, his subjects might be armed against all kind of adversaries, in fundamental truths. And when he takes knowledge, that some few churchmen, but many of the people, have made sinister constructions of his sincere intentions, as he is grieved at the heart, (to give you his own words) to see every day so many defections from our religion to popery and anabaptism; so without doubt he is grieved with much bitterness, that any should so pervert his meaning, as to think

that these directions either restrained the exercise of preaching, or abated the number of sermons, or made a breach to ignorance and superstition, of which three scandals he hath been pleased to take knowledge. What could any calumniator, any libeller on the other side, have imagined more opposite, more contrary to him, than approaches towards ignorance, or superstition? Let us say for him, can so learned, so abundantly learned a prince be suspected to plot for ignorance? And let us bless God that we hear him say now, that he doth constantly profess himself an open adversary to the superstition of the papist (without any milder modification) and to the madness of the anabaptist: and that the preaching against either of their doctrines is not only approved, but much commended by his royal majesty, if it be done without rude and indecent reviling. If he had affected ignorance in himself, he would never have read so much; and if he had affected ignorance in us, he would never have written so much, and made us so much the more learned by his books. And if he had had any declination towards superstition, he would not have gone so much farther, than his rank and quality pressed him to do, in declaring his opinion concerning Antichrist, as out of zeal, and zeal with knowledge he hath done. We have him now, (and long, long, Oh eternal God, continue him to us,) we have him now for a father of the church, a foster-father; such a father as Constantine, as Theodosius was; our posterity shall have him for a father, a classic father; such a father as Ambrose, as Austin was. And when his works shall stand in the libraries of our posterity, amongst the fathers, even these papers, these directions, and these reasons shall be pregnant evidences for his constant zeal to God's truth, and in the mean time, as arrows shot in their eyes, that imagine so vain a thing, as a defection in him, to their superstition. Thus far he is from admitting ignorance, and from superstition thus far, which seems to be one of their fears. And for the other two, (which concur in one) that these directions should restrain the exercise of preaching, or abate the number of sermons, his majesty hath declared himself to those reverend fathers, to be so far from giving the least discouragement to solid preaching, or to discreet and religious preachers, or from abating the number of sermons, that he expects at their hands, that this

should increase their number, by renewing upon every Sunday in the afternoon, in all parish churches throughout the kingdom, that primitive, and most profitable exposition of the catechism. So that here is no abating of sermons, but a direction to the preacher to preach usefully, and to edification.

And therefore, to end all, you, you whom God hath made stars in this firmament, preachers in this church, deliver yourselves from that imputation, *The stars were not pure in his sight*[41]; the preachers were not obedient to him in the voice of his lieutenant. And you, you who are God's holy people, and zealous of his glory, as you know from St. Paul, *That stars differ from stars in glory*[42], but all conduce to the benefit of man: so, when you see these stars, preachers, to differ in gifts; yet, since all their ends are to advance your salvation, encourage the catechiser, as well as the curious preacher. Look so far towards your way to heaven, as to the firmament, and consider there, that that star by which we sail, and make great voyages, is none of the stars of the greatest magnitude; but yet it is none of the least neither; but a middle star. Those preachers who must save your souls, are not ignorant, unlearned, extemporal men; but they are not over curious men neither. Your children are you, and your servants are you; and you do not provide for your salvation, if you provide not for them, who are so much yours, as that they are you. No man is saved as a good man, if he be not saved as a good father, and as a good master too, if God have given him a family. That so, priest and people, the whole congregation, may by their religious obedience, and fighting in this spiritual warfare in their order, minister occasion of joy to that heart, which hath been grieved; in that fulness of joy which David expresseth[43], *The king shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord, and in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice? Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and thou hast not withholden the request of his lips: for the king trusteth in the Lord, and by the mercy of the Most High, he shall not be moved.* And with that psalm, a psalm of confidence in a good king, and a psalm of thanksgiving for that blessing, I desire that this congregation may be dissolved; for this is all that I intended for the explication, which was our first, and for the application, which was the other part proposed in these words.

[41] Job xxv. 5. [42] 1 Cor. xv. 41. [43] Psalm xxi.

A SERMON

UPON THE

EIGHTH VERSE OF THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

PREACHED TO THE HONOURABLE COMPANY OF THE VIRGINIAN PLANTATION, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1622.

By JOHN DONNE,

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, AND DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

TO THE HONOURABLE COMPANY OF

THE VIRGINIAN PLANTATION.

By your favours, I had some place amongst you, before: but now I am an adventurer; if not to VIRGINIA, yet for VIRGINIA; for every man that prints, adventures. For the preaching of this Sermon, I was but under your invitation; my time was mine own, and my meditations mine own: and I had been excusable towards you, if I had turned that time and those meditations to God's service in any other place. But for the printing of this Sermon, I am not only under your invitation, but under your commandment; for, after it was preached, it was not mine, but yours: and therefore, if I gave it at first, I do but restore it now. The first was an act of love; this, of justice; both which virtues Almighty God evermore promote, and exalt in all your proceedings. Amen.

Your humble servant in Christ Jesus,

JOHN DONNE.

SERMON CLVI.

PREACHED TO THE VIRGINIAN COMPANY, 1622.

Acts i. 8.

But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

There are reckoned in this book, twenty-two sermons of the apostles; and yet the book is not called the preaching, but the practice, not the words, but the Acts of the Apostles: and the acts of the apostles were to convey that name of Christ Jesus, and to propagate his Gospel, over all the world: beloved, you are actors upon the same stage too: the uttermost parts of the earth are your scene act over the acts of the apostles; be you a light to the Gentiles, that sit in darkness; be you content to carry him over these seas, who dried up one Red Sea, for his first people, and hath poured out another Red Sea, his own blood, for them and us. When man was fallen, God clothed him; made him a leather garment; there God descended to one occupation; when the time of man's redemption was come, then God, as it were, to house him, became a carpenter's son; there God descended to another occupation. Naturally, without doubt, man would have been his own tailor, and his own carpenter; something in these two kinds man would have done of himself, though he had had no pattern from God: but in preserving man who was fallen, to this redemption, by which he was to be raised, in preserving man from perishing in the flood, God descended to a third occupation, to be his shipwright, to give him the model of a ship, an ark, and so to be the author of that, which man himself in likelihood, would never have thought of, a means to pass from nation to nation. Now, as God taught us to make clothes, not only to clothe ourselves, but to clothe him in his poor and naked members here; as God taught us to build houses, not to house ourselves, but to house him, in erecting churches, to his glory: so God taught us to make ships, not to transport ourselves, but to transport him, *That when we have received*

power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon us, we might be witnesses unto him, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

As I speak now principally to them who are concerned in this plantation of Virginia, yet there may be divers in this congregation, who, though they have no interest in this plantation, yet they may have benefit and edification, by that which they hear me say, so Christ spoke the words of this text, principally to the apostles, who were present and questioned him at his ascension, but they are in their just extension, and due accommodation, appliable to our present occasion of meeting here: as Christ himself is alpha, and omega, so first, as that he is last too, so these words which he spoke in the east, belong to us, who are to glorify him in the west; *That we having received power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon us, might be witnesses unto him, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.*

The first word of the text is the cardinal word, the word, the hinge, upon which the whole text turns; the first word, *but*, is the *but*, that all the rest shoots at. First it is an exclusive word; something the apostles had required, which might not be had; not that; and it is an inclusive word; something Christ was pleased to afford to the apostles, which they thought not of; not that, not that which you beat upon, *but*, but yet, something else, something better than that, you shall have. That which this *but*, excludes, is that which the apostles express in the verse immediately before the text, *A temporal kingdom; wilt thou restore again the kingdom of Israel?* No; not a temporal kingdom; let not the riches and commodities of this world, be in your contemplation in your adventures. Or, because they ask more, wilt thou now restore that? not yet: if I will give you riches, and commodities of this world, yet if I do it not at first, if I do it not yet, be not you discouraged; you shall not have that, that is not God's first intention; and though that be in God's intention, to give it you hereafter, you shall not have it yet; that is the exclusive part; *but;* there enters the inclusive, *You shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and you shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in*

Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. In which second part, we shall pass by these steps; *Superveniet Spiritus*, the Holy Ghost shall come upon you, the Spirit shall witness to your spirit, and rectify your conscience; and then, by that, you shall receive power; a new power besides the power you have from the state, and that power shall enable you, to be witnesses of Christ, that is, to make his doctrine the more credible, by your testimony, when you conform yourselves to him, and do as he did; and this witness you shall bear, this conformity you shall declare, first in Jerusalem, in this city; and in Judea, in all the parts of the kingdom; and in Samaria, even amongst them who are departed from the true worship of God, the papists; and to the uttermost part of the earth, to those poor souls, to whom you are continually sending. Summarily, if from the Holy Ghost you have a good testimony in your own conscience, you shall be witnesses for Christ, that is, as he did, you shall give satisfaction to all, to the city, to the country, to the calumniating adversary, and the naturals of the place, to whom you shall present both spiritual and temporal benefit. And so you have the model of the whole frame, and of the partitions; we proceed now to the furnishing of the particular rooms.

First then, this first word, *but*, excludes a temporal kingdom; the apostles had filled themselves with an expectation, with an ambition of it; but that was not intended them. It was no wonder, that a woman could conceive such an expectation, and such an ambition, as to have her two sons sit at Christ's right-hand, and at his left, in his kingdom[1], when the apostles expected such a kingdom, as might afford them honours and preferment upon earth. More than once they were in that disputation, in which Christ deprehended them, *Which of them should be the greatest in his kingdom*[2]. Neither hath the bishop of Rome, anything, wherein he may so properly call himself apostolical, as this error of the apostles, this their infirmity, that he is evermore too conversant upon the contemplation of temporal kingdoms. They did it all the way, when Christ was with them, and now at his last step, *Cum actu ascendisset*[3], when Christ was

[1] Matt. xx. 21. [2] Matt. xviii. 1. [3] Athanasius.

not ascending, but in part ascended, when one foot was upon the earth, and the other in the cloud that took him up, they ask him now, Wilt thou at this time, restore the kingdom? so women put their husbands, and men their fathers, and friends, upon their torture, at their last gasp, and make their death-bed a rack to make them stretch and increase jointures, and portions, and legacies, and sign schedules and codicils, with their hand, when his hand that presents them, is ready to close his eyes, that should sign them: and when they are upon the wing for heaven, men tie lead to their feet, and when they are laying hand fast upon Abraham's bosom, they must pull their hand out of his bosom again, to obey importunities of men, and sign their papers: so underminable is the love of this world, which determines every minute. God, as he is three persons, hath three kingdoms; there is *Regnum potentiæ, The kingdom of power;* and this we attribute to the Father; it is power and providence: there is *Regnum gloriæ, The kingdom of glory;* this we attribute to the Son and to his purchase; for he is the king that shall say, *Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world*[4]. And then between these three is *Regnum gratiæ, The kingdom of grace*, and this we attribute to the Holy Ghost; he takes them, whom the king of power, Almighty God, hath rescued from the Gentiles, and as the king of grace, *He gives them the knowledge of the mystery of the kingdom of God*, that is, *of future glory*[5], by sanctifying them with his grace, in his church. The two first kingdoms are in this world, but yet neither of them are of this world; because both they refer to the kingdom of glory. The kingdom of the Father, which is the providence of God, does but preserve us; the kingdom of the Holy Ghost, which is the grace of God, does but prepare us to the kingdom of the Son, which is the glory of God; and that is in heaven. And therefore, though to good men, this world be the way to that kingdom, yet this kingdom is not of this world, says Christ himself[6]: though the apostles themselves, as good a school as they were bred in, could never take out that lesson, yet that lesson Christ gives, and repeats to all, You seek a temporal kingdom, *but*, says the text, stop there, a kingdom you must not have.

[4] Matt. xxv. 34. [5] Mark iv. 11. [6] John xviii. 36.

Beloved in him, whose kingdom, and Gospel you seek to advance, in this plantation, our Lord and Saviour Christ Jesus, if you seek to establish a temporal kingdom there, you are not rectified, if you seek to be kings in either acceptation of the word; to be a king signifies liberty and independency, and supremacy, to be under no man, and to be a king signifies abundance, and *Omnisufficiency*, to need no man. If those that govern there, would establish such a government, as should not depend upon this, or if those that go thither, propose to themselves an exemption from laws, to live at their liberty, this is to be kings, to divest allegiance, to be under no man: and if those that adventure thither, propose to themselves present benefit, and profit, a sudden way to be rich, and an abundance of all desirable commodities from thence, this is to be sufficient of themselves, and to need no man: and to be under no man and to need no man, are the two acceptations of being kings. Whom liberty draws to go, or present profit draws to adventure, are not yet in the right way. O, if you could once bring a catechism to be as good ware amongst them as a bugle, as a knife, as a hatchet: O, if you would be as ready to hearken at the return of a ship, how many Indians were converted to Christ Jesus, as what trees, or drugs, or dyes that ship had brought, then you were in your right way, and not till then; liberty and abundance, are characters of kingdoms, and a kingdom is excluded in the text; the apostles were not to look for it, in their employment, nor you in this your plantation.

At least Christ expresses himself thus far, in this answer, that if he would give them a kingdom, he would not give it them yet. They ask him, *Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom?* and he answers, *It is not for you to know the times:* whatsoever God will do, man must not appoint him his time. The apostles thought of a kingdom presently after Christ's departure; the coming of the Holy Ghost, who led them into all truths, soon delivered them of that error. Other men in favour of the Jews, interpreting all the prophecies, which are of a spiritual kingdom, the kingdom of the Gospel, (into which, the Jews shall be admitted) in a literal sense, have thought that the Jews shall have, not only a temporal king-

dom in the same place, in Jerusalem again, but because they find that kingdom which is promised, (that is the kingdom of the Gospel) to be expressed in large phrases, and in an abundant manner, applying all that largeness to a temporal kingdom, they think that the Jews shall have such a kingdom, as shall swallow and annihilate all other kingdoms, and be the sole empire and monarchy of the world. After this, very great men in the church upon these words, Of one thousand years after the resurrection[7], have imagined a temporal kingdom of the saints of God here upon earth, before they entered the joys of heaven: and St. Augustine himself[8], had at first some declinations towards that opinion, though he dispute powerfully against it, after: that there should be *Sabbatismus in terris;* that as the world was to last six thousand years in troubles, there should be a seventh thousand in such joys as this world could give.

And some others, who have avoided both the temporal kingdom imagined by the apostles, presently after the ascension, and the imperial kingdom of the Jews, before the resurrection, and the carnal kingdom of the Chiliasts, the Millennarians, after the resurrection, though they speak of no kingdom, but the true kingdom, the kingdom of glory, yet they err as much in assigning a certain time when that kingdom shall begin, when the end of this world, when the resurrection, when the judgment shall be. *Non est vestrum nosse tempora*, says Christ to his apostles then; and lest it might be thought, that they might know these things, when the Holy Ghost came upon them, Christ denies that he himself knew that, as man; and as man, Christ knew more, than ever the apostles knew. Whatsoever therefore Christ intended to his apostles here, he would not give it presently, *non adhuc*, he would not bind himself to a certain time, *Non est vestrum nosse tempora, It belongs not to us to know God's times.*

Beloved, use godly means, and give God his leisure. You cannot beget a son, and tell the mother, I will have this son born within five months; nor, when he is born, say, you will have him past danger of wardship within five years. You cannot sow your corn to-day, and say it shall be above ground to-morrow, and in my barn next week. How soon the best husbandman

[7] Rev. xx. [8] De Civitat. Dei, xx. 7.

sowed the best seed, in the best ground; God cast the promise of a Messias, as the seed of all, in paradise; *In semine mulieris, The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head;* and yet this plant was four thousand years after before it appeared; this Messias four thousand years before he came. God showed the ground where that should grow, two thousand years after the promise; in Abraham's family; *In semine tuo, In thy seed all nations shall be blessed.* God hedged in this ground almost one thousand years after that; in Micah's time, *Et tu Bethlem, Thou Bethlem shalt be the place;* and God watered that, and weeded that, refreshed that dry expectation, with a succession of prophets; and yet it was so long before this expectation of nations, this Messias came. So God promised the Jews a kingdom, in Jacob's prophecy to Judea, *That the sceptre should not depart from his tribe*[9]. In two hundred years more, he says no more of it; then he ordains some institutions for their king, when they should have one[10]. And then it was four hundred years after that, before they had a king. God meant from the first hour, to people the whole earth; and God could have made men of clay, as fast as they made bricks of clay in Egypt; but he began upon two, and when they had been multiplying and replenishing the earth one thousand six hundred years, the flood washed all that away, and God was almost to begin again upon eight persons; and they have served to people earth and heaven too; be not you discouraged, if the promises which you have made to yourselves, or to others, be not so soon discharged; though you see not your money, though you see not your men, though a flood, a flood of blood have broken in upon them, be not discouraged. Great creatures lie long in the womb; lions are littered perfect, but bear whelps licked unto their shape; actions which kings undertake, are cast in a mould; they have their perfection quickly; actions of private men, and private purses, require more hammering, and more filing to their perfection. Only let your principal end be the propagation of the glorious Gospel, and though there be an exclusive in the text, God does not promise you a kingdom, ease, and abundance in all things, and that which he does intend to you, he does not promise presently, yet there is an

[9] Gen. xlix. 10. [10] Deut. xvii. 14.

inclusive too; not that, *but*, but something equivalent at least, *But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.*

Now our Saviour Christ does not say to these men, since you are so importunate you shall have no kingdom; now nor never; it is not yet? But, he does not say, you shall have no kingdom, nor anything else; it is not that; but the importunity of beggars, sometimes draws us to such a froward answer, for this importunity, I will never give you anything. Our pattern was not so froward; he gave them not that, but as good as that. Samuel was sent to superinduct a king upon Saul, to anoint a new king[11]. He thought his commission had been determined in Eliab, *Surely this is the Lord's anointed.* But the Lord said, not he; nor the next, Aminadab; nor the next, Shammah; nor none of the next seven; *but;* but yet there is one in the field, keeping sheep, anoint him; David is he. St. Paul prayed earnestly, and frequently, to be discharged of that *stimulus carnis:* God says no; not that; but *Gratia mea sufficit,* Thou shalt have grace to overcome the temptation, though the temptation remain. God says to you, No kingdom, not ease, not abundance; nay nothing at all yet; the plantation shall not discharge the charges, not defray itself yet; but yet already, now at first, it shall conduce to great uses; it shall redeem many a wretch from the jaws of death, from the hands of the executioner, upon whom, perchance a small fault or perchance a first fault, or perchance a fault heartily and sincerely repented, perchance no fault, but malice, had otherwise cast a present, and ignominious death. It shall sweep your streets, and wash your doors, from idle persons, and the children of idle persons, and employ them: and truly, if the whole country were but such a Bridewell, to force idle persons to work, it had a good use. But it is already, not only a spleen, to drain the ill humours of the body, but a liver, to breed good blood; already the employment breeds mariners; already the place gives essays, nay freights of merchantable commodities; already it is a mark for the envy, and for the ambition of our enemies; I speak but of our doctrinal,

[11] 1 Sam. xvi. 1.

not national enemies; as they are papists, they are sorry we have this country; and surely, twenty lectures in matter of controversy, do not so much vex them, as one ship that goes, and strengthens that plantation. Neither can I recommend it to you by any better rhetoric, than their malice. They would gladly have it, and therefore let us be glad to hold it.

Thus then this text proceeds, and gathers upon you. All that you would have by this plantation, you shall not have; God binds not himself to measures; all that you shall have, you have not yet; God binds not himself to times, but something you shall have; nay, you have already, some great things; and of those that in the text is, *The Holy Ghost shall come upon you.* We find the Holy Ghost to have come upon men, four times in this book. First, upon the apostles at Pentecost[12]. Then, when the whole congregation was in prayer for the imprisonment of Peter and John[13]. Again, when Peter preached in Cornelius's house, the *Holy Ghost fell upon all them that heard him*[14]. And fourthly, when St. Paul laid his hands upon them, who had been formerly baptized at Ephesus[15]. At the three latter times, it is evident that the Holy Ghost fell upon whole and promiscuous congregations, and not upon the apostles only: and in the first, at Pentecost, the contrary is not evident; nay, the fathers, for the most part, that handle that, concur in that, that the Holy Ghost fell then upon the whole congregation, men and women. The Holy Ghost fell upon Peter before he preached, and it fell upon the hearers when he preached, and it hath fallen upon every one of them, who have found motions in themselves, to propagate the Gospel of Christ Jesus by this means. The Son of God did not abhor the Virgin's womb, when he would be made man; when he was man, he did not disdain to ride upon an ass into Jerusalem: the third person of the Trinity, the Holy Ghost is as humble as the second, he refuses *nullum vehiculum*, no conveyance, no door of entrance into you; whether the example and precedent of other good men, or a probable imagination of future profit, or a willingness to concur to the vexation of the enemy, what collateral respect soever drew thee

[12] Acts ii. 1. [13] Acts iv. 31.
[14] Acts x. 44. [15] Acts xix. 6.

in, if now thou art in, thy principal respect be the glory of God, that occasion, whatsoever it was, was *vehiculum Spiritus Sancti*, that was the petard, that broke open thy iron gate, that was the chariot, by which he entered into thee, and now he is fallen upon thee, if thou do not depose, (lay aside all consideration of profit for ever, never to look for return) no not sepose, (leave out the consideration of profit for a time) (for that, and religion may well consist together,) but if thou do but postpose the consideration of temporal gain, and study first the advancement of the Gospel of Christ Jesus, the Holy Ghost is fallen upon you, for by that, you receive power, says the text.

There is a power rooted in nature, and a power rooted in grace; a power issuing from the law of nations, and a power growing out of the Gospel. In the law of nature and nations, a land never inhabited, by any, or utterly derelicted and immemorially abandoned by the former inhabitants, becomes theirs that will possess it. So also is it, if the inhabitants do not in some measure fill the land, so as the land may bring forth her increase for the use of men: for as a man does not become proprietary of the sea, because he hath two or three boats, fishing in it, so neither does a man become lord of a main continent, because he hath two or three cottages in the skirts thereof. That rule which passes through all municipal laws in particular states, *Interest reipublicæ ut quis re sua bene utatur, The state must take order, that every man improve that which he hath, for the best advantage of that state*, passes also through the law of nations, which is to all the world, as the municipal law is to a particular state, *Interest mundo, The whole world, all mankind must take care, that all places be improved, as far as may be, to the best advantage of mankind in general.* Again if the land be peopled, and cultivated by the people, and that land produce in abundance such things, for want whereof their neighbours, or others (being not enemies) perish, the law of nations may justify some force, in seeking, by permutation, of other commodities which they need, to come to some of theirs. Many cases may be put, when not only commerce, and trade, but plantations in lands, not formerly our own, may be lawful. And for that, *accepistis potestatem*, you have your commission, your patents, your charters, your seals from

him, upon whose acts, any private subject, in civil matters, may safely rely. But then, *Accipietis potestatem*, *You shall receive power*, says the text; you shall, when the Holy Ghost is come upon you; that is, when the instinct, the influence, the motions of the Holy Ghost enables your conscience to say, that your principal end is not gain, nor glory, but to gain souls to the glory of God, this seals the great seal, this justifies justice itself, this authorises authority, and gives power to strength itself. Let the conscience be upright, and then seals, and patents, and commissions are wings; they assist him to fly the faster; let the conscience be lame, and distorted, and he that goes upon seals, and patents, and commissions, goes upon weak and feeble crutches. When the Holy Ghost is come upon you, your conscience rectified, you shall have power, a new power out of that; What to do? that follows, to be witnesses unto Christ.

Infamy is one of the highest punishments that the law inflicts upon man; for it lies upon him even after death: infamy is the worst punishment, and *intestability*, (to be made intestable) is one of the deepest wounds of infamy; and then the worst degree of intestability, is not to be believed, not to be admitted to be a witness of any other: he is intestable that cannot make a testament, not give his own goods; and he intestable that can receive nothing by the testament of another; he is intestable, in whose behalf no testimony may be accepted; but he is the most miserably intestable of all, the most detestably intestable, that discredits another man by speaking well of him, and makes him the more suspicious, by his commendations. A Christian in profession, that is not a Christian in life, is intestable so, he discredits Christ, and hardens others against him. John Baptist was more than a prophet, because he was a witness of Christ; and he was a witness, because he was like him, he did as he did, he led a holy and a religious life; so he was a witness. That great and glorious name of martyr, is but a witness. St. Stephen was *proto-martyr*, Christ's first witness, because he was the first that did as he did, that put on his colours, that drunk of his cup, that was baptized with his baptism, with his own blood: so he was a witness. To be witnesses for Christ, is to be like Christ; to conform yourselves to Christ; and they in the text, and you,

are to be witnesses of Christ in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

St. Hierome notes that John Baptist was not bid to bear witness in Jerusalem, in the city, but in the wilderness; he, and none but he: there were but few men to witness to there; and those few that were, came thither with a good disposition to be wrought upon there; and there were few witnesses to oppose John's testimony, few temptations, few worldly allurements, few worldly businesses. One was enough for the wilderness; but for Jerusalem, for the city, where all the excuses in the Gospel do always meet, they have bought commodities, and they must utter them, they have purchased lands, and they must state them, they have married wives, and they must study them, to the city, to Jerusalem, Christ sends all his apostles, and all little enough. He hath sent a great many apostles, preachers, to this city; more than to any other, that I know. Religious persons as they call them, cloistered friars are not sent to the city; by their first canons, they should not preach abroad: but for those who are to do that service, there are more in this city, than in others, for there are more parish churches here than in others. Now, beloved, if in this city, you have taken away a great part of the revenue of the preacher, to yourselves, take thus much of his labour upon yourselves too, as to preach to one another by a holy and exemplar life, and a religious conversation. Let those of the city, who have interest in the government of this plantation, be witnesses of Christ who is truth itself, to all other governors of companies in all true and just proceedings: that as Christ said to them who thought themselves greatest, *Except you become as this little child*, so we may say to the governors of the greatest companies, Except you proceed with the integrity, with the justice, with the clearness, of your little sister, this plantation, you do not follow a good example. This is to bear witness of Christ in Jerusalem, in the city, to be examples of truth, and justice, and clearness, to others, in, and of this city.

The apostles were to do this in Judea too, their service lay in the country as well as in the city. Birds that are kept in cages may learn some notes, which they should never have sung in the woods or fields; but yet they may forget their natural notes too.

Preachers that bind themselves always to cities and courts, and great auditories, may learn new notes; they may become occasional preachers, and make the emergent affairs of the time, their text, and the humours of the hearers their Bible; but they may lose their natural notes, both the simplicity, and the boldness that belongs to the preaching of the Gospel: both their power upon low understandings to raise them, and upon high affection to humble them. They may think that their errand is but to knock at the door, to delight the ear, and not to search the house, to ransack the conscience. Christ left the ninety-and-nine for one sheep; populous cities are for the most part best provided; remoter parts need our labour more, and we should not make such differences. Yeoman, and labourer, and spinster, are distinctions upon earth; in the earth, in the grave there is no distinction. The angel that shall call us out of that dust, will not stand to survey, who lies naked, who in a coffin, who in wood who in lead, who in a fine, who in a coarser sheet; in that one day of the resurrection, there is not a forenoon for lords to rise first, and an afternoon for meaner persons to rise after. Christ was not whipped to save beggars, and crowned with thorns to save kings: he died, he suffered all, for all; and we whose bearing witness of him, is to do, as he did, must confer our labours upon all, upon Jerusalem, and upon Judea too, upon the city, and upon the country too. You, who are his witnesses too, must do so too; preach in your just actions, as to the city, to the country too. Not to seal up the secrets, and the mysteries of your business within the bosom of merchants, and exclude all others: to nourish an incompatibility between merchants and gentlemen; that merchants shall say to them in reproach, You have played the gentlemen, and they in equal reproach, You have played the merchant; but as merchants grow up into worshipful families, and worshipful families let fall branches amongst merchants again, so for this particular plantation, you may consider city and country to be one body, and as you give example of a just government to other companies in the city, (that is, your bearing witness in Jerusalem,) so you may be content to give reasons of your proceedings, and account of moneys levied, over the country, for that is your bearing witness in Judea.

But the apostles' diocese is enlarged, farther than Jerusalem, farther than Judea, they are carried into Samaria; *You must bear witness of me in Samaria.* Beloved, when I have remembered you, who the Samaritans were, men that had not renounced God, but mingled other gods with him, men that had not burnt the law of God, but made traditions of men equal to it, you will easily guess to whom I apply the name of Samaritans now. A Jesuit hath told us, (an ill intelligencer I confess, but even his intelligencer, the devil himself, says true sometimes) Maldonate says, The Samaritans were odious to the Jews, upon the same grounds as heretics and schismatics to us; and they, we know were odious to them for mingling false gods, and false worships with the true. And if that be the character of a Samaritan, we know who are the Samaritans, who the heretics, who the schismatics of our times. In the highest reproach to Christ, the Jews said, *Samaritanus es et dæmonium habes, Thou art a Samaritan and hast a devil.* In our just detestation of these men, we justly fasten both those upon them. For as they delight in lies, and fill the world with weekly rumours, *Dæmonium habent*, They have a devil, *quia mendax est et pater ejus*[16]. As they multiply assassinations upon princes, and massacres upon people, *dæmonium habent*, they have a devil, *quia homicida ab initio:* as they toss, and tumble, and dispose kingdoms, *dæmonium habent*, they have a devil, *omnia hæc dabo*, was the devil's compliment[17]: but as they mingle truths and falsehoods together in religion, as they carry the Word of God, and the traditions of men, in an even balance, *Samaritani sunt*, they are Samaritans. At first Christ forbade his apostles to go into any city of the Samaritans: after, they did preach in many of them[18]. Bear witness first in Jerusalem, and in Judea[19]; give good satisfaction especially to those of the household of the faithful, in the city and country, but yet satisfy even those Samaritans too.

They would be satisfied, what miracles you work in Virginia; and what people you have converted to the Christian faith, there. If we could as easily call natural effects miracles, or casual accidents miracles, or magical illusions miracles, as they do, to

[16] John viii. 44.
[17] Matt. iv. 10.
[18] Matt. x. 5.
[19] Acts viii. 25.

make a miraculous drawing of a tooth, a miraculous cutting of a corn, or, as Justus Baronius says, when he was converted to them, that he was miraculously cured of the cholic, by stooping to kiss the pope's foot, if we would pile up miracles so fast, as Pope John XXII. did in the canonization of Aquinas, *Tot miracula confecit, quot determinavit questiones*, He wrought as many miracles, as he resolved questions, we might find miracles too. In truth, their greatest miracle to me, is, that they find men to believe their miracles. If they rely upon miracles, they imply a confession that they induce new doctrines; that that is old and received, needs no miracles; if they require miracles, because, though that be ancient doctrine, it is newly brought into those parts, we have the confession of their Jesuit, Acosta, That they do no miracle in those Indies, and he assigns very good reasons, why they are not necessary, nor to be expected there. But yet I bear witness to these Samaritans, in the other point; labour to give them satisfaction in the other point of their charge, what heathens you have converted to the faith, which is that which is intended in the next, which is the last branch, *You are to be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.*

Literally, the apostles were to be such witnesses for Christ: were they so? did the apostles in person, preach the Gospel, over all the word? I know that it is not hard to multiply places of the fathers, in confirmation of that opinion, that the apostles did actually, and personally preach the Gospel in all nations, in their life. Christ says, *The Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world*[20]; and there he tells the apostles, that they shall see something done, after that; Therefore they shall live to it. So he says to them, *You shall be brought before rulers and kings for my sake*[21]; but the Gospel must first be published among all nations: in one evangelist there is the commission; *Preach in my name to all nations*[22]. And in another, the execution of this commission, *And they went and preached everywhere*[23]. And after the apostle certifies, and returns the execution of

[20] Matt. xxiv. 14. [21] Mark xiii. 9.
[22] Luke xxiv. 47. [23] Mark xvi. 20.

this commission, *The Gospel is come, and bringeth forth fruit to all the world*[24]: and upon those, and such places, have some of the fathers been pleased to ground their literal exposition, of an actual and personal preaching of the apostles over all the world. But had they dreamed of this world which hath been discovered since, into which, we dispute with perplexity, and intricacy enough, how any men came at first, or how any beasts, especially such beasts as men were not likely to carry, they would never have doubted to have admitted a figure, in that, *The Gospel was preached to all the world*; for when Augustus's decree went out, *That all the world should be taxed*[25], the decree and the tax went not certainly into the West Indies; when St. Paul says, *That their faith was spoken of throughout the whole world*[26], and that *Their obedience was come abroad unto all men*[27], surely the West Indies had not heard of the faith and the obedience of the Romans. But as in Moses's time, they called the Mediterranean Sea, the Great Sea, because it was the greatest that those men had then seen, so in the apostles' time, they called that, all the world, which was known and traded in then; and in all that, they preached the Gospel. So that as Christ, when he said to the apostles, *I am with you, unto the end of the world*[28], could not intend that of them in person, because they did not last to the end of the world, but in a succession of apostolic men, so when he says, the apostles should preach him to all the world, it is of the succession to.

Those of our profession that go, you, that send them who go, do all an apostolical function. What action soever, hath in the first intention thereof, a purpose to propagate the Gospel of Christ Jesus, that is an apostolical action. Before the end of the world come, before this mortality shall put on immortality, before the creature shall be delivered of the bondage of corruption under which it groans[29], before the martyrs under the altar shall be silenced, before all things shall be subdued to Christ, his kingdom perfected, and the last enemy death destroyed; the Gospel must be preached to those men to whom ye send; to all men; further

[24] Col. i. 5, 6. [25] Luke ii. 1. [26] Rom. i. 8.
[27] Rom. xvi. 19. [28] Matt. xxviii. 20. [29] Rom. 8.

and hasten you this blessed, this joyful, this glorious consummation of all, and happy reunion of all bodies to their souls, by preaching the Gospel to those men. Preach to them doctrinally, preach to them practically; enamour them with your justice, and (as far as may consist with your security), your civility; but inflame them with your godliness and your religion. Bring them to love and reverence the name of that king, that sends men to teach them the ways of civility in this world, but to fear and adore the name of that King of kings that sends men to teach them the ways of religion, for the next world. Those amongst you, that are old now, shall pass out of this world with this great comfort, that you contributed to the beginning of that commonwealth, and of that church, though they live not to see the growth thereof to perfection: Apollos watered, but Paul planted[30]; he that begun the work, was the greater man. And you that are young now, may live to see the enemy as much impeached by that place, and your friends, yea children, as well accommodated in that place, as any other. You shall have made this island, which is but as the suburbs of the old world, a bridge, a gallery to the new; to join all to that world that shall never grow old, the kingdom of heaven. You shall add persons to this kingdom, and to the kingdom of heaven, and add names to the books of our chronicles, and to the book of life.

To end all, as the orators which declaimed in the presence of the Roman emperors, in their panegyrics, took that way to make those emperors see, what they were bound to do, to say in those public orations, that those emperors had done so (for that increased the love of the subject to the prince, to be so told, that he had done those great things, and then it conveyed a counsel into the prince to do them after), as their way was to procure things to be done, by saying they were done, so beloved I have taken a contrary way: for when I, by way of exhortation, all this while have seemed to tell you what should be done by you, I have, indeed, but told the congregation, what hath been done already: neither do I speak to move a wheel that stood still, but to keep the wheel in due motion; nor persuade you to begin, but to continue a good work; nor propose foreign, but your

[30] 1 Cor. iii. 6.

own examples, to do still, as you have done hitherto. For, for that, that which is especially in my contemplation, the conversion of the people, as I have received, so I can give this testimony, that of those persons, who have sent in moneys, and concealed their names, the greatest part, almost all, have limited their devotion, and contribution upon that point, the propagation of religion, and the conversion of the people; for the building and beautifying of the house of God, and for the instruction and education of their young children. Christ Jesus himself is yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever. In the advancing of his glory, be you so too, yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever, here; and hereafter, when time shall be no more, no more yesterday, no more to-day, yet for ever and ever, you shall enjoy that joy, and that glory, which no ill accident can attain to diminish, or eclipse it.

PRAYER.

We return to thee again, O God, with praise and prayer; as for all thy mercies from before minutes began, to this minute, from our election to this present beam of sanctification which thou hast shed upon us now. And more particularly, that thou hast afforded us that great dignity, to be, this way, witnesses of thy Son Christ Jesus, and instruments of his glory. Look graciously and look powerfully upon this body, which thou hast been now some years in building and compacting together, this plantation. Look graciously upon the head of this body, our sovereign, and bless him with a good disposition to this work, and bless him for that disposition: look graciously upon them, who are as the brain of this body, those who, by his power and counsel, advise and assist in the government thereof; bless them with disposition to unity and concord, and bless them for that disposition: look graciously upon them who are as eyes of this body, those of the clergy, who have any interest therein: bless them with a disposition to preach there, to pray here, to exhort everywhere for the advancement thereof, and bless them for that disposition. Bless them who are the feet of this body, who go thither, and the hands of this body,

who labour there, and them who are the heart of this body, all that are heartily affected, and declare actually that heartiness to this action; bless them all with a cheerful disposition to that, and bless them for that diposition. Bless it so in this calm, that when the tempest comes, it may ride it out safely; bless it so with friends now, that it may stand against enemies hereafter; prepare thyself a glorious harvest there, and give us leave to be thy labourers, that so the number of thy saints being fulfilled, we may with better assurance join in that prayer, *Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly*, and so meet all in that kingdom which the Son of God hath purchased for us with the inestimable price of his incorruptible blood. To which glorious Son of God, &c. Amen.

SERMON CLVII.

A SERMON OF COMMEMORATION OF THE LADY DANVERS, LATE WIFE OF SIR JOHN DANVERS. PREACHED AT CHILSEY, WHERE SHE WAS BURIED, JULY* 1, 1627.

THE PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

O ETERNAL and most glorious God, who sometimes in thy justice dost give the dead bodies of the saints to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, and the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth, so that their blood is shed like water, and there is none to bury them[1]: who sometimes sellest thy people for nought, and dost not increase thy wealth by their price[2]: and yet never leavest us without that knowledge, that precious in thy sight is the death of thy saints[3]; enable us, in life and death, seriously to consider the value, the price, of a soul. It is precious, O Lord, because thine image is stamped, and imprinted upon it; precious, because the blood of thy Son was paid for it; precious, because thy blessed Spirit, the Holy Ghost, works upon it, and tries it, by his divers fires; and precious, because it is entered into thy revenue, and made a part of thy treasure. Suffer us not therefore, O Lord, so to undervalue ourselves, nay, so to impoverish thee, as to give away those souls, thy souls, thy dear and precious souls, for nothing; and all the world is nothing, if the soul must be given for it. We know, O Lord, that our rent, due to thee, is our soul: and the day of our death is the day, and our death-bed the place, where this rent is to be paid. And we know too that he that hath sold his soul before, for unjust gain, or given away his soul before, in the society and fellowship of sin, or lent away his soul, for a time, by a lukewarmness, and temporizing, to the dishonour of thy name, to the weakening of thy cause, to the discouraging of thy servants, he comes to that day, and to that place, his death, and death-bed, without any rent in his hand, without any soul to this purpose, to surrender it unto thee. Let therefore, O Lord, the same hand which is to

* Mother of George Herbert. *Vide* Walton's Life of Herbert.

[1] Psalm LXXIX. 3. [2] Psalm XLIV. 12. [3] Psalm CXVI. 15.

receive them then, preserve these souls till then: let that mouth, that breathed them into us at first, breathe always upon them, whilst they are in us, and suck them into itself, when they depart from us. Preserve our souls, O Lord, because they belong to thee; and preserve our bodies, because they belong to those souls. Thou alone, dost steer our boat through all our voyage, but hast a more especial care of it, a more watchful eye upon it, when it comes to a narrow current, or to a dangerous fall of waters. Thou hast a care of the preservation of these bodies, in all the ways of our life: but in the straits of death open thine eyes wider, and enlarge thy providence towards us, so far, that no fever in the body may shake the soul, no apoplexy in the body damp or benumb the soul, nor any pain or agony of the body presage future torments to the soul. But so make thou our bed in all our sickness, that being used to thy hand, we may be content with any bed of thy making; whether thou be pleased to change our feathers into flocks, by withdrawing the conveniences of this life, or to change our flocks into dust, even the dust of the grave, by withdrawing us out of this life. And though thou divide man and wife, mother and child, friend and friend, by the hand of death, yet stay them that stay, and send them away that go, with this consolation, that though we part at divers days, and by divers ways, here, yet we shall all meet at one place, and at one day, a day that no night shall determine, the day of the glorious resurrection. Hasten that day, O Lord, for their sakes that beg it at thy hands, from under the altar in heaven: hasten it for our sakes, that groan under the manifold encumbrances of these mortal bodies: hasten it for her sake, whom we have lately laid down in this thy holy ground: and hasten it for thy Son Jesus Christ's sake, to whom then, and not till then, all things shall be absolutely subdued. Seal to our souls now an assurance of thy gracious purpose towards us on that day, by accepting this day's service at our hands. Accept our humble thanks, for all thy benefits, spiritual, and temporal, already bestowed upon us, and accept our humble prayer for the continuance and enlargement of them; continue and enlarge them, O God, upon thine universal church, dispersed, &c.

2 PETER iii. 13.

Nevertheless we, according to his promises, look for new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

I PROPOSE to myself, and to this congregation, two works for this day: that we may walk together two miles, in this Sabbath day's journey. First, to instruct the living, and then, to commemorate the dead; which office, as I ought, so I should have performed sooner, but that this sad occasion surprised me under other pre-obligations, and pre-contracts, in the services of mine own profession, which could not be excused nor avoided. And being come now to this double work, whether I look up to the throne of heaven, and that firmament, for any first work, the instruction of the living, or down to the stones of the grave, and that pavement, for my second work, the commemoration of the dead, I need no other words than those which I have read to you, for both purposes: for, to assist the resurrection of your souls, I say, and to assure the resurrection of your bodies, she says, *Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.* But first let us do our first work, and pursue the literal purpose of the apostle, in these words. Which words, out of their connexion and coherence, be pleased to receive, thus spread and dilated into this paraphrase; *Nevertheless*, that is, though there be scoffers and jesters that deride and laugh at the second coming of Christ, (as the apostle had said, ver. 3,) and *nevertheless* again, though this day of the Lord will certainly come, and come as a thief, and as a thief in the night, and when it comes, *the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and all the works that are therein shall be burnt up*, (as he had also said, ver. 10,) though there be such a scorn put upon it, by scoffers and jesters, and though there be such a horror in the truth of the thing itself, yet, *nevertheless*, for all that, for all that scorn, and for all that horror, *we, we*, says the text, we that are fixed in God, *we that are not ignorant of this one thing*, (as he says ver. 8,) *that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day*, we that know, that *the Lord is*

not slack concerning his promise, though he be long-suffering to us-ward, (as he also says ver. 9,) *we, according to his promises*, that is, building upon that foundation, his Scriptures, presuming upon nothing that is not in that evidence, and doubting of nothing that is there, *we expect, we look for* something, says our text, which we have not yet: we determine not ourselves, nor our contentment, in those things which God gives us here; not in his temporal, not in his spiritual blessings, in this life: but we expect future things, greater than we are capable of here; for, we look for new heavens, and new earth, in which, that which is not at all to be had here, or is but an obscure inmate, a short sojourner, a transitory passenger in this world, that is, righteousness, shall not only be, but dwell for ever: *Nevertheless, we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.* So then, in this our voyage through this sea, which is truly a Mediterranean Sea, a sea betwixt two lands, the land of possession, which we have, and the land of promise, which we expect, this old and that new earth; that our days may be the better in the land which the Lord our God hath given us, and the surer in that land which the Lord our God will give us; in this sea voyage be these our landmarks, by which we shall steer our whole course: first the day of judgment is subject to scorn, some laugh at it; and then (in a second consideration) it induces horror: the best man, that is but man, trembles at it: but we, (which is a third branch) those that have laid hold upon God, and (in a fourth place) have laid hold upon God by the right handle, according to his promises, we, (which will constitute a fifth point,) we expect; we bless God for our possession, but we look for a greater reversion; which reversion (in the next room) is, new heavens, and new earth; and (lastly) such heavens, and such earth, as may be an everlasting dwelling, for righteousness. And through all these particulars we shall pass, with as much clearness and shortness, as the weight and number thereof will admit.

First then, to shake the constancy of a Christian, there will always be scorners, jesters, scoffers, and mockers at religion; the period and consummation of the Christian religion, the judgment day, the second coming of Christ, will always be subject to scorns.

And many times a scorn cuts deeper than a sword. Lucian wounded religion more by making jests at it, than Arius, or Pelagius, or Nestorius, with making arguments against it. For, against those professed heretics, and against their studied arguments, which might seem to have some weight, it well beseemed those grave and reverend fathers of the church, to call their councils, and to take into their serious consideration those arguments, and solemnly conclude, and determine, and decree in the point. But it would ill have become those reverend persons, to have called their councils, or taken into their so serious considerations, epigrams, and satires, and libels, and scurril and scornful jests, against any point of religion; scorns and jests are easilier apprehended, and understood by vulgar and ordinary capacities, than arguments are; and then learned men are not so earnest, nor so diligent to overthrow, and confute a jest or scorn, as they are in argument; and so they pass more uncontrolled, and prevail further, and live longer than arguments do. It is the height of Job's complaint, that contemptible persons made jests upon him. And it is the depth of Samson's calamity, that when the Philistines' hearts were merry, then they called for Samson, to make them sport[4]. So to the Israelites in Babylon, when they were in that heaviness, that every breath they breathed was a sigh, their enemies called, to sing them a song[5]. And so they proceeded with him, who fulfilled in himself alone, all types, and images, and prophecies of sorrows, who was, (as the prophet calls him) *Vir dolorum*, A man composed and elemented of sorrows[6], our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; for, they platted a crown of thorns upon his head, and they put a reed into his hand, and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him[7]. Truly, the conniving at several religions, (as dangerous as it is) is not so dishonourable to God, as the suffering of jesters at religion: that may induce heresy; but this does establish atheism; and as that is the public mischief, so, for the private there lies some danger in this, that he that gives himself the liberty of jesting at religion, shall find it hard to take up at last; as, when Julian the apostate had received his death's wound, and could not choose

[4] Judges xvi. 25.
[5] Psalm cxxxvii. 3.
[6] Isaiah liii. 3.
[7] Matt. xxvii. 29.

but confess, that that wound came from the hand, and power of Christ, yet he confessed it in a phrase of scorn, *Vicisti Galilæe, The day is thine, O Galilean*, and no more: it is not, Thou hast accomplished thy purpose, *O my God*, nor *O my Maker*, nor *O my Redeemer*, but, in a style of contempt, *Vicisti Galilæe*, and no more. And therefore, as David begins his Psalms with blessedness, so he begins blessedness with that, *Blessed is he, which sitteth not in the seat of the scornful:* David speaks there of *walking with the ungodly*, but walking is a laborious motion; and he speaks of *standing with the sinner*, but standing is a painful posture; in these two, walking and standing, there is some intimation of a possibility of weariness, and so of desisting at last. But in *sitting in the seat of the scornful*, there is denoted a sinning at ease: and in the Vulgate edition, at more than ease; with authority, and glory; for it is *in cathedra, in the chair* of the scornful; which implies a magisterial, a doctoral kind of sinning; that is, to sin, and provoke others, by example, to sin too; and promises no return from that position. For as we have had divers examples, that men who have used and accustomed their mouths to oaths and blasphemies all their lives, have made it their last syllable, and their last gasp, to swear they shall die, so they that enlarge, and ungirt their wits, in this jesting at religion, shall pass away at last, in a negligence of all spiritual assistances, and not find half a minute, between their last jest, and their everlasting earnest. *Væ vobis qui ridetis: Woe be unto you that laugh so*, for you shall weep, and weep eternally.

St. Paul preached of the resurrection of the dead, and they mocked him[s]. And here St. Peter says, *There will be* (that is, there will be always), *scoffers that will say, Where is the promise of Christ's coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were, from the beginning of the creation.* But do they so? says this apostle; Was not *the world that then was, overflowed with water, and perished?* If that were done in earnest, why do ye make a jest of this? says he, *That the heavens and the earth which are now, are reserved unto fire, against the day of judgment*[t]. The apostle says, that *in the last days perilous times shall come;* and he reckons there, divers kinds of perilous men;

[s] Acts xvii. 32. [t] 2 Tim. iii. 1.

but yet, these jesters are not among them.? And then, the apostle names more perilous men; *seducing spirits*, and *seducing by the doctrine of devils, forbidding meats and marriage*[10]; and we know who these men are. Our Saviour tells us, they shall proceed a great way; *they shall show great signs and wonders*[11]; they shall pretend miracles; and they shall exhibit false Christs, Christs kneaded into pieces of bread; and we know who these are, and can beware of these proceedings. But St. Jude remembers us of the greatest dangers of all, *Remember the words which were spoken before, of the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ, that there should be mockers, in the last time*[12]. For, against all the rest, the church of God is better armed; but *perniciosissimum humano generi*, says St. Augustine, This is the ruin and overthrow of mankind, (that is, of religion, which is the life and soul of mankind,) *Cum vera et salubris sententia imperitorum populorum irrisione sordescit;* When true, and sincere religion, shall be cried down, and laughed out of countenance, by the scorns and jestsof ignorant people: when to all our sober preaching, and serious writing, a scornful ignorant shall think it enough to oppose that one question of contempt, Where was your church before Luther? Whereas if we had had anything from Luther, which we had not had before, yet even that, were elder than those articles, which they had from the council of Trent, and had not (as articles) before; for Luther's declarations were before the constitutions of the council: so that we could play with them at their own game, and retort their own scorns upon themselves, but that matters of religion should move in a higher sphere, and not be depressed and submitted to jests. But though our apostle's prophecy must be fulfilled, there will be, and will always be, some scoffers, some jesters; nevertheless, says the text, there is a religious constancy upheld, and maintained by others. And further we extend not the first consideration of our danger.

But, though I can stand out these scorns and jests, there is a tentation, that is real; there are true terrors, sad apprehensions, substantial circumstances, that accompany the consideration of Christ's second coming, and the day of judgment. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, if I do but fall into

[10] 1 Tim. iv. 1—3. [11] Matt. xxiv. 24. [12] Jude 17, 18.

his hands, in a fever in my bed, or in a tempest at sea, or in a discontent at home; but, to fall into the hands of the living God, so as that that living God enters into judgment with me, and passes a final, and irrevocable judgment upon me; this is a consternation of all my spirits, an extermination of all my succours. I consider, what God did with one word, with one fiat he made all; and, I know, he can do as much with another word; with one *pereat*, he can destroy all; as he spake, and it was done, he commanded, and all stood fast[13]: so he can speak, and all shall be undone; command, and all shall fall in pieces. I consider, that I may be surprised by that day, the day of judgment. Here St. Peter says, The day of the Lord will come as a thief. And St. Paul says, We cannot be ignorant of it, yourselves know perfectly, that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief[14]. And as the judgment itself, so the Judge himself says of himself, I will come upon thee as a thief[15]. He says he will, and he does it. For it is not, Behold, I do come upon thee as a thief; there, the future, which might imply a dilatoriness, is reduced to an infallible present; it is so sure that he will do it, that he is said to have done it already. I consider, he will come as a thief, and then, as a thief in the night; and I do not only not know when that night shall be, (for, himself, as he is the Son of man, knows not that) but I do not only not know what night, that is, which night, but not what night, that is what kind of night he means. It is said so often, so often repeated, that he will come as a thief in the night, as that he may mean all kinds of nights. In my night of ignorance he may come: and he may come in my night of wantonness; in my night of inordinate and sinful melancholy, and suspicion of his mercy, he may come: and he may come in the night of so stupid, or so raging a sickness, as that he shall not come by communing; not come so, as that I shall receive him in the absolution of his minister, or receive him in the participation of his body and his blood in the sacrament. So he may come upon me, as such a thief, in such a night; nay, when all these nights of ignorance, of wantonness, of desperation, of sickness, of stupidity, of rage may be upon me all at once. I consider, that the Holy Ghost meant to make a deep impression of a great

[13] Psalm xxxiii. 9. [14] 1 Thes. v. 2. [15] Rev. iii. 3.

terror in me, when he came to that expression, that the heavens should pass away, *Cum stridore*, with a great noise, and the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up; and when he adds in Esay, The Lord will come with fire, and with his chariots, like a whirlwind, to render his anger, with fury; for by fire, and by his sword will the Lord plead with all flesh[16]. So when he proceeds in Joel, A day of darkness, and gloominess, and yet a fire devoureth before them, and a flame burneth behind them[17]. And so in Daniel also, His throne a fiery flame, and his wheels a burning fire, and a fiery stream issuing from him[18]. I consider too, that with this stream of fire, from him, there shall be a stream, a deluge, a flood of tears, from us; and all that flood, and deluge of tears, shall not put out one coal, nor quench one spark of that fire. Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him[19]. And, *plangent omnes*, all the kindred of the earth shall wail and lament, and weep and howl because of him. I consider that I shall look upon him then, and see all my sins, substance, and circumstance of sin, weight, and measure of sin, heinousness, and continuance of sin, all my sins imprinted in his wounds; and how shall I be affected then, confounded then, to see him so mangled with my sins! But then I consider again, that I shall look upon him again, and not see all my sins in his wounds: my forgotten sins, mine unconsidered, unconfessed, unrepented sins, I shall not see there: and how shall I be affected then, when I shall stand in judgment, under the guiltiness of some sins, not buried in the wounds, not drowned in the blood of my Saviour? Many, and many, and very many, infinite, and infinitely infinite, are the terrors of that day. *Nevertheless, my soul, why art thou so sad, why art thou disquieted within me?* Thou hast a Goshen to rest in, for all this Egypt; a Zoar to fly to, for all this Sodom; a sanctuary, and horns of the altar, to hold by, for all this storm. *Nevertheless*, says our text, though there be these scornful jests, though there be these real terrors, *nevertheless*, there are a *We*, certain privileged persons; and the consideration of those persons, is our third and next circumstance.

[16] Isaiah LXVI. 15. [17] Joel ii. 2, 3. [18] Dan. vii. 9. [19] Rev. i. 7.

To those who pretended an intended in Christ, and had none, to those who would exorcise possest persons, and cast out devils, in the name of Jesus, without any commission from Jesus, to those sons of Sceva the devil himself could say, *Qui vos?* Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are you[20]? To those who live in an outward conformity to Christ, but yet seek their salvation in the light of nature, and their power of resisting temptations, in their moral constancy, the devil may boldly say, *Qui vos?* Jesus I know, and the church I know; but who are you? I would I had no worse enemies than you. Nevertheless, we, for all his scorns, for all these terrors, shall have an answer to his *Qui vos?* and be able to tell him, that we are that *Gens sancta*, and that *Regale sacerdotium*, that this apostle speaks of[21]; that *holy people:* made holy by his covenant and ordinances: and that *royal priesthood;* which, as priests, have an interest in his sacrifice, his Son: and as kings, have an interest in that crown, which, for his Son's sake, he hath ordained for us. We are they, who have seen the marks of his election, in their first edition, in the Scriptures; and seen them again, in their second edition, as they are imprinted in our consciences, in our faith, in our manners; and so we cannot mistake, nor be deceived in them. We are that *semen Dei* that Malachi speaks of[22]: the seed of God, which he hath sowed in his church; and by that extraction, we are *Consortes divinæ naturæ*, Partakers of the divine nature itself[23]: and so grow to be *filii Dei*, the sons of God; and by that title, *cohæredes Christi*, joint-heirs with Christ[24]: and so to be *Christii ipsi*, Christs ourselves: as God calls all his faithful, his *anointed*, his Christs[25]: and from thence, we grow to that height, to be of the quorum, in that commission, *Dii estis, I have said, you are gods:* and not only gods, by representation, but *Idem spiritus cum Domino*, Became the same spirit with the Lord, that, as a spirit cannot be divided in itself, so *we are persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor any creature, shall be able to separate us from God*[26]. *If any man be ignorant, let him be ignorant still*[27]. If he will not study his own case, let him be

[20] Acts xix. 15. [21] 1 Pet. ii. 9. [22] Mal. ii. 15.
[23] 2 Pet. i. 4. [24] Rom. viii. 17. [25] Psalm cv. 15.
[26] Rom. viii. 38. [27] 1 Cor. xiv. 38.

subject to those scorns, and these terrors, still. But, *Christianus idiota persuasissimum habet*[28], The unlearnedest Christian (that is, (be he a true Christian) hath learning enough to establish himself so, that neither scorns nor terrors can shake his foundations. So then you see, what fellowship of the faithful, what household of the righteous, what communion of saints it is, that falls under this denomination, *We: we* that have laid our foundations in faith, and made our super-edifications in sanctimony and holiness of life; *we* that have learnt, and learnt by the right rule, the rule of Christianity, how to put a right value upon this world, and those things which can but concern our body in this world. For, *Multis serviet, qui corpori servit*, says the oracle of moral men[29]; That man is a common slave to everybody, that is a slave to his own body; that man dares displease no man, that dares not displease himself: that man will grovel, and prostrate, and prostitute himself, at every great man's threshold, that is afraid to lose a dish from his table, or a pillow from his bed, at home; *Multis serviet, qui corpori servit, et qui pro illo nimium trinet;* He is the true coward, that is afraid of every inconvenience, which another may cast upon his person, or fortune. *Honestum ei vile est, cui corpus nimis carum est;* He that hath set too high a price upon his body, will sell his soul cheap. But if we can say of the fires of tribulation, as Origen says, (whether he speak of the fires of conflagration at the last day, or these fires of purification in our way to it) *Indigemus sacramento ignis, baptismo ignis*, That all our fiery tribulations fall under the nature and definition of sacraments, that they are so many visible signs of invisible grace, that every correction from God's hand, is a rebaptization to me; and that I can see, that I should not have been so sure of salvation, without this sacrament, without this baptism, without this fire of tribulation; if I can bring this fire to that temper, which Lactantius speaks of, that it be *Ignis qui obtemperabit justis*, A fire that shall conform itself to me, and do as I would have it; that is, concoct, and purge, and purify, and prepare me for God: if my Christianity make that impression in me which Socrates's philosophy did in him, who (as Gregory Nazianzen testifies of him) *In carcere damnatus, egit cum discipulis, de corpore, sicut*

[28] Origen. [29] Seneca.

de alio ergastulo, Who, when he lay a condemned man in prison, then, in that prison, taught his disciples, that the body of man was a worse prison than that he lay condemned in; if I can bring these fires to this compass, and to this temper, I shall find, that as the ark was in the midst of the waters, and yet safe from the waters, and the bush in the midst of the fire, and yet safe from the fire, so, though St. Jerome say (and upon good grounds) *Grandis audaciæ est, puræque conscientiæ*, It is an act of greater boldness than any man, as man, can avow, and a testimony of a clearer conscience, than any man, as man, can pretend to have, *Regnum Dei postulare, et judicium non timere*, To press God for the day of judgment, and not to fear that day, (for upon all men, considered but as men, falls that severe expostulation of the prophet Amos, Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord; to what end is it for you? The day of the Lord is darkness, and not light[80]:) yet I shall find, that such a family, such a society, such a communion there is, and that I am of that quorum, that can say, Come what scorns can come, *in Christo omnia possumus*, though we can do nothing of ourselves, yet as we are in Christ, we can do all things, because we are fixed in him, *secundum promissa;* which is our fourth and next branch, *according to his promises.*

I have nothing to plead with God, but only his own promises. I cannot plead birthright; the Jews were elder brothers, and yet were disinherited. I cannot plead descent; my mother was a Hittite, (as the prophet Ezekiel speaks,) I am but of the half blood, at best; more of the first, than of the second Adam; more corporal, than spiritual. I cannot plead my purchase; if I have given anything, for God's sake, if I have done anything, suffered anything, for God's sake, all that, is so far from merit, as that it is not the interest of my principal debt. Nay, I cannot plead mercy; for, I am by nature the child of wrath too[81]. All my plea is, that, to which he carries me so often, in his word, *Quia fidelis Dominus;* Because the Lord is a faithful God. So this apostle calls him, *Fidelem creatorem, A faithful creator;* God had gracious purposes upon me, when he created me, and will be faithful to those purposes; so St. Paul calls Christ *Fidelem pontificem*, A faithful high-priest[82]; graciously he

[80] Amos v. 18. [81] Eph. ii. 3. [82] Heb. ii. 17.

meant to sacrifice himself for the world, and faithfully he did it. So St. John calls him *Fidelem testem*, A faithful witness[33]; of his mercy he did die for me, and his spirit bears witness with my spirit that he did so. And in the same book his very denomination, his very name is Faithful[34]. For this faithfulness in God, which is so often recommended to me, must necessarily imply a former promise; if God be faithful, he is faithful to some contract, to some promise that he hath made; and that promise is my evidence. But then, to any promise, that is pretended, and not deduced from his Scriptures, he may justly plead *non est factum;* he made no such promise. For, as in cases of diffidence, and distrust in his mercy, God puts us upon that issue, *Ubi libellus*, Produce your evidence; why are you jealous of me? Where is the bill of your mother's divorce whom I have put away; or which of my creditors is it to whom I have sold you[35]? So in cases of presumption in ourselves, or pressing God with his promises, (and so also, in cases of innovation of matter of doctrine in the church) God puts us to the same issue, *Ubi libellus*, Produce your evidence; where in my Scripture have I made any such contract, any such covenant, any such promise to you? My witness is in heaven, says Job[36]; but yet, my evidence is upon earth; God is that witness, but that witness hath been pleased to be examined *ad perpetuam rei memoriam;* and his testimony remains of record, in the church, and there, from his Scriptures, exemplified to me, by his public notary, the church. I may lawfully charge him with his promise, his contract, his covenant; and else not. There is a general and a useful observation, made by St. Augustine, *Omnium hæreticorum quasi regularis est ista temeritas*, This is a regular irregularity, this is a fixed and constant levity, amongst all heretics, *Auctoritatem stabilissimam fundatissimæ ecclesiæ quasi rationis nomine et pollicitatione superare:* To overthrow the foundations of the church upon the appearance, and pretence, and colour of reason; God cannot have proceeded thus or thus, because there is this and this reason against it. Now the foundations of the church are the Scriptures; and when men present reasons of probability, of verisimilitude, of pious credulity, not deduced out of the Scriptures,

[33] Rev. i. 5. [34] Rev. xix. 11. [35] Isaiah l. 1. [36] Job xvi. 19.

they fall into the regular irregularity, and into that constant levity, which St. Augustine justly makes the character, and specification of an heretic, to seem to proceed upon reasons, and not deduce those reasons from the Scriptures. When therefore they reason thus (as Bellarmine does), *Non discretus Dominus*, That God had not dealt discreetly, if he had not established a church: a certain, a visible, and infallible church; a church endowed with these and these, with those and those, and such and such, and more and more immunities and privileges, by which that particular church must be super-catholic and super-universal, above all the churches in the world: we join not with them in that boldness, to call God's discretion in question, but we join with them in that issue, *Ubi libellus*, Where is your evidence: which is your Scripture, which you will rely upon for that, for such a church? For we content not ourselves with such places of Scripture, as may serve to illustrate that doctrine, to them, that believe it aforehand, without Scripture, but we ask such places of Scripture, as may prove it to them, who, till they see such Scriptures, believe, and believe truly, that they are not bound to believe it; if I may plead it, it is a promise; and if it be an issuable promise, it is in the Scriptures. If any distresses in my fortune and estate, in my body and in my health, oppress me, I always find some receipts, some medicines, some words of consolation, in a Seneca, in a Plutarch, in a Petrarch. But I proceed in a safer way, and deal upon better cordials, if I make David, and the other prophets of God, my physicians, and see what they prescribe me, in the Scriptures; and look how my fellow patient Job applied that physic, by his patience. And if anything heavier than that which fell upon Job, fall upon me, yet I may propose one to myself, upon whom there fell more than can fall upon any man; for all mankind fell upon him, and all the sins of all mankind, and God's justice, God's anger, for all the sins of all mankind fell upon him, and yet he had a glorious eluctation, a victory, a triumph over all that. And he is not only my rule and my example, but my surety, and my promise, that where he is, I shall be also[37]; not only where he is, in glory now, but in every step, that he made in

[37] John xiv. 3.

this world; if I be with him in his afflictions, I shall be with him in his eluctations, in his victory, in his triumph. St. Chrysostom, falling upon such a meditation as this, is loth to depart from it; he insists upon it thus; *Illine, qui a dextris Dei sedet, conforme fiet hoc corpus?* Will God make this body of mine, like that, that sits now at his right-hand: yes; he will. *Illi, quem adorant angeli?* Like him, whom all the angels worship? yes; like him. *Illi, cui adjutant incorporales virtutes?* Like him, to whom the thrones, and powers, and dominations, and cherubims, and seraphims minister? Yes, he will do all that, says that father. But allow me the boldness to add thus much, *Cum illo*, I shall be with him, before; with him, wheresoever he was in this world. I shall be with him in his agonies, and sadness of soul; but in those agonies and sadnesses, I shall be with him still in his *veruntamen*, in his surrender of himself; Not my will, but thine, O Father, be done. I shall be with him upon his cross; but in all my crosses, and in all my jealousies and suspicions of that *Dereliquisti*, that God, my God hath forsaken me, I shall be with him still, in his *in manus*, in a confidence, and assurance, that I may commit my spirit into his hands. For all this I do according to his promise, that where he is, I shall be also. *Si totus mundus lachrymis sumptis deflesset* (says the same father), If men were made of tears, as they are made of the elements of tears, (of miseries), and if all men were resolved to tears, as they must resolve to dust, all were not enough to lament their miserable condition, who lay hold upon the miserable comforters of this world, upon their own merits, or upon the supererogations of other men, of which there are no promises, and cannot find that true promise, which is implied in those examples of Job and Christ, appliable to themselves. Nevertheless we, we that can do so, we, that can read that promise, that *Where they are, we shall be;* that what he hath done for them, he will also do for us, *We, according to his promise*, declared in his Scriptures, in the midst of scoffers, and in the midst of terrors, expect, and look for more, than we have yet; which is another, and our fifth consideration. As God hath provided us an endlessness, in the world to come, so, to give us an inchoation, a representation of the next world, in this, God

hath instituted an endlessness in this world too; God hath imprinted in every natural man, and doth exalt in the supernatural and regenerate man, an endless, and undeterminable desire of more than this life can minister unto him. Still God leaves man in expectation. And truly, that man can scarce prove the immortality of the soul to himself, that feels not a desire in his soul of something beyond this life. Creatures of an inferior nature, are possessed with the present; man is a future creature. In a holy and useful sense, we may say, that God is a future God; to man especially he is so; man's consideration of God is specially for the future. It is plain, it is evident, that that name which God hath taken in Exodus[38], signifies, essence, being. *Verum nomen Dei semper esse*[39], God's proper name is always, Being. That can be said of no creature, that it always was; that which the Arians said blasphemously of Christ, *Erat, quando non erat*, is true of all creatures. There was a time, when that thing was nothing. But of God, more than this may be said; so much more, as that when we have said all that we can, more than so much more remains unsaid. For, *Totum Deum, nemo uno nomine exprimit, sicut nec totum aërem haurit*[40]: A man may as well draw in all the air, at one breath, as express all God, God entirely, in one name. But the name that reaches farthest towards him, is that name which he hath taken in Exodus, *Deo si conjungimur, sumus;* In being derived from God, we have a being, we are something; in him we live and move and have our being; but *Deo si comparemur, nei sumus;* If we be compared with God, our being with his being, we have no being at all, we are nothing. For Being is the peculiar and proper name of God. But though it be so clear, that that name of God in Exodus is Being, yet it is not so clear, whether it be a present, or a future Being. For, though most of the fathers expressed, and our translators rendered in the present, *Sum qui sum, I am that I am*, and, *Go, and tell Pharaoh that he whose name is I am, hath sent thee;* yet in the original, it is plain, and plain in the Chaldee paraphrase, that that name is delivered in the future, *Ero, qui ero, I shall be that I shall be*, and, *Go, and tell Pharaoh that he whose name is I shall be, hath sent thee.* God calls upon man, even in the consideration

[38] Exod. iii. 14. [39] Ambrose. [40] Nazianzen.

of the name of God, to consider his future state. For, if we consider God in the present, to-day, now, God hath had as long a forenoon, as he shall have an afternoon; God hath been God, as many millions of millions of generations, already, as he shall be hereafter; but if we consider man in the present, to-day, now, how short a forenoon hath any man had! if sixty, if eighty years, yet few and evil have his days been. Nay, if we take man collectively, entirely, altogether, all mankind, how short a forenoon hath man had! It is not yet six thousand years since man had his first being. But if we consider him in his afternoon, in his future state, in his life after death, if every minute of his six thousand years were multiplied by so many millions of ages, all would amount to nothing, merely nothing, in respect to that eternity, which he is to dwell in. We can express man's afternoon, his future perpetuity, his everlastingness, but one way; but it is a fair way, a noble way; this: that how late a beginning soever God gave man, man shall no more see an end, no more die, than God himself that gave him life. Therefore, says the apostle here, *we*, we that consider God according to his promise, expect future things, look for more at God's hand hereafter, than we have received heretofore: *For his mercies are new every morning:* and his later mercies are his largest mercies. How many, how great nations perish, without ever hearing the name of Christ! but God wrapt me up in his covenant, and derived me from Christian parents: I sucked Christian blood in my mother's womb, and Christian milk at my nurse's breast. The first sound that I heard, in the world, was the voice of Christians; and the first character that I was taught to know, was the cross of Christ Jesus. How many children that are born so, born within the covenant, born of Christian parents, do yet die before they be baptized, though they were born heirs to baptism! but God hath afforded me the seal of that sacrament. And then, how many that are baptized, and so eased in original sin, do yet proceed to actual sins, and are surprised by death, before they receive the seal of their reconciliation to Christ, in the sacrament of his body and blood; but God hath afforded me the seal of that sacrament too. What sins soever God forgave me this morning, yet since *the best* (and I am none of them) *fall seven times a day*, God forgives me seven more

sins to-morrow, than he did to-day; and *seven*, in his arithmetic, is infinite. God's temporal, God's spiritual blessings, are inexhaustible. *What have we, that we have not received?* And what have we received, in respect of that which is laid up for us? And therefore, *expectamus*, we determine ourselves in God so, as that we look for nothing, but from him; but not so, as that we hope for no more from him, than we have had; for that were to circumscribe God, to make God finite. Therefore we bless God for our possession, but yet we expect a larger reversion. And the day intended in this text, shall make that reversion our possession; which is the day of judgment.

Therefore, in the verse immediately before the text, the apostle accompanies this *expectantes*, with another word; it is *expectantes, et properantes, Looking for, and hasting to, the coming of the day of God.* We must have such an expectation of that day, as may imply, and testify a love to it, a desire of it, a longing for it. *When these things begin to come to pass*[41], (says Christ, speaking of the signs preceding the last day), *then look up and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth near.* All our dejections of spirit should receive an exaltation, in that one consolation, that that day draweth near. *Seu velimus, seu nolimus*, says Augustine, Whether we will or no, that day will come; but, says that father, in that short prayer of his, the Lord hath given thee an entire petition, for accelerating and hasting that day of the Lord; when he bid thee say, *Thy kingdom come*, he means, that thou shouldest mean, the kingdom of glory at the judgment, as well as the kingdom of grace in the church. Christ says, *If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, you may be also*[42]. Now beloved, hath Christ done one half of this for us, and would not we have him do the other half too? Is he gone to prepare the place, and would we not have him come to fetch us to it? Certainly, Christ speaks that in favour, he intends it for a favour, when he says, *Behold, I come quickly*[43]. It is one favour that he will come, and seconded with another, that he will make speed to save us, that he will make haste to help us; and to establish us in that assurance, he adds in that place, *Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is*

[41] Luke xxi. 28. [42] John xiv. 3. [43] Rev. xxii. 12.

with me; if the coming do not, if the speed do not, yet let the reward work in you a desire of that day. The last words that Christ speaks in the Bible (and amongst us, last words make deepest impressions) are, *Surely, I come quickly:* and the last answer that is made in our behalf, there, is, *Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus.* There is scarce any amongst us, but does expect this coming. They that fear it, expect it; but that crown that the apostle speaks of[44], is laid up for them, *that love the appearing of the Lord;* not only expect it, but love it; and no man can do so, that hath not a confidence in his cause: *Adventum judicis non diligit*[45]. No prisoner longs for the sessions, no client longs for the day of hearing, *nisi qui in causa sua se sciat habere justitiæ meritum*, except he know his cause to be good, and assure himself that he shall stand upright in judgment. But can we have that assurance? Assuredly we may. He that hath seen the marks of election, in both editions, in the Scripture first, and then in his conscience, he that does not flatter, and abuse his own soul, nor tempt, and presume upon God, he that in a sober and rectified conscience, finds himself truly incorporated in Christ, truly interested in his merits, may be sure, that if the day of judgment came now, now he should be able to stand upright in judgment. And therefore, let schoolboys look after holidays, and worldly men after rent-days, and travellers after fair-days, and chapmen after market-days, *Nevertheless, we*, we that have laid hold upon God, and laid hold upon him by the right handle, *according to his promises, expectamus*, we look for this day of the Lord, and *properamus*, we are glad that it is so near, and we desire the further hasting of it.

But then, beloved, the day of our death is the *eve* of this day of the Lord: the day of our death is the Saturday of this Sunday; the next day after my death is the day of judgment: for between these, these eyes shall see no more days. And then, are we bound, nay, may we lawfully wish, and desire the day of our death, as we have said we are bound to do the day of judgment? The souls of the martyrs under the altar in heaven, cry unto God there, *Usque quo Domine, How long, O Lord holy and true, dost thou not judge, and avenge our blood*[46]? That which those martyrs

[44] 2 Tim. iv. 8. [45] Gregory. [46] Rev. vi. 10.

solicit there, is the day of judgment: and though that which they ask, was not presently granted, but the day of judgment put off for a time, yet God was not displeased with their solicitation; for, for all that, he gave them their white robes, testimony enough of their innocency. If we could wish our own death, as innocently, as harmlessly, as they did the day of judgment, if no ill circumstances in us, did vitiate our desire of death, if there were no dead flies in this ointment (as Solomon speaks[47]), if we had not, at least, a collateral respect (if not a direct, a principal) to our own ease, from the encumbrances, and grievances, and annoyances of this world, certainly we might safely desire, piously wish, religiously pray for our own death. But it is hard, very hard to divest those circumstances, that infect it. For if I pretend to desire death, merely for the fruition of the glory, of the sight of God: I must remember, that my Saviour desired that glory, and yet stayed his time for it. If I pretend to desire death, that I might see no more sin, hear no more blasphemies from others, it may be I may do more good to others, than I shall take harm by others, if I live. If I would die, that I might be at an end of temptations, in myself, yet I might lose some of that glory, which I shall have in heaven by resisting another year's temptation, if I died now. To end this consideration, as this looking for the day of the Lord (which is the word of our text) implies a joy, and a gladness of it, when it shall come, (whether we consider that, as the day itself, the day of judgment, or the eve of the day, the day of our death) so doth this looking for it imply a patient attending of God's leisure. For our example, the apostle says[48], *The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God;* it is an earnest expectation, and yet it waits; and for our nearer example, we ourselves, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, groan within ourselves; but yet he adds, we wait for the adoption, the redemption of the body. Though we have some ears, we wait for the whole sheaves. And we may be content to do so, for we shall not wait long. *This is the last time*, says St. John[49], speaking of the present time of the Gospel; in the time of nature, they were a great way off from the resurrection; for then, the time of the law was to come in. And in the

[47] Eccles. x. 1. [48] Rom. viii. 19. [49] 1 John ii. 18.

time of the law they were a great way off; for then the time of the Gospel was to come in. But this is the last time; there shall be no more changes after the Gospel; the present state of the Gospel shall land us upon the judgment. And (as the Vulgate reads that place), *Novissima hora est*, If God will have us stay a little longer, it is but for a few minutes; for this is our last hour. We feel scorns, we apprehend terrors, nevertheless we, we rooted in his promises, do expect, we are not at an end of our desires, and with an holy impatience that he would give us, and yet with a holy patience till he be pleased to give us new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness; which are the two branches, which remain yet to be considered.

As in the first discoveries of the unknown parts of the world, the maps and cards which were made thereof, were very uncertain, very imperfect, so in the discovery of these new heavens, the expositions of those who have undertaken that work, are very diverse. First Origen, citing for his opinion Clement, whom he calls the disciple of the apostles, takes those heavens and that earth, which our antipodes, (and generally those that inhabit the other hemisphere) inhabit, to be the new heavens and the new earth of this text. He says, *Oceanus intransibilis ad reliquos mundos*, There are worlds beyond these worlds, beyond that ocean which we cannot pass, nor discover, says Origen, but those worlds, and those heavens, and that earth shall be discovered before the last day, and the Gospel of Christ be preached in all those places; and this is our expectation, that which we look for, according to his promises, in the intention and exposition of Origen. Those that were infected with the heresy of the Chiliasts, or Millenarians (with which heresy divers great and learned men, whom we refuse not to call fathers in the primitive church, were infected), upon the mistaking of those words in the Apocalypse[50], of reigning with Christ a thousand years after the first resurrection, argued and concluded a happy temporal state, of God's saints here, upon earth, for so many years after that day. So that, though there should not be truly a new earth, and new heavens, but the same heavens, and the same earth as was before, for those future thousand years, yet, because those saints of God, which in

[50] Rev. xx. 4.

their whole former life, had been in misery, upon this earth, should now enjoy all earthly happiness, upon the same earth for a thousand years, before they ascended into heaven, these heavens, and this earth (because they are so to them) are called a new earth, and a new heavens, by those Millenarians. St. Jerome, and St. Augustine, and after them the whole stream run in another channel. They say, that these heavens and this earth shall be so purified, so refined, by the last fires of conflagration, as that all corruptible qualities shall be burnt out of them, but they in their substance remain still. So that, those words of St. Paul help to incline them, *Perit figura, The fashion of this world passeth away*[51]; the fashion, not the substance. For, it is *Melioratio, non interitus*, The world shall be made better, but it shall not be made nothing. But, to what end shall it be thus improved? in that St. Augustine declares himself: *Mundus in melius immutatus apte accomodabitur hominibus in melius immutatis;* When men are made better by the resurrection, this world being made better by those fires, shall be a fit habitation for those saints of God; and so even this world, and whatsoever is not hell, shall be heaven. And truly, some very good divines, of the Reformation[52], accompany those ancients in that exposition, that these heavens purified with those fires, and superinvested with new endowments, shall be the everlasting habitation of the blessed saints of God. But still, in these discoveries of these new heavens, and this new earth, our maps will be imperfect. But as it is said of old cosmographers, that when they had said all that they knew of a country, and yet much more was to be said, they said that the rest of those countries were possessed with giants, or witches, or spirits, or wild beasts, so that they could pierce no farther into that country; so when we have travelled as far as we can, with safety, that is, as far as ancient or modern expositors lead us, in the discovery of these new heavens, and new earth, yet we must say at last, that it is a country inhabited with angels and archangels, with cherubims and seraphims, and that we can look no further into it, with these eyes. Where it is locally, we inquire not; we rest in this, that it is the habitation prepared for the blessed saints of God; heavens where the moon is more glorious than our sun, and the sun as

[51] 1 Cor. vii. 31. [52] Polanus.

glorious as he that made it; for it is he himself, the Son of God, the sun of glory. A new earth, where all their waters are milk, and all their milk, honey; where all their grass is corn, and all their corn manna; where all their glebe, all their clods of earth are gold, and all their gold of innumerable carats; where all their minutes are ages, and all their ages, eternity; where every thing, is every minute, in the highest exaltation, as good as it can be, and yet super-exalted, and infinitely multiplied by every minute's addition; every minute, infinitely better, than ever it was before. Of these new heavens, and this new earth we must say at last, that we can say nothing; for, the eye of man hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, the state of this place. We limit, and determine our consideration with that horizon, with which the Holy Ghost hath limited us, that it is these new heavens, and that new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Here then the Holy Ghost intends the same new heavens, and new earth, which he does in the Apocalypse[53], and describes there by another name, the new Jerusalem. But here the Holy Ghost does not proceed, as there, to enamour us of the place, by a promise of improvement of those things, which we have, and love here; but by a promise of that, which here we have not at all. There, and elsewhere, the Holy Ghost applies himself, to the natural affections of men. To those that are affected with riches he says, that that new city shall be all of gold, and in the foundations all manner of precious stones; to those that are affected with beauty, he promises an everlasting association, with that beautiful couple, that fair pair, which spend their time, in that contemplation, and that protestation, *Ecce tu pulchra dilecta mea: Ecce, tu pulcher;* Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, says he[54]; and then, she replies, Behold, thou art fair too; noting the mutual complacency between Christ and his church here. To those which delight in music, he promises continual singing, and every minute a new song: to those whose thoughts are exercised upon honour, and titles civil and ecclesiastical, he promises priesthood, and if that be not honour enough, a royal priesthood; and to those who look after military honour, triumph after their victory, in the militant church; and to those, that are carried with sumptuous

[53] Rev. xxi. 1. [54] Cant. i. 15, 16.

and magnific feasts, a marriage supper of the Lamb, where not only all the rarities of the whole world, but the whole world itself shall be served in; the whole world shall be brought to that fire, and served at that table. But here the Holy Ghost proceeds not that way; by improvement of things, which we have and love here; riches or beauty, or music or honour, or feasts; but by an everlasting possession of that, which we hunger, and thirst, and pant after, here, and cannot compass, that is, justice or righteousness; for both those, our present word denotes, and both those we want here, and shall have both, for ever in these new heavens, and new earth.

What would a worn and macerated suitor, oppressed by the bribery of the rich, or by the might of a potent adversary, give, or do, or suffer, that he might have justice? What would a dejected spirit, a disconsolate soul, oppressed with the weight of heavy, and habitual sin, that stands naked in a frosty winter of desperation, and cannot compass one fig-leaf, one colour, one excuse for any circumstance of any sin, give for the garment of righteousness? here there is none that does right, none that executes justice, or not for justice's sake. He that does justice, does it not at first; and Christ does not thank that judge[55], that did justice upon the woman's importunity. Justice is no justice, that is done for fear of an appeal, or a commission. There may be found that may do justice at first; at their first entrance into a place, to make good impressions, to establish good opinions, they may do some acts of justice; but after, either an uxoriousness towards the wife, or a solicitude for children, or a facility towards servants, or a vastness of expense, quenches, and overcomes the love of justice in them; *non habitat*, in most it is not: but it dwells not in any. In our new heavens, and new earth, *dwelleth* justice. And that is my comfort, that when I come thither, I shall have justice at God's hands. It was an act of mercy, merely, that God decreed a means of salvation: but to give salvation to them for whom Christ gave that full satisfaction, is but an act of justice. *It is a righteous thing with God, to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you, and to you who are troubled, rest with us*[56], says the apostle. It is an act of the same justice, to save the

[55] Luke xviii. 2. [56] 2 Thess. i. 6, 7.

true believer, as to damn him, who by unbelief hath made himself a reprobate.

Justice dwells there, and there dwells righteousness; of which there is none in this world; none that grows in this world; none that is mine own; for, howsoever we do dispute, or will conclude of inherent righteousness, it is, indeed, rather adherent, than inherent; rather extrinsical, than intrinsical. Not that it is not in myself: in my will; but it is not of myself, nor of my will: my will was never able to rectify, to justify itself. But the power of God's grace calls in a foreign righteousness to my succour, the righteousness of my Saviour, and calls his, and makes his, my righteousness. But yet, *non habitat*, this righteousness dwells not unremoveable in me, here. Though I have put on that garment, in baptism, and girt it to me closer in the other sacrament, and in some acts of holiness: yet my sins of infirmity slacken this garment, and it falls from me, before I am aware, and in my sins of contempt and rebellion, I tear it off, and throw it away myself. But in this new state, these new heavens, and new earth, *justitia habitat*, this righteousness shall dwell; I shall have an innocence, and a constant innocence: a present impeccancy, and an impeccability for the future. But in this especially is righteousness said to dwell there, because this righteousness is the very Son of God, the sun of righteousness himself. And this day, the day of his second coming, is the last day of his progress; for, ever after that day, these new heavens, and new earth, shall be his standing house, where he shall dwell, and we with him: as himself hath said[57], The righteous shall shine forth as the sun itself, as the Son of God himself, as the sun of glory, as the sun of righteousness himself. For God shall impart to us all, a mysterious gavelkind[58], a mysterious equality of fulness of glory, to us all: God shall not whisper to his own Son, a *Sede à dextris*, Sit thou at my right hand; nor a *Hodie genui te*, This day have I begotten thee; nor a *Ponam inimicos tuos*, I will make thine enemies thy footstool, and no more; but, as it is said of the armies of Israel, that they went forth as one

[57] Matt. xiv. 33.

[58] *Gavelkind*, the custom of equal division of estates among children, or brothers.—ED.

man, so the whole host of God's saints, incorporated in Christ Jesus, shall be as one man, and as that one man, who was so the Son of Man, as that he was the Son of God too. And God shall say to us all, *Sedete à dextris*, Sit ye all on my right hand; for from the left hand there is no prospect to the face of God; and to us all, *Hodie genui vos*, This day I have begotten you all; begotten you in the confirmation of my first baptism, in the ratification of my first election; and to us all, *Ponam inimicos tuos*, I will make all your enemies your footstool; for God shall establish us there, *Ubi non intrat inimicus, nec amicus exit*[59], Where no man shall come in, that troubles the company, nor any whom any of the company loves, go out; but we shall all, not only have, but be a part of that righteousness which dwells in these new heavens and new earth, which we, according to his promise, look for.

And be this the end of our first text, as it is a text for instruction. Pass we now to our second, our text for commemoration. Close we here this book of life, from which we have had our first text, and, *Surge, qui dormis in pulvere*, Arise, thou book of death; thou that sleepest in this consecrated dust, and hast been going into dust now almost a month of days, almost a lunary year, and dost reserve such anniversaries, such quick returns of periods, and a commemoration, in every such year, in every month; arise, thou, and be another commentary to us; and tell us, what this new heaven and new earth is, in which now thou dwellest, with that righteousness. But we do not invoke thee, as thou art a saint in heaven: appear to us, as thou didst appear to us a month ago; at least, appear in thy history; appear in our memory; that when every one of us have looked upon thee, by his own glass, and seen thee in his own interest, such, as thou wast to him, that when one shall have seen thee, the best wife, and a larger number, the best mother, and more than they, a whole town, the best neighbour, and more than a town, a large body of noble friends, the best friend; and more than all they, all the world, the best example: when thou hast received this testimony from the militant church, as thou hast the recompense of all this, in thy blessed soul, in the triumphant; yet, because thy body is

[59] Augustine.

still within these walls, be still content to be one of this congregation, and to hear some parts of this text reapplied unto thee.

Our first word nevertheless puts us first upon this consideration, that she lived in a time wherein this prophecy of St. Peter, in this chapter, was over-abundantly performed, that there should be scoffers, jesters in divine things, and matters appertaining to God, and his religion. For, now in these our days, excellency of wit lies in profaneness; he is the good spirit that dares abuse God; and he good company, that makes his company the worse, or keeps them from goodness. This being the air and the complexion of the wit of her times, and her inclination and conversation naturally cheerful and merry, and loving facetiousness, and sharpness of wit, nevertheless who ever saw her, who ever heard her countenance a profane speech, how sharp soever, or take part with wit, to the prejudice of godliness? From this I testify her holy cheerfulness, and religious alacrity, (one of the best evidences of a good conscience,) that as she came to this place, God's house of prayer, duly, not only every Sabbath, when it is the house of other exercises, as well as of prayer, but even in those week-days, when it was only a house of prayer, as often as these doors were open for a holy convocation; and, as she ever hastened her family and her company hither, with that cheerful provocation: For God's sake let us go, for God's sake let us be there at the confession; so herself, with her whole family, (as a church in that elect lady's house, to whom John writ the second epistle) did, every Sabbath, shut up the day, at night, with a general, with a cheerful singing of psalms; this act of cheerfulness was still the last act of that family, united in itself, and with God. God loves a cheerful giver; much more, a cheerful giver of himself. Truly, he that can close his eyes, in a holy cheerfulness, every night shall meet no distempered, no inordinate, no irregular sadness, then, when God, by the hand of death, shall close his eyes at last.

But, return we again to our nevertheless; you may remember that this word, in our former part, put us first upon the consideration of scoffers at the day of judgment, and then, upon the consideration of terrors, and sad apprehensions at that day. And for her, some sicknesses, in the declination of her years, had opened her to an overflowing of melancholy; not that she ever lay under

that water, but yet had sometimes, some high tides of it; and, though this distemper would sometimes cast a cloud, and some half damps upon her natural cheerfulness and sociableness, and sometimes induce dark and sad apprehensions; nevertheless, who ever heard, or saw in her, any such effect of melancholy as to murmur, or repine, or dispute upon any of God's proceedings, or to lodge a jealousy or suspicion of his mercy and goodness towards her, and all hers? The wit of our time is profaneness; nevertheless, she, that loved that, hated this; occasional melancholy had taken some hold in her; nevertheless, that never eclipsed, never interrupted her cheerful confidence and assurance in God.

Our second word denotes the person: we, nevertheless we; and, here in this consideration, nevertheless she. This may seem to promise some picture, some character of her person. But, she was no stranger to them that hear me now; nor scarce to any that may hear of this hereafter, which you hear now, and therefore much needs not, to that purpose. Yet to that purpose, of her person, and personal circumstances, thus much I may remember some, and inform others: that from that worthy family from which she had her original extraction and birth[60], she sucked that love of hospitality, (hospitality which hath celebrated that family in many generations successively) which dwelt in her, to her end. But in that ground, her father's family, she grew not many years. Transplanted young from thence, by marriage, into another family of honour[61], as a flower that doubles and multiplies by transplantation, she multiplied into ten children, Job's number, and Job's distribution, (as she herself would very often remember) seven sons and three daughters. And in this ground she grew not many years more than were necessary for the providing of so many plants. And being then left to choose her own ground in her widowhood, having at home established and increased the estate with a fair and noble addition, proposing to herself, as her principal care, the education of her children: to advance that, she

[60] Daughter of Sir Richard, sister of Sir Francis, aunt of Sir Richard Newport, of Arcol.

[61] Richard Herbert, of Blachehall, in Montgomery, Esquire, lineally descended from that great Sir Richard Herbert, in Edward IV.'s time, and father of Lord Edward Herbert, Baron of Castle Island, late ambassador in France, and now of his majesty's council of war.

came with them, and dwelt with them in the university; and recompensed to them the loss of a father, in giving them two mothers: her own personal care, and the advantage of that place; where she contracted a friendship with divers reverend persons of eminency and estimation there, which continued to their ends. And as this was her greatest business, so she made this state a large period; for in this state of widowhood she continued twelve years. And then returning to a second marriage, that second marriage turns us to the consideration of another personal circumstance; that is, the natural endowments of her person: which were such, as that, though her virtues were his principal object, yet even these, her personal and natural endowments, had their part, in drawing and fixing the affections of such a person[61], as by his birth, and youth, and interest in great favours at court, and legal proximity to great possessions in the world, might justly have promised him acceptance, in what family soever, or upon what person soever he had directed and placed his affections. He placed them here, neither diverted then, nor repented since. For, as the well-tuning of an instrument makes higher and lower strings of one sound, so the inequality of their years was thus reduced to an evenness, that she had a cheerfulness agreeable to his youth, and he had a sober staidness conformable to her more advanced years. So that I would not consider her at so much more than forty, nor him at so much less than thirty, at that time; but, as their persons were made one, and their fortunes made one by marriage, so I would put their years into one number, and finding a sixty between them, think them thirty a-piece: for, as twins of one hour, they lived. God, who joined them then, having also separated them now, may make their years even, this other way too: by giving him as many years after her going out of this world, as he had given her, before his coming into it; and then, as many more as God may receive glory, and the world benefit, by that addition; that so, as at their first meeting she was, at their last meeting he may be, the elder person.

To this consideration of her person then belongs this, that God gave her such a comeliness as, though she were not proud

[61] Sir John Danvers, only brother to the Earl of Danby.

of it, yet she was so content with it, as not to go about to mend it by any art. And for her attire (which is another personal circumstance), it was never sumptuous, never sordid; but always agreeable to her quality, and agreeable to her company; such as she might, and such, as others such as she was, did wear. For in such things of indifferency in themselves, many times a singularity may be a little worse, than a fellowship in that which is not altogether so good. It may be worse, nay, it may be a worse pride, to wear worse things than others do. Her rule was mediocrity.

And as to the consideration of the house belongs the consideration of the furniture too, so in these personal circumstances, we consider her fortune, her estate, which was in a fair and noble proportion, derived from her first husband and family, and nobly dispensed, by herself, with the allowance of her second. In which she was one of God's true stewards, and almoners too. There are dispositions, which had rather give presents than pay debts; and rather do good to strangers, than to those that are nearer to them. But she always thought the care of her family a debt, and upon that, for the provision, for the order, for the proportions in a good largeness, she placed her first thoughts of that kind. For, for our families, we are God's stewards; for those without, we are his almoners. In which office, she gave not at some great days or some solemn goings abroad, but, as God's true almoners, the sun and moon, that pass on, in a continual doing of good, as she received her daily bread from God, so, daily, she distributed and imparted it to others. In which office, though she never turned her face from those who, in a strict inquisition, might be called idle and vagrant beggars; yet she ever looked first upon them who laboured, and whose labours could not overcome the difficulties, nor bring in the necessities of this life; and to the sweat of their brows, she contributed even her wine, and her oil, and anything that was, and anything that might be, if it were not, prepared for her own table. And as her house was a court, in the conversation of the best, and an alms-house, in feeding the poor; so was it also an hospital, in ministering relief to the sick. And truly, the love of doing good in this kind, of ministering to the sick, was the

honey that was spread over all her bread; the air, the perfume that breathed over all her house; the disposition that dwelt in those her children, and those her kindred which dwelt with her, so bending this way, that the studies and knowledge of one, the hand of another, and purse of all, and a joint-faculty and openness, and accessibleness to persons of the meanest quality, concurred in this blessed act of charity, to minister relief to the sick. Of which, myself, who, at that time, had the favour to be admitted into that family, can, and must testify this, that when the late heavy visitation fell hotly upon this town, when every door was shut up, and lest death should enter into the house, every house was made a sepulchre of them that were in it, then, then, in that time of infection divers persons visited with that infection, hath their relief, and relief applicable to that very infection, from this house.

Now when I have said thus much, (rather thus little) of her person, as of her house, that the ground upon which it was built, was the family where she was born, and then, where she was married, and then, the time of her widowhood, and lastly, her last marriage, and that the house itself, was those fair bodily endowments, which God had bestowed upon her, and the furniture of that house, the fortune, and the use of that fortune, of which God had made her steward and almoner, when I shall also have said, that the inhabitants of this house, (rather the servants, for they did but wait upon religion in her) were those married couples, of moral virtues, conversation married with a retiredness, facility married with a reservedness, alacrity married with a thoughtfulness, and largeness married with a providence, I may have leave to depart from this consideration of her person, and personal circumstances, lest by insisting longer upon them, I should seem to pretend, to say all the good, that might be said of her; but that is not in my purpose; yet, only therefore, because it is not in my power; for I would do her all right, and all you that good, if I could, to say all. But, I haste to an end, in consideration of some things, that appertain more expressly to me, than these personal, or civil, or moral things do.

In these the next is, the *secundum promissa*, that she governed herself, according to his promises; his promises, laid down in his

Scriptures. For, as the rule of all her civil actions, was religion, so, the rule of her religion, was the Scripture; and, her rule, for her particular understanding of the Scripture, was the church. She never diverted towards the papist, in undervaluing the Scripture; nor towards the separatist, in undervaluing the church. But in the doctrine, and discipline of that church, in which, God sealed her to himself in baptism, she brought up her children, she assisted her family, she dedicated her soul to God in her life, and surrendered it to him in her death; and, in that form of common prayer, which is ordained by that church, and to which she had accustomed herself, with her family, twice every day, she joined with that company, which was about her death-bed, in answering to every part thereof, which the congregation is directed to answer to, with a clear understanding, with a constant memory, with a distinct voice, not two hours before she died. According to this promise, that is, the will of God manifested in the Scriptures, she expected, she expected this, that she hath received, God's physic, and God's music; a Christianly death. For, death in the Old Testament was a communication; but in the New Testament, death is a promise. When there was a super-dying, a death upon the death, a *morte* upon the *morieris*, a spiritual death after the bodily, then we died according to God's threatening; now, when by the Gospel, that second death is taken off, though we die still, yet we die according to his promise, that is a part of his mercy, and his promise, which his apostle gives us from him, that we shall all be changed[63]; for, after that promise, that change, follows that triumphant acclamation, O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory? Consider us fallen in Adam, and we are miserable, that we must die; but consider us restored, and redintegrated in Christ, we were more miserable if we might not die; we lost the earthly paradise by death then; but we get not heaven but by death, now. This she expected till it came, and embraced it when it came. How may we think, she was joyed to see that face, that angels delight to look upon, the face of her Saviour, that did not abhor the face of her faithfulest messenger, death! She showed no fear of his face, in any change of her

[63] 1 Cor. xv. 51.

own; but died without any change of countenance, or posture; without any struggling, any disorder; but her death-bed was as quiet, as her grave. To another Magdalen, Christ said upon earth, Touch me not, for I am not ascended. Being ascended now, to his glory, and she being gone up to him, after she had awaited her leisure, so many years, as that more, would soon have grown to be vexation and sorrow, as her last words here, were, I submit my will to the will of God; so we doubt not, but the first word which she heard there, was that *euge*, from her Saviour, Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into thy Master's joy.

She expected that; dissolution of body, and soul; and rest in both, from the incumbrances, and tentations of this world. But yet, she is in expectation still; still a reversionary; and a reversionary upon a long life; the whole world must die, before she come to a possession of this reversion; which is a glorified body in the resurrection. In which expectation, she returns to her former charity; she will not have that, till all we shall have it, as well as she; she ate not her morsels alone, in her life, (as Job speaks [64]) she looks not for the glory of the resurrection alone, after her death. But when all we shall have been mellowed in the earth, many years, or changed in the air, in the twinkling of an eye, (God knows which) that body upon which you tread now, that body which now, whilst I speak, is mouldering, and crumbling into less, and less dust, and so hath some motion, though no life, that body, which was the tabernacle of a holy soul, and a temple of the Holy Ghost, that body that was eyes to the blind, and hands and feet to the lame, whilst it lived, and being dead, is so still, by having been so lively an example, to teach others, to be so, that body at last, shall have her last expectation satisfied, and dwell bodily, with that righteousness, in these new heavens, and new earth, for ever, and ever, and ever, and infinite, and super-infinite evers. We end all, with the valediction of the spouse to Christ: His left hand is under my head, and his right embraces me [65], was the spouse's valediction, and good night to Christ then, when she laid herself down to sleep in the strength of his mandrakes, and in the power of his

[64] Job xxxi. 17. [65] Cant. viii. 3.

spices, as it is expressed there; that is, in the influence of his mercies. Beloved, every good soul is the spouse of Christ. And this good soul, being thus laid down to sleep in his peace, his left hand under her head, gathering, and composing, and preserving her dust for future glory; his right hand embracing her, assuming, and establishing her soul in present glory, in his name, and in her behalf, I say that, to all you, which Christ says there, in the behalf of that spouse, *Adjuro vos*, I adjure you, I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye wake her not, till she please. The words are directed to the daughters, rather than to the sons of Jerusalem, because for the most part, the aspersions that women receive, either in moral or religious actions, proceed from women themselves. Therefore, *Adjuro vos*, I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, wake her not, wake her not with any half calumnies, with any whisperings, but if you will wake her, wake her, and keep her awake with an active imitation of her moral, and her holy virtues. That so her example working upon you, and the number of God's saints, being the sooner, by this blessed example, fulfilled, we may all meet, and meet quickly in that kingdom, which hers, and our Saviour's, hath purchased for us all, with the inestimable price, of his incorruptible blood. To which glorious Son of God[66]. &c.

[66] At the end of this sermon in the old edition, 12mo, 1627, follows a collection of verses on the death of his mother, by George Herbert.

SERMON CLVIII[1].

PREACHED AT WHITEHALL.

PSALM LXVIII. 20.

And unto God the Lord, belong the issues of death (from death).

BUILDINGS stand by the benefit of their foundations that sustain them, support them; and of their buttresses that comprehend them, embrace them; and of their contingations that knit and unite them. The foundation suffers them not to sink; the buttresses suffer them not to swerve; the contignation and knitting, suffer them not to cleave. The body of our building is in the former part of this verse; it is this; *He that is our God, is the God of salvation; ad salutes*, of salvations in the plural, so it is in the original; the God that gives us spiritual and temporal salvation too. But of this building, the foundation, the buttresses, the contignation are in this part of the verse, which

[1] Before that month ended (January 1630,) he was appointed to preach upon his old constant day, the first Friday in Lent (February 12, Ed.); he had notice of it, and had in his sickness so prepared for that employment, that as he had long thirsted for it, so he resolved his weakness should not hinder his journey; he came, therefore, to London some few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither, many of his friends (who with much sorrow saw his sickness had left him but so much flesh as did only cover his bones), doubted his strength to perform that task, and did therefore dissuade him from it, assuring him, however, it was likely to shorten his life; but he passionately denied their requests, saying, "He would not doubt that that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment, professing a holy ambition to perform that sacred work." And when, to the amazement of some beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself, not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body and a dying face. And doubtless many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel (chap. XXXVIII. 3), "Do these bones live? or, can that soul organize that tongue to speak so long time as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre, and measure out an hour of this dying man's unspent life? Doubtless it cannot." And yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying; the text being, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death." / Many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own funeral sermon.—WALTON. [It was preached before the king, at Whitehall.—ED.]

constitutes our text, and in the three diverse acceptations of the words amongst our expositors, *Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death.* For, first the foundation of this building, (that our God is the God of all salvation) is laid in this, *That unto this God the Lord belong the issues of death;* that is, it is his power to give us an issue and deliverance, even then when we are brought to the jaws and teeth of death, and to the lips of that whirlpool, the grave; and so in this acceptation, this *exitus mortis*, this issue of death is *liberatio à morte*, a deliverance from death; and this is the most obvious, and most ordinary acceptation of these words, and that upon which our translation lays hold, *the issues from death.* And then, secondly, the buttresses, that comprehend and settle this building; that *He that is our God is the God of salvation*, are thus raised; *Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death*, that is, the disposition and manner of our death, what kind of issue, and transmigration we shall have out of this world, whether prepared or sudden, whether violent or natural, whether in our perfect senses, or shaked and disordered by sickness; there is no condemnation to be argued out of that, no judgment to be made upon that, for howsoever they die, *precious in his sight, is the death of his saints*, and with him are the issues of death, the ways of our departing out of this life, are in his hands; and so, in this sense of the words, this *exitus mortis*, the issue of death, is *liberatio in morte*, a deliverance in death; not that God will deliver us from dying, but that he will have a care of us in the hour of death, of what kind soever our passage be; and this sense, and acceptation of the words, the natural frame and contexture doth well and pregnantly administer unto us. And then lastly, the contignation and knitting of this building, that *He that is our God, is the God of all salvation*, consists in this, *Unto this God the Lord belong the issues of death*, that is, that this God the Lord, having united and knit both natures in one, and being God, having also come into this world, in our flesh, he could have no other means to save us, he could have no other issue out of this world, nor return to his former glory, but by death. And so in this sense, this *exitus mortis*, the issue of death, is *liberatio per mortem*, a deliverance by death, by the death of this God our Lord, Christ Jesus; and this is St. Augus-

tine's acceptation of the words, and those many and great persons, that have adhered to him. In all these three lines then, we shall look upon these words; first, as the God of power, the Almighty Father, rescues his servants from the jaws of death; and then, as the God of mercy, the glorious Son, rescued us, by taking upon himself the issue of death; and then, (between these two,) as the God of comfort, the Holy Ghost, rescues us from all discomfort by his blessed impressions beforehand, that what manner of death soever be ordained for us, yet this *exitus mortis*, shall be *introitus in vitam*, our issue in death, shall be an entrance into everlasting life. And these three considerations, our deliverance *à morte*, *in morte*, *per mortem*, from death, in death, and by death, will abundantly do all the offices of the foundation, of the buttresses, of the contignation of this our building, that *He that is our God, is the God of all salvation*, because *Unto this God the Lord belong the issues of death.*

First then, we consider this *exitus mortis*, to be *liberatio à morte;* that with *God the Lord are the issues of death*, and therefore in all our deaths, and deadly calamities of this life, we may justly hope of a good issue from him; and all our periods and transitions in this life, are so many passages from death to death. Our very birth, and entrance into this life, is *exitus à morte*, an issue from death; for in our mother's womb, we are dead so, as that we do not know we live; not so much as we do in our sleep; neither is there any grave so close, or so putrid a prison, as the womb would be to us, if we stayed in it beyond our time, or died there, before our time. In the grave the worms do not kill us: we breed and feed, and then kill those worms, which we ourselves produced. In the womb the dead child kills the mother that conceived it, and is a murderer, nay a parricide, even after it is dead. And if we be not dead so in the womb, so, as that being dead, we kill her that gave us our first life, our life of vegetation, yet we are dead so as David's idols are dead; in the womb, we have eyes and see not, ears and hear not[s]. There in the womb we are fitted for works of darkness, all the while deprived of light; and there, in the womb, we are taught cruelty, by being fed with blood; and may be damned though we be never born.

[s] Psalm cxv. 6.

Of our very making in the womb, David says, *I am wonderfully and fearfully made*[3], and *Such knowledge is too excellent for me*[4]; for, *Even that is the Lord's doing, and it is wonderful in our eyes*[5], *Ipse fecit nos, It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves*[6], no, nor our parents neither. *Thy hands have made me, and fashioned me round about*, says Job[7]; and, (as the original word is) *Thou hast taken pains about me;* and yet says he, *Thou dost destroy me:* though I be the master-piece of the greatest Master, (man is so) yet if thou do no more for me, if thou leave me where thou madest me, destruction will follow. The womb, which should be the house of life, becomes death itself, if God leave us there. That which God threatens so often, the shutting of the womb, is not so heavy nor so discomfortable a curse, in the first as in the latter shutting; not in the shutting of barrenness, as in the shutting of weakness, when children are come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth[8]. It is the exaltation of misery, to fall from a near hope of happiness. And in that vehement imprecation the prophet expresses the height of God's anger, *Give them, O Lord, what wilt thou give them? Give them a miscarrying womb*[9]. Therefore as soon as we are men, (that is, inanimated, quickened in the womb) though we cannot ourselves, our parents have reason to say in our behalf, *Wretched man that he is, who shall deliver him from this body of death*[10]? For, even the womb is the body of death, if there be no deliverer. It must be he that said to Jeremy, *Before I formed thee I knew thee, and before thou camest out of the womb I sanctified thee*[11]. We are not sure that there was no kind of ship nor boat to fish in, nor to pass by, till God prescribed Noah that absolute form of the ark; that word which the Holy Ghost by Moses, uses for the ark, is common to all kinds of boats, *thebah*[12]; and is the same word that Moses uses for the boat that he was exposed in[13], that his mother laid him in an ark of bulrushes. But we are sure that Eve had no midwife when she was delivered of Cain; therefore she might well say, *Possedi virum à Domino*[14], I have gotten a man from

[3] Psalm cxxxix. 14.
[4] Psalm cxxxix. 6.
[5] Psalm cxviii. 23.
[6] Psalm c. 3.
[7] Job x. 8.
[8] Isaiah xxxvii. 3.
[9] Hosea ix. 14.
[10] Rom. vii. 24.
[11] Jer. i. v.
[12] תֵּבָה
[13] Exod. ii. 3.
[14] Gen. iv. 1.

the Lord; wholly, entirely from the Lord: it is the Lord that hath enabled me to conceive, the Lord hath infused a quickening soul into that conception, the Lord hath brought into the world that which himself had quickened; without all this might Eve say, my body had been but the house of death, and *Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis*, To God the Lord belong the issues of death.

But then this *exitus à morte*, is but *introitus in mortem;* this issue, this deliverance from that death, the death of the womb, is an entrance, a delivering over to another death, the manifold deaths of this world. We have a winding-sheet in our mother's womb, that grows with us from our conception, and we come into the world wound up in that winding-sheet; for we come to seek a grave. And, as prisoners, discharged of actions, may lie for fees, so when the womb hath discharged us, yet we are bound to it by cords of flesh, by such a string, as that we cannot go thence, nor stay there. We celebrate our own funeral with cries, even at our birth, as though our threescore and ten years of life were spent in our mother's labour, and our circle made up in the first point thereof. We beg one baptism with another, a sacrament of tears; and we come into a world that lasts many ages, but we last not. *In domo Patris*, (says our blessed Saviour, speaking of heaven) *multæ mansiones*[15], There are many, and mansions, divers and durable; so that if a man cannot possess a martyr's house, (he hath shed no blood for Christ) yet he may have a confessor's; he hath been ready to glorify God, in the shedding of his blood. And if a woman cannot possess a virgin's house, (she hath embraced the holy state of marriage) yet she may have a matron's house; she hath brought forth, and brought up children in the fear of God. *In domo Patris*, In my Father's house, in heaven, there are many mansions, but here upon earth, *The Son of man hath not where to lay his head*[16], says he himself. No? *terram dedit filiis hominum.* How then hath God given this earth to the sons of men? He hath given them earth for their materials, to be made of earth; and he hath given them earth for their grave and sepulture, to return and resolve to earth; but not for their possession. *Here we have no continuing city*[17]; nay, no

[15] John xiv. 2. [16] Matt. viii. 20. [17] Heb. xiii. 14.

cottage that continues; nay, no we, no persons, no bodies that continue. Whatsoever moved St. Hierome to call the journeys of the Israelites in the wilderness, mansions, the word[18], (the word is *nasang*[19]) signifies but a journey, but a peregrination: even the Israel of God hath no mansions, but journeys, pilgrimages in this life. By that measure did Jacob measure his life to Pharaoh, *The days of the years of my pilgrimage*[20]. And though the apostle would not say, *Morimur*, That whilst we are in the body, we are dead, yet he says, *Peregrinamur*, Whilst we are in the body, we are but in a pilgrimage, and we are absent from the Lord[21]. He might have said dead; for this whole world is but an universal churchyard, but one common grave; and the life and motion, that the greatest persons have in it, is but as the shaking of buried bodies in their graves by an earthquake. That which we call life, is but *hebdomada mortium*, a week of deaths, seven days, seven periods of our life spent in dying; a dying seven times over, and there is an end. Our birth dies in infancy, and our infancy dies in youth, and youth, and the rest die in age; and age also dies, and determines all. Nor do all these, youth out of infancy, or age out of youth, arise so, as a phœnix out of the ashes of another phœnix formerly dead, but as a wasp, or a serpent out of carrion, or as a snake out of dung; our youth is worse than our infancy, and our age worse than our youth; our youth is hungry and thirsty after those sins which our infancy knew not, and our age is sorry and angry that it cannot pursue those sins which our youth did. And besides, all the way so many deaths, that is, so many deadly calamities accompany every condition, and every period of this life, as that death itself would be an ease to them that suffer them. Upon this sense does Job wish that God had not given him an issue from the first death, from the womb; *Wherefore hast thou brought me forth out of the womb? O that I had given up the ghost, and no eye had seen me; I should have been, as though I had not been*[22].

[18] Exod. xvii. 1.

[19] נָסַע, vulsit, evellit—castra movit, (ab evellendis tentorii paxillis); hence נִיסַּע, iter.—Ed.

[20] Gen. xlvii. 9. [21] 2 Cor. v. 6. [22] Job x. 18, 19.

And not only the impatient Israelites in their murmuring, (*Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord, in the land of Egypt*[23],) but Elijah himself, when he fled from Jezebel, and went for his life, as that text says, under the juniper-tree, requested that he might die, and said, *It is enough, now O Lord take away my life*[24]. So Jonah justifies his impatience, nay his anger towards God himself; *Now O Lord take I beseech thee my life from me, for it is better for me to die, than to live*[25]. And when God asked him, *Dost thou well to be angry for this?* and after, (about the gourd) *Dost thou well to be angry for that?* he replies, *I do well to be angry even unto death.* How much worse a death, than death, is this life, which so good men would so often change for death. But if my case be St. Paul's case, *Quotidie morior*[26], That I die daily, that something heavier than death fall upon me every day; if my case be David's case, *Tota die mortificamur*[27], All the day long we are killed, that not only every day, but every hour of the day, something heavier than death falls upon me: though that be true of me, *Conceptus in peccatis*, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me[28], (there I died one death) though that be true of me, *Natus filius iræ*, I was born, not only the child of sin, but the child of the wrath of God for sin, which is a heavier death, yet *Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis*, With God the Lord are the issues of death; and after a Job, and a Joseph, and a Jeremy, and a Daniel, I cannot doubt of a deliverance; and if no other deliverance conduce more to his glory, and my good, yet, *He hath the keys of death*[29], and he can let me out at that door, that is, deliver me from the manifold deaths of this world, the *omni die*, and the *tota die*, the every day's death, and every hour's death, by that one death, the final dissolution of body and soul, the end of all.

But then, is that the end of all? Is that dissolution of body and soul, the last death that the body shall suffer? (for of spiritual deaths we speak not now;) it is not. Though this be *exitus à morte*, it is *introitus in mortem;* though it be an issue from the manifold deaths of this world, yet it is an entrance into the death

[23] Exod. xvi. 3. [24] 1 Kings xix. 4. [25] Jonah iv. 3. [26] 1 Cor. xv. 3.
[27] Psalm xliv. 22. [28] Psalm li. 5. [29] Rev. i. 18.

of corruption, and putrefaction, and vermiculation, and incineration, and dispersion in, and from the grave, in which every dead man dies over again. It was a prerogative peculiar to Christ, not to die this death, not to see corruption. What gave him this privilege? Not Joseph's great proportions of gums and spices, that might have preserved his body from corruption and incineration, longer than he needed it, longer than three days; but yet would not have done it for ever. What preserved him then? Did his exemption, and freedom from original sin, preserve him from this corruption and incineration? It is true, that original sin hath induced this corruption and incineration upon us. If we had not sinned in Adam, mortality had not put on immortality, (as the apostle speaks[30]) nor corruption had not put on incorruption, but we had had our transmigration from this to the other world, without any mortality, any corruption at all. But yet since Christ took sin upon him, so far as made him mortal, he had it so far too, as might have made him see this corruption and incineration, though he had no original sin in himself. What preserved him then? Did the hypostatical union of both natures, God and man, preserve his flesh from this corruption, this incineration? it is true, that this was a most powerful embalming: to be embalmed with the divine nature itself, to be embalmed with eternity, was able to preserve him from corruption and incineration for ever: and he was embalmed so, embalmed with the divine nature, even in his body, as well as in his soul; for the Godhead, the divine nature, did not depart, but remain still united to his dead body in the grave. But yet for all this powerful embalming, this hypostatical union of both natures, we see, Christ did die; and for all this union which made him God and man, he became no man, for the union of body and soul makes the man, and he, whose soul and body are separated by death, (as long as that state lasts) is, (properly) no man. And therefore as in him, the dissolution of body and soul was no dissolution of the hypostatical union, so is there nothing that constrains us to say, that though the flesh of Christ had seen corruption and incineration in the grave, this had been any dissolving of the hypostatical union; for the divine nature, the Godhead, might have remained

[30] 1 Cor. xv. 53.

with all the elements and principles of Christ's body, as well as it did with the two constitutive parts of his person, his body and soul. This incorruption then was not in Joseph's gums and spices; nor was it in Christ's innocency and exemption from original sin; nor was it, (that is, it is not necessary to say it was) in the hypostatical union. But this incorruptibleness of his flesh, is most conveniently placed in that, *Non dabis, Thou wilt not suffer thy Holy One to see corruption*[31]. We look no further for causes or reasons in the mysteries of our religion, but to the will and pleasure of God. Christ himself limited his inquisition in that; *Ita est*, Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight[32]. Christ's body did not see corruption, therefore, because God had decreed that it should not. The humble soul, (and only the humble soul is the religious soul) rests himself upon God's purposes, and his decrees; but then, it is upon those purposes, and decrees of God, which he hath declared and manifested; not such as are conceived and imagined in ourselves, though upon some probability, some verisimilitude. So, in our present case, Peter proceeded in his sermon at Jerusalem[33], and so Paul in his at Antioch; they preached Christ to be risen without having seen corruption, not only because God had decreed it, but because he had manifested that decree in his prophet. Therefore does St. Paul cite by special number the second Psalm for that decree, and therefore both St. Peter and St. Paul cite that place in the sixteenth Psalm; for, when God declares his decree and purpose in the express word of his prophet, or when he declares it in the real execution of the decree, then he makes it ours, then he manifests it to us. And therefore as the mysteries of our religion are not the objects of our reason, but by faith we rest in God's decree and purpose, (it is so, O God, because it is thy will it should be so) so God's decrees are ever to be considered in the manifestation thereof. All manifestation is either in the Word of God, or in the execution of the decree; and when these two concur and meet, it is the strongest demonstration that can be: when therefore I find those marks of adoption, and spiritual filiation, which are delivered in the Word of God, to be upon me; when I find that

[31] Psalm xvi. 10. [32] Matt. xi. 26. [33] Acts ii. 31; xiii. 35.

real execution of his good purpose upon me, as that actually I do live under the obedience, and under the conditions which are evidences of adoption and spiritual filiation, then, and so long as I see these marks, and live so, I may safely comfort myself in a holy certitude, and a modest infallibility of my adoption. Christ determines himself in that, the purpose of God; because the purpose of God was manifest to him: St. Peter and St. Paul determine themselves in those two ways of knowing the purpose of God, the Word of God before the execution of the decree in the fulness of time. It was prophesied before, said they, and it is performed now; Christ is risen without seeing corruption.

Now this which is so singularly peculiar to him, that his flesh should not see corruption, at his second coming, his coming to judgment, shall be extended to all that are then alive, their flesh shall not see corruption; because (as the apostle says, and says as a secret, as a mystery, (*Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep,*) that is, not continue in the state of the dead in the grave) *but we shall all be changed*[34]. In an instant we shall have a dissolution, and in the same instant a redintegration, a recompacting of body and soul; and that shall be truly a death, and truly a resurrection, but no sleeping, no corruption. But for us, who die now, and sleep in the state of the dead, we must all pass this posthume death, this death after death, nay this death after burial, this dissolution after dissolution, this death of corrruption and putrefaction, of vermiculation and incineration, of dissolution and dispersion, in, and from the grave. When those bodies which have been the children of royal parents, and the parents of royal children, must say with Job, *To corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister*[35]. Miserable riddle, when the same worm must be my mother, and my sister, and myself. Miserable incest, when I must be married to mine own mother and sister, and be both father and mother, to mine own mother and sister, beget and bear that worm, which is all that miserable penury, when my mouth shall be filled with dust, and the worm shall feed, and feed sweetly upon me[36]. When the ambitious man shall have no satisfaction if the poorest alive tread upon him, nor the poorest receive any contentment,

[34] 1 Cor. xv. 51. [35] Job xvii. 14. [36] Job xxiv. 20.

in being made equal to princes, for they shall be equal but in dust[37]. One dieth at his full strength, being wholly at ease, and in quiet, and another dies in the bitterness of his soul, and never eats with pleasure; but they lie down alike in the dust, and the worm covers them[38]. The worm covers them in Job, and in Esay, it covers them, and is spread under them, (the worm is spread under thee, and the worm covers thee). There is the mats and the carpet that lie under; and there is the state and the canopy that hangs over the greatest of the sons of men. Even those bodies that were the temples of the Holy Ghost, come to this dilapidation, to ruin, to rubbish, to dust: even the Israel of the Lord, and Jacob himself had no other specification, no other denomination but that, *Vermis Jacob*, Thou worm Jacob[39]. Truly, the consideration of this posthume death, this death after burial, that after God, with whom are the issues of death, hath delivered me from the death of the womb, by bringing me into the world, and from the manifold deaths of the world, by laying me in the grave, I must die again, in an incineration of this flesh, and in a dispersion of that dust; that all that monarch that spread over many nations alive, must in his dust lie in a corner of that sheet of lead, and there but so long as the lead will last: and that private and retired man, that thought himself his own for ever, and never came forth, must in his dust of the grave be published, and, (such are the revolutions of graves) be mingled in his dust, with the dust of every highway, and of every dunghill, and swallowed in every puddle and pond; this is the most inglorious and contemptible vilification, the most deadly and peremptory nullification of man, that we can consider. God seems to have carried the declaration of his power to a great height, when he sets the prophet Ezekiel, in the valley of dry bones, and says, *Son of man can these bones live*[40]? as though it had been impossible; and yet they did; the Lord laid sinews upon them, and flesh, and breathed into them, and they did live. But in that case there were bones to be seen; something visible, of which it might be said, Can this, this live? but in this death of incineration and dispersion of dust, we see nothing

[37] Job xxiii. 24. [38] Job xxiv. 11.
[39] Isaiah xli. 14. [40] Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

that we can call that man's. If we say, Can this dust live? perchance it cannot. It may be the mere dust of the earth which never did live, nor shall; it may be the dust of that man's worms which did live, but shall no more; it may be the dust of another man that concerns not him of whom it is asked. This death of incineration and dispersion is to natural reason the most irrecoverable death of all; and yet *Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis, Unto God the Lord bolong the issues of death*, and by recompacting this dust into the same body, and re-inanimating the same body with the same soul, he shall in a blessed and glorious resurrection, give me such an issue from this death, as shall never pass into any other death, but establish me in a life, that shall last as long as the Lord of life himself. And so have you that that belongs to the first acceptation of these words, (*Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death*) that though from the womb to the grave, and in the grave itself, we pass from death to death, yet, as Daniel speaks, The Lord our God is able to deliver us, and he will deliver us. And so we pass to our second accommodation of these words (*Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death*) that it belongs to God, and not to man, to pass a judgment upon us at our death, or to conclude a dereliction on God's part, upon the manner thereof.

Those indications which physicians receive, and those presagitions which they give for death or recovery in the patient, they receive, and they give, out of the grounds and rules of their art: but we have no such rule or art to ground a presagition of spiritual death, and damnation upon any such indication as we see in any dying man: we see often enough to be sorry, but not to despair; for the mercies of God work momentanely, in minutes; and many times insensibly to by-standers, or any other than the party departing, and we may be deceived both ways: we use to comfort ourselves in the death of a friend, if it be testified that he went away like a lamb, that is, but with any reluctation; but God knows, that may have been accompanied with a dangerous damp and stupefaction, and insensibility of his present state. Our blessed Saviour admitted colluctations with death, and a sadness even in his soul to death, and an agony even to a bloody sweat in his body, and expostulations with God, and exclama-

tions upon the cross. He was a devout man, who upon his death-bed, or death-turf (for he was a hermit) said, *Septuaginta annis Domino servivisti, et mori times*[41]? Hast thou served a good Master threescore and ten years, and now art thou loth to go into his presence? yet Hilarion was loth. He was a devout man (a hermit[42]) that said that day that he died, *Cogitate hodie cœpisse servire Domino, et hodie finiturum*, Consider this to be the first day's service that ever thou didst thy Master, to glorify him in a Christianly and constant death; and, if thy first day be thy last day too, how soon dost thou come to receive thy wages; yet Barlaam could have been content to have stayed longer for it; make no ill conclusion upon any man's lothness to die. And then, upon violent deaths inflicted, as upon malefactors, Christ himself hath forbidden us by his own death to make any ill conclusion; for his own death had those impressions in it; he was reputed, he was executed as a malefactor, and no doubt many of them who concurred to his death, did believe him to be so. Of sudden deaths there are scarce examples, to be found in the Scriptures, upon good men; for death in battle cannot be called sudden death: but God governs not by examples, but by rules; and therefore make no ill conclusions upon sudden death; nor upon distempers neither, though perchance accompanied with some words of diffidence and distrust in the mercies of God. The tree lies as it falls; it is true; but yet it is not the last stroke that fells the tree; nor the last word, nor last gasp that qualifies the soul. Still pray we for a peaceable life, against violent deaths, and for time of repentance against sudden deaths, and for sober and modest assurance against distempered and diffident deaths, but never make ill conclusion upon persons overtaken with such deaths. *Domini, Domini sunt exitus mortis*, To God the Lord belong the issues of death, and he received Samson, who went out of this world in such a manner (consider it actively, consider it passively; in his own death, and in those whom he slew with himself) as was subject to interpretation hard enough; yet the Holy Ghost hath moved St. Paul to celebrate Samson, in his great catalogue[43], and so doth all the church.

[41] Hilarion. [42] Barlaam. [43] Heb. xi.

Our critical day is not the very day of our death, but the whole course of our life: I thank him, that prays for me when my bell tolls; but I thank him much more, that catechises me, or preaches to me, or instructs me how to live, *fac hoc et vives*, there is my security; the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, *Do this and thou shalt live.* But though I do it yet I shall die too, die a bodily, a natural death; but God never mentions, never seems to consider that death, the bodily, the natural death. God doth not say, Live well, and thou shalt die well; well, that is an easy, a quiet death; but live well here, and thou shalt live well for ever. As the first part of a sentence pieces well with the last, and never respects, never hearkens after the parenthesis that comes between, so doth a good life here, flow into an eternal life, without any consideration what manner of death we die. But whether the gate of my prison be opened with an oiled key (by a gentle and preparing sickness) or the gate be hewed down, by a violent death, or the gate be burnt down by a raging and frantic fever; a gate into heaven I shall have; for, from the Lord is the course of my life, and with God the Lord are the issues of death; and farther we carry not this second acceptation of the words, as this issue of death is *liberatio in morte*, God's care that the soul be safe, what agony soever the body suffer in the hour of death; but pass to our third and last part; as this issue of death is *liberatio per mortem*, a deliverance by the death of another, by the death of Christ.

Sufferentiam Job audiistis et vidistis finem Domini, says St. James v. 11. You have heard of the patience of Job, says he; all this while you have done that: for in every man, calamitous, miserable man, a Job speaks. *Now see the end of the Lord*, saith that apostle, which is not that end which the Lord proposed to himself (salvation to us) nor the end which he proposes to us (conformity to him) but, *See the end of the Lord*, says he, the end that the Lord himself came to, death, and a painful, and a shameful death. But why did he die? and why die so? *Quia Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis* (as St. Augustine interpreting this text, answers that question[u]) because to this God our Lord belonged these issues of death; *Quid apertius*

[u] De Civit. Dei l. 17; c. xviii.

diceretur? says he there; What can be more obvious, more manifest, than this sense of these words? In the former part of the verse it is said, *He that is our God is the God of salvation; Deus salvos faciendi*, so he reads it, The God that must save us; Who can that be, saith he, but Jesus? For therefore that name was given him, because he was to save us[45]: And to this Jesus, saith he, this Saviour, belongs the issues of death, *Nec oportuit cum de hac vita alios exitus habere, quam mortis*, Being come into this life in our mortal nature, he could not go out of it any other way than by death. *Ideo dictum* (saith he) therefore it is said, *To God the Lord belong the issues of death; Ut ostenderetur moriendo nos salvos facturum*, to show that his way to save us, was to die. And from this text doth St. Isidore prove, that Christ was truly man (which as many sects of heretics denied, as that he was truly God) because to him, though he were *Dominus Dominus* (as the text doubles it) God the Lord, yet to him, to God the Lord belonged the issues of death. *Oportuit cum pati*, more cannot be said, than Christ himself saith of himself, *These things Christ ought to suffer*[46]; he had no other way but by death. So then, this part of our sermon must necessarily be a passion sermon, since all his life was a continual passion, all our Lent may well be a continual good-Friday; Christ's painful life took off none of the pains of his death; he felt not the less then, for having felt so much before; nor will anything that shall be said before, lessen, but rather enlarge your devotion to that which shall be said of his passion, at the time of the due solemnization thereof. Christ bled not a drop the less at last, for having bled at his circumcision before, nor will you shed a tear the less then, if you shed some now. And therefore be now content to consider with me, how to this *God the Lord belonged the issues of death.*

That God the Lord, the Lord of life could die, is a strange contemplation; that the Red Sea could be dry[47]; that the sun could stand still[48]; that an oven could be seven times heat and not burn; that lions could be hungry and not bite, is strange, miraculously strange; but super-miraculous, that God could die:

[45] Matt. i. 21. [46] Luke xxiv. 26.
[47] Exod. xiv. 21. [48] Josh. x. 12.

but that God would die, is an exaltation of that; but, even of that also, it is a super-exaltation, that God should die, must die; and *non exitus* (saith St. Augustine) God the Lord had no issue but by death, and *oportuit pati* (saith Christ himself) all this Christ ought to suffer, was bound to suffer. *Deus ultionum Deus*, saith David, God is the God of revenges; he would not pass over the sin of man unrevenged, unpunished. But then, *Deus ultionum libere egit* (says that place) The God of revenges works freely; he punishes, he spares whom he will; and would he not spare himself? He would not. *Dilectio fortis ut mors*[49], Love is as strong as death; stronger; it drew in death, that naturally was not welcome. *Si possibile* (saith Christ) *If it be possible let this cup pass*, when his love, expressed in a former decree with his Father, had made it impossible. Many waters quench not love; Christ tried many; he was baptized out of his love, and his love determined not there; he wept over Jerusalem out of his love, and his love determined not there; he mingled blood with water in his agony, and that determined not his love; he wept pure blood, all his blood, at all his eyes, at all his pores; in his flagellations, and thorns; to the Lord our God belonged the issues of blood; and these expressed, but these did not quench his love.

He would not spare, nay, he would not spare himself; there was nothing more free, more voluntary, more spontaneous than the death of Christ; it is true, *libere egit*, he died voluntarily; but yet, when we consider the contract that had passed between his Father and him, there was an *oportuit*, a kind of necessity upon him: all this Christ ought to suffer. And when shall we date this obligation, this *oportuit*, this necessity, when shall we say it began? Certainly this decree by which Christ was to suffer all this, was an eternal decree; and was there anything before that that was eternal? Infinite love, eternal love; be pleased to follow this home, and to consider it seriously, that what liberty soever we can conceive in Christ to die, or not to die, this necessity of dying, this decree is as eternal as that liberty; and yet how small a matter made he of this necessity, and this dying? His Father calls it but a bruise, and but a bruising of his heel (*The serpent*

[49] Cant. viii. 6.

shall bruise his heel[50]) and yet that was, that the serpent should practise and compass his death. Himself calls it but a baptism, as though he were to be the better for it; *I have a baptism to be baptized with*[51]; and he was in pain till it was accomplished; and yet this baptism was his death. The Holy Ghost calls it joy; (*For the joy which was set before him he endured the cross*[52]) which was not a joy of his reward after his passion, but a joy that filled him even in the midst of those torments, and arose from them. When Christ calls his passion *calicem*, a cup, and no worse, (*Can ye drink of my cup*[53],) he speaks not odiously, not with detestation of it; indeed it was a cup; *salus mundo*, a health to all the world; and *quid retribuem*, says David, *What shall I render unto the Lord*[54]? Answer you with David, *Accipiam calicem*, I will take the cup of salvation. Take that, that cup of salvation his passion, if not into your present imitation, yet into your present contemplation, and behold how that Lord who was God yet could die, would die, must die for your salvation.

That Moses and Elias talked with Christ in the transfiguration both St. Matthew[55] and St. Mark[56] tell us; but what they talked of, only St. Luke[57]; *Dicebant excessum ejus*, says he; they talked of his decease, of his death, which was to be accomplished at Jerusalem. The word is of his Exodus, the very word of our text, *Exitus*, his issue by death. Moses, who in his Exodus had prefigured this issue of our Lord, and in passing Israel out of Egypt through the Red Sea, had foretold in that actual prophecy Christ's passing of mankind through the sea of his blood, and Elias, whose Exodus, and issue out of this world, was a figure of Christ's ascension, had no doubt a great satisfaction, in talking with our blessed Lord, *De excessu ejus*, of the full consummation of all this in his death, which was to be accomplished at Jerusalem. Our meditation of his death should be more visceral, and affect us more, because it is of a thing already done. The ancient Romans had a certain tenderness, and detestation of the name of death; they would not name death, no not in their wills; there they would not say, *Si mori contingat*, but *Si quid humanitus contingat*, not

[50] Gen. iii. 15. [51] Luke xii. 50. [52] Heb. xii. 2.
[53] Matt. xx. 22. [54] Psalm cxvi. 12. [55] Matt. xvii. 3.
[56] Mark ix. 4. [57] Luke. ix. 31.

if or when I die, but when the course of nature is accomplished upon me. To us, that speak daily of the death of Christ, (he was crucified, dead and buried) can the memory or the mention of our death be irksome or bitter? There are in these latter times amongst us, that name death freely enough, and the death of God, but in blasphemous oaths and execrations. Miserable men, who shall therefore be said never to have named Jesus, because they have named him too often; and therefore hear Jesus say, *Nescivi vos*, I never knew you; because they made themselves too familiar with him. Moses and Elias talked with Christ of his death only in a holy and joyful sense of the benefit which they and all the world were to receive by it. Discourses of religion should not be out of curiosity, but edification. And then they talked with Christ of his death, at that time when he was at the greatest height of glory, that ever he admitted in this world; that is, his transfiguration. And we are afraid to speak to the great men of this world of their death, but nourish in them a vain imagination of immortality and immutability. But *Bonum est nobis esse hic*, (as St. Peter said there) It is good to dwell here, in this consideration of his death, and therefore transfer we our tabernacle, (our devotion) through some of these steps, which God the Lord made to his issue of death, that day.

Take in his whole day, from the hour that Christ ate the passover upon Thursday, to the hour in which he died the next day. Make this present day, that day in thy devotion, and consider what he did, and remember what you have done. Before he instituted and celebrated the sacrament, (which was after the eating of the passover) he proceeded to the act of humility, to wash his disciples' feet; even Peter's, who for a while resisted him. In thy preparation to the holy and blessed sacrament, hast thou with a sincere humility sought a reconciliation with all the world, even with those who have been averse from it, and refused that reconciliation from thee? If so, (and not else) thou hast spent that first part, of this his last day, in a conformity with him. After the sacrament, he spent the time till night in prayer, in preaching, in psalms. Hast thou considered that a worthy receiving of the sacrament consists in a continuation of holiness after, as well as in a preparation before? If so, thou hast therein also

conformed thyself to him: so Christ spent his time till night. At night he went into the garden to pray, and he prayed *prolixius;* he spent much time in prayer[58]. How much? because it is literally expressed that he prayed there three several times, and that returning to his disciples after his first prayer, and finding them asleep, said, *Could ye not watch with me one hour*[59]? It is collected that he spent three hours in prayer. I dare scarce ask thee whither thou wentest, or how thou disposedst of thyself, when it grew dark and after, last night. If that time were spent in a holy recommendation of thyself to God, and a submission of thy will to his; then it was spent in a conformity to him. In that time, and in those prayers were his agony and bloody sweat. I will hope that thou didst pray; but not every ordinary and customary prayer, but prayer actually accompanied with shedding of tears, and dispositively, in a readiness to shed blood for his glory in necessary cases, puts thee into a conformity with him. About midnight he was taken and bound with a kiss. Art thou not too conformable to him in that? Is not that too literally, too exactly thy case? At midnight to have been taken, and bound with a kiss? From thence he was carried back to Jerusalem; first to Annas, then to Caiaphas, and (as late as it was) there he was examined, and buffeted, and delivered over to the custody of those officers, from whom he received all those irrisions, and violences, the covering of his face, the spitting upon his face, the blasphemies of words, and the smartness of blows which that gospel mentions. In which compass fell that *gallicinium*, that crowing of the cock, which called up Peter to his repentance. How thou passedst all that time last night, thou knowest. If thou didst anything then that needed Peter's tears, and hast not shed them, let me be thy cock: do it now; now thy Master (in the unworthiest of his servants) looks back upon thee, do it now. Betimes in the morning, as soon as it was day, the Jews held a council in the high priest's house, and agreed upon their evidence against him, and then carried him to Pilate, who was to be his judge. Didst thou accuse thyself when thou wakedst this morning, and wast thou content to admit even false accusations, that is, rather to suspect actions to have been sin which were not, than to smother

[58] Luke xxii. 44. [59] Matt. xxvi. 40.

and justify such as were truly sins? Then thou spentest that hour in conformity to him. Pilate found no evidence against him; and therefore to ease himself, and to pass a compliment upon Herod, tetrarch of Galilee, who was at that time at Jerusalem, (because Christ being a Galilean, was of Herod's jurisdiction) Pilate sent him to Herod; and rather as a madman than a malefactor, Herod remanded him with scorns to Pilate to proceed against him; and this was about eight of the clock. Hast thou been content to come to this inquisition, this examination, this agitation, this cribration, this pursuit of thy conscience, to sift it, to follow it from the sins of thy youth to thy present sins, from the sins of thy bed to the sins of thy board, and from the substance to the circumstance of thy sins? That is time spent like thy Saviour's. Pilate would have saved Christ by using the privilege of the day in his behalf, because that day one prisoner was to be delivered; but they chose Barabbas. He would have saved him from death, by satisfying their fury, with inflicting other torments upon him, scourging, and crowning with thorns, and loading him with many scornful and ignominious contumelies; but this redeemed him not; they pressed a crucifying. Hast thou gone about to redeem thy sin, by fasting, by alms, by disciplines, and mortifications, in the way of satisfaction to the justice of God? That will not serve, that is not the right way. We press an utter crucifying of that sin that governs thee, and that conforms thee to Christ. Towards noon Pilate gave judgment; and they made such haste to execution, as that by noon he was upon the cross. There now hangs that sacred body upon the cross, re-baptized in his own tears and sweat, and embalmed in his own blood alive. There are those bowels of compassion, which are so conspicuous, so manifested, as that you may see them through his wounds. There those glorious eyes grew faint in their light, so as the sun, ashamed to survive them, departed with his light too. And there that Son of God, who was never from us, and yet had now come a new way unto us, in assuming our nature, delivers that soul which was never out of his Father's hands, into his Father's hands, by a new way, a voluntary emission thereof; for though to this God our Lord belong these issues of death, so that, considered in his own contract, he must necessarily

die; yet at no breach, nor battery which they had made upon his sacred body, issues his soul, but *emisit*, he gave up the ghost: and as God breathed a soul into the first Adam, so this second Adam breathed his soul into God, into the hands of God. There we leave you, in that blessed dependency, to hang upon him, that hangs upon the cross. There bathe in his tears, there suck at his wounds, and lie down in peace in his grave, till he vouchsafe you a resurrection, and an ascension into that kingdom which he hath purchased for you, with the inestimable price of his incorruptible blood. Amen.

END OF THE SERMONS.

A

COLLECTION OF LETTERS,

WRITTEN TO SEVERAL PERSONS OF HONOUR.

Letter I.

To my good Friend G. H.*

Sir,

The little business which you left in my hands is now dispatched; if it have hung longer than you thought, it might serve for just excuse, that these small things make as many steps to their end, and need as many motions for the warrant, as much writing of the clerks, as long expectation of a seal, as greater. It comes now to you sealed, and with it as strong and assured seals of my service and love to you, if it be good enough for you. I owe you a continual tribute of letters. But, sir, even in princes and parents, and all states that have in them a natural sovereignty, there is a sort of reciprocation, and a descent to do some offices due to them that serve them: which makes me look for letters from you, because I have another as valuable a pawn therefor, as your friendship, which is your promise; lest by the gaoler's fault this letter stick long, I must tell you, that I wrote and sent it 12th December, 1600.

Your friend and servant and lover,

12th December, 1600. J. Donne.

Letter II.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir H. Goodere†.

Sir,

Though you escape my lifting up of my latch by removing, you cannot my letters; yet of this letter I do not much ac-

* George Herbert: written during his imprisonment after his marriage.—Ed.

† Probably from Micham; this son may have been George, who was baptized at Camberwell, May 9, 1605.—Ed.

cuse myself, for I serve your commandment in it, for it is only to convey to you this paper opposed to those, with which you trusted me. It is, I cannot say the weightiest, but truly the saddest lucubration and night's passage that ever I had. For it exercised those hours, which, with extreme danger of her, whom I should hardly have abstained from recompensing for her company in this world, with accompanying her out of it, increased my poor family with a son. Though her anguish, and my fears, and hopes, seem divers and wild distractions from this small business of your papers, yet because they all narrowed themselves, and met in *via regia*, which is the consideration of ourselves, and God, I thought it time not unfit for this dispatch. Thus much more than needed I have told you, whilst my fire was lighting at Tricombs, 10 o'clock. Yours ever entirely,

J. Donne.

Letter III.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.*

Sir,

Though my friendship be good for nothing else, it may give you the profit of a tentation, or of an affliction: it may excuse your patience; and though it cannot allure, it shall importune you. Though I know you have many worthy friends of all ranks, yet I add something, since I which am of none, would fain be your friend too. There is some of the honour and some of the degrees of a creation, to make a friendship of nothing. Yet, not to annihilate myself utterly (for though it seem humbleness, yet it is a work of as much almightiness, to bring a thing to nothing, as from nothing), though I be not of the best stuff for friendship, which men of warm and durable fortunes only are, I cannot say, that I am not of the best fashion, if truth and honesty be that; which I must ever exercise, towards you, because I learned it of you: for the conversation with worthy men, and of good example, though it sow not virtue in us, yet produceth and ripeneth it. Your man's haste, and mine to Micham, cuts off this letter here, yet, as in little patterns torn from a whole piece, this may tell

* Of Polesworth, Gentleman of his Majesty's Privy Chamber.—Ed.

you what all I am. Though by taking me before my day (which I accounted Tuesday) I make short payment of this duty of letters, yet I have a little comfort in this, that you see me hereby, willing to pay those debts which I can, before my time.

Your affectionate friend,

First Saturday in March, 1607. J. DONNE.

You forgot to send me the apology; and many times, I think it an injury to remember one of a promise, lest it confess a distrust. But of the book, by occasion of reading the Dean's answer to it, I have sometimes some want.

LETTER IV.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

It should be no interruption to your pleasures, to hear me often say that I love you, and that you are as much my meditations as myself. I often compare not you and me, but the sphere in which your resolutions are, and my wheel; both I hope concentric to God: for methinks the new astronomy is thus appliable well, that we which are a little earth, should rather move towards God, than that he which is fulfilness and can come no whither, should move towards us. To your life full of variety, nothing is old, nor new to mine; and as to that life, all stickings and hesitations seem stupid and stony, so to this, all fluid slipperinesses, and transitory migrations seem giddy and feathery. In that life one is ever in the porch or postern, going in or out, never within his house himself: it is a garment made of remnants, a life ravelled out into ends, a line discontinued, and a number of small wretched points, useless, because they concur not: a life built of past and future, not proposing any constant present; they have more pleasures than we, but not more pleasure; they joy oftener, we longer; and no man but of so much understanding as may deliver him from being a fool, would change with a madman, which had a better proportion of wit in his often *lucidis*. You know, they which dwell farthest from the sun, if in any convenient distance, have longer days, better appetites, better digestion, better growth, and longer life; and all these ad-

vantages have their minds who are well removed from the scorchings, and dazzlings, and exhalings of the world's glory: but neither of our lives are in such extremes; for you living at court without ambition, which would burn you, or envy, which would devest others, live in the sun, not in the fire: and I which live in the country without stupifying, am not in darkness, but in shadow, which is not no light, but a pallid, waterish, and diluted one. As all shadows are of one colour, if you respect the body from which they are cast, (for our shadows upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden green and flowery) so all retirings into a shadowy life are alike from all causes, and alike subject to the barbarousness and insipid dullness of the country: only the employments, and that upon which you cast and bestow your pleasure, business, or books, give it the tincture, and beauty. But truly wheresoever we are, if we can but tell ourselves truly what and where we would be, we may make any state and place such; for we are so composed, that if abundance, or glory scorch and melt us, we have an earthly cave, our bodies, to go into by consideration, and cool ourselves: and if we be frozen, and contracted with lower and dark fortunes, we have within us a torch, a soul, lighter and warmer than any without: we are therefore our own umbrellas and our own suns. These, sir, are the sallads and onions of Micham, sent to you with as wholesome affection as your other friends send melons and *quelque-choses* from court and London. If I present you not as good diet as they, I would yet say grace to theirs, and bid much good do it you. I send you, with this, a letter which I sent to the countess. It is not my use nor duty to do so, but for your having of it, there were but two consents, and I am sure you have mine, and you are sure you have hers. I also wrote to her ladyship for the verses she showed in the garden, which I did not only to extort them, nor only to keep my promise of writing, for that I had done in the other letter, and perchance she hath forgotten the promise; nor only because I think my letters just good enough for a progress, but because I would write apace to her, whilst it is possible to express that which I yet know of her, for by this growth I see how soon she will be ineffable.

Letter V.

To the Countess of Bedford.

Happiest and worthiest Lady,

I do not remember that ever I have seen a petition in verse; I would not therefore be singular, nor add these to your other papers. I have yet adventured so near as to make a petition for verse, it is for those your ladyship did me the honour to see in Twickenham garden, except you repent your making, and having mended your judgment by thinking worse, that is, better, because juster, of their subject. They must needs be an excellent exercise of your wit, which speak so well of so ill: I humbly beg them of your ladyship, with two such promises, as to any other of your compositions were threatenings: that I will not show them, and that I will not believe them; and nothing shall be so used that comes from your brain or breast. If I should confess a fault in the boldness of asking them, or make a fault by doing it in a longer letter, your ladyship might use your style and old fashion of the court towards me, and pay me with a pardon. Here therefore I humbly kiss your ladyship's fair learned hands, and wish you good wishes and speedy grants.

Your ladyship's servant,

J. Donne.

Letter VI.

To Sir H. Goodyere.*

Sir,

It is in our state ever held for a good sign to change prison, and *nella signoria de mi*, I will think it so, that my sickness hath given me leave to come to my London prison. I made do doubt but my entrance-pain (for it was so rather than a sickness, but that my sadness putrefied and corrupted it to that name) affected you also; for nearer contracts than general Christianity, had made us so much towards one, that one part cannot escape the distemper of the other. I was, therefore, very careful, as well to slack any sorrow which my danger might occasion in you; as to

* About 1607.—Ed.

give you the comfort of having been heard in your prayers for me, to tell you as soon as my pain remitted what steps I made towards health, which I did last week. This Tuesday morning your man brought me a letter, which (if he had not found me at London) I see he had a hasty commandment to have brought to Micham. Sir, though my fortune hath made me such as I am, rather a sickness and disease of the world than any part of it, yet I esteemed myself so far from being so to you, as I esteemed you to be far from being so of the world, as to measure men by fortune or events. I am now gone so far towards health, as there is not infirmity enough left in me for an assurance of so much nobleness and truth, as your last letter is to work upon, that might cure a greater indisposition than I am now in: and though if I had died, I had not gone without testimonies of such a disposition in you towards the reparation of my fortune, or preservation of my poor reputation; yet I would live, and be some such thing as you might not be ashamed to love. Your man must send away this hour in which he visits me; and I have not yet (for I came last night) offered to visit my Lady Bedford, and therefore have nothing to say which should make me grudge this straitness of time. He tells me he sends again upon Thursday, and therefore I will make an end of this letter, and perfect it then. I doubt my letters have not come duly to your hand, and that writing in my dungeon of Micham without dating, have made the chronology and sequence of my letters perplexed to you; howsoever you shall not be rid of this ague of my letters, though perchance the fit change days. I have received in a narrow compass three of yours, one with the catalogue of your books, another I found here left last Saturday by your man, and this which he brought me this morning. Sir, I dare sit no longer in my waistcoat, nor have anything worth the danger of a relapse to write. I owe you so much of my health, as I would not mingle you in any occasion of impairing it, and therefore here ask leave to kiss your hands, and bid you good morrow and farewell.

Your very true friend and servant,

J. Donne.

Letter VII.

To the best Knight, Sir H. Wootton.

Sir,

When I saw your good countess last, she let me think that her message by her footman would hasten you up. And it furthered that opinion in me, when I knew how near Mr. Mathew's day of departing this kingdom was. To counterpoise both these, I have a little letter from you brought to me to Micham yesterday, but left at my lodging two days sooner: and because that speaks nothing of your return, I am content to be perplexed in it; and as in all other, so in this perplexity to do that which is safest. To me it is safest to write, because it performs a duty, and leaves my conscience well: and though it seem not safest for the letter, which may perish, yet I remember, that in the crociate for the wars in the Holy Land, and so in all pilgrimages enterprised in devotion, he which dies in the way, enjoys all the benefit and indulgences which the end did afford. Howsoever, all that can increase the danger of your letter, increases my merit; for, as where they immolate men, it is a scanter devotion to sacrifice one of many slaves or of many children, or an only child, than to beget and bring up one purposely to sacrifice it, so if I ordain this letter purposely for destruction, it is the largest expressing of that kind of piety, and I am easy to believe (because I wish it) your haste hither: not that I can fear any slackness in that business which drew you down, because your fortune and honour are a pair of good spurs to it; but here also you have both true business and many *quasi negotia*, which go two and two to a business; which are visitations, and such, as though they be not full businesses, yet are so near them that they serve as for excuses, in omissions of the other. As when abjurations were in use in this land, the state and law were satisfied if the abjuror came to the sea-side, and waded into the sea, when winds and tides resisted, so we think ourselves justly excusable to our friends and ourselves, if when we should do business, we come to the place of business, as courts and the houses of great princes and officers. I do not so much intimate your infirmity

in this, as frankly confess mine own. The master of Latin language says, *Oculi et aures aliorum te speculantur et custodiunt*, So those two words are synonymous, and only the observation of others upon me, is my preservation from extreme idleness, else I profess, that I hate business so much, as I am sometimes glad to remember, that the Roman church reads that verse *A negotio perambulante in tenebris*, which we read, From the pestilence walking by night, so equal to me do the plague and business deserve avoiding, but you will neither believe that I abhor business, if I enlarge this letter, nor that I would afford you that ease which I affect; therefore return to your pleasures.

Your unprofitablest friend,

March 14, 1607. Jo. DONNE.

LETTER VIII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir H. Goodyere, one of the Gentlemen of his Majesty's Privy Chamber.

Sir,

You may remember that long since you delivered Mr. Fowler possession of me, but the wide distance in which I have lived from court, makes me reasonably fear, that now he knows not his right and power in me, though he must of necessity have all, to whom you and I join in a gift of me, as we did to him, so that perchance he hath a servant of me, which might be passed in a book of concealment. If your leisure suffer it, I pray find whether I be in him still, and conserve me in his love; and so perfect your own work, or do it over again, and restore me to the place, which by your favour I had in him. For Mr. Powell, who serves her majesty as clerk of her council, hath told me that Mr. Fowler hath some purpose to retire himself; and therefore I would fain for all my love, have so much of his, as to find him willing, when I shall seek him at court, to let me understand his pupose therein; for if my means may make me acceptable to the queen and him, I should be very sorry, he should make so far steps therein with any other, that I should fail in it, only for not having spoken to him soon enough. It were an injury to the

forwardness of your love to add more; here therefore I kiss your hands, and commend to you the truth of my love.

Your very affectionate servant and lover,

Jo. Donne.

From my lodging in the Strand,
whither I shall return on Monday, 13th June, 1607.

Letter IX.

To Yourself.*

Sir,

I send you here a translation; but it is not only to believe me, it is a great invention to have understood any piece of this book, whether the gravity of the matter, or the poetical form, give it his inclination, and *principium motus;* you are his centre, or his sphere, and to you as to his proper place he addresses himself. Besides that all my things, not only by obligation, but by custom, know that that is the way they should go. I spake of this to my Lady of Bedford, thinking then I had had a copy which I made long since, at sea, but because I find it not, I have done that again; when you find it not unseasonable, let her see it; and if you can think it fit, that a thing that hath either wearied, or distasted you, should receive so much favour, put it amongst her papers: when you have a new stomach to it, I will provide you quickly a new copy.

Your very true friend and servant and lover,

J. Donne.

At my Mitcham hospital, Aug. 10.

Letter X.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

In the history or style of friendship, which is best written both in deeds and words, a letter which is of a mixed nature, and hath something of both, is a mixed parenthesis: it may be left

* Probably Sir Henry Goodyere.—Ed.

out, yet it contributes, though not to the being, yet to the verdure, and freshness thereof. Letters have truly the same office, as oaths. As these amongst light and empty men, are but fillings, and pauses, and interjections; but with weightier, they are sad attestations; so are letters to some, compliment, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorised my servant to lie in my behalf, (for if it were officious in him, it might be worse in me) so I allow my letters much less that civil dishonesty, both because they go from me more considerately, and because they are permanent; for in them I may speak to you in your chamber a year hence, before I know not whom, and not hear myself. They shall therefore ever keep the sincerity and intemerateness of the fountain, whence they are derived. And as wheresoever these leaves fall, the root is in my heart, so shall they, as that sucks good affections towards you there, have ever true impressions thereof. Thus much information is in very leaves, that they can tell what the tree is, and these can tell you I am a friend, and an honest man. Of what general use, the fruit should speak, and I have none: and of what particular profit to you, your application and experimenting should tell you, and you can make none of such a nothing; yet even of barren sycamores, such as I, there were use, if either any light flashings, or scorching vehemencies, or sudden showers made you need so shadowy an example or remembrancer. But (sir) your fortune and mind do you this happy injury, that they make all kind of fruits useless unto you; therefore I have placed my love wisely where I need communicate nothing. All this, though perchance you read it not till Michaelmas, was told you at Micham, 15th August, 1607.

Letter XI.

To the Gallant Knight, Sir Thomas Lucy.

Sir,

Because in your last letter, I have an invitation to come to you, though I never thought myself so fallen from my interest, which, by your favour, I prescribe in, in you, and therefore when

in the spring I hoped to have strength enough, to come into those parts, upon another occasion, I always resolved to put myself into your presence too, yet now I ask you more particularly how you dispose of yourself; for though I have heard, that you purpose a journey to the Bath, and from thence hither, yet I can hope, that my service at Lincoln's Inn being ended for next term, I may have intermission enough to wait upon you at Polesworth, before the season call you to Bath. I was no easy apprehender of the fear of your departing from us; neither am I easy in the hope of seeing you entirely over suddenly. God loves your soul, if he be loth to let it go inchmeal, and not by swallowings; and he loves it too, if he build it up again stone after stone; his will is not done except his way and his leisure be observed. In my particular, I am sorry, if my ingenuity and candour in delivering myself in those points, of which you spake to me, have defaced those impressions which were in you before: if my freedom have occasioned your captivity, I am miserably sorry. I went unprofitably and improvidently, to the utmost end of truth, because I would go as far as I could to meet peace; if my going so far in declaring myself, brought you where you could not stop. But I was as confident in your strength, as in mine own, so am I still, in him who strengthens all our infirmities, and will, I doubt not, bring you and me together, in all those particulars, so as we shall not part in this world, nor the next. Sir, your own soul cannot be more zealous of your peace, than I am: and God, who loves that zeal in me, will not suffer you to suspect it. I am surprised with a necessity of writing now, in a minute; for I sent to Beford-house to inform myself of means to write, and your daughter sent me word, of a present messenger, and therefore the rest of this, I shall make up in my prayers to our blessed Saviour, for all happinesses to you.

Your poor servant in Christ Jesus,

Drury-house, the 22d of December, 1607. J. DONNE.

Letter XII.

To Sir Thomas Roe.

Sir,

I have bespoke you a new-year's-gift, that is, a good new year, for I have offered your name with my soul heartily to God in my morning's best sacrifice: if for custom you will do a particular office in recompense, deliver this letter to your lady, now, or when the rage of the mask is past. If you make any haste into the country, I pray let me know it. I would kiss your hands before you go, which I do now, and continue

Your affectionate servant and lover,

Mitcham, the last of 1607, as I remember. J. Donne.

Letter XIII*.

To Sir I. H.

Sir,

I would not omit this, not commodity, but advantage of writing to you. This emptiness in London, dignifies any letter from hence, as in the seasons, earliness and lateness, make the sourness, and after, the sweetness of fruits, acceptable and gracious. We often excuse and advance mean authors, by the age in which they lived, so will your love do this letter; and you will tell yourself, that if he which writ it knew wherein he might express his affection, or anything which might have made his letter welcomer, he would have done it. As it is, you may accept it so, as we do many china manufactures, of which when we know no use, yet we satisfy our curiosity in considering them, because we know not how, nor of what matter they were made. Near great woods and quarries it is no wonder to see fair houses, but in Holland which wants both, it is. So were it for me who am as far removed from court, and knowledge of foreign passages, as this city is now from the face and furniture of a city, to build up a long letter and to write of myself, were but to inclose a poor handful of straw for a token in a letter: yet I will tell you, that I am at London only to provide for Monday, when I shall use that favour which my Lady Bedford hath afforded me, of giving her

* Probably Sir James Harrington.—Ed.

name to my daughter; which I mention to you, as well to show that I covet any occasion of a greatful speaking of her favours, as that, because I have thought the day is likely to bring you to London, I might tell you, that my poor house is in your way and you shall there find such company, as (I think) you will not be loth to accompany to London. Your very true friend,

August 6, 1608. J. DONNE.

LETTER XIV.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

This letter hath more merit, than one of more diligence, for I wrote it in my bed, and with much pain. I have occasion to sit late some nights in my study (which your books make a pretty library), and now I find that that room hath a wholesome emblematic use: for having under it a vault, I make that promise me, that I shall die reading, since my book and a grave are so near. But it hath another as unwholesome, that by raw vapours rising from thence (for I can impute it to nothing else), I have contracted a sickness which I cannot name nor describe. For it hath so much of a continual cramp, that wrests the sinews, so much of a tetane, that it withdraws and pulls the mouth, and so much of the gout (which they whose counsel I use, say it is), that it is not like to be cured, though I am too hasty in three days to pronounce it. If it be the gout, I am miserable; for that affects dangerous parts, as my neck and breast, and (I think fearfully) my stomach, but it will not kill me yet; I shall be in this world, like a porter in a great house, ever nearest the door, but seldomest abroad: I shall have many things to make me weary, and yet not get leave to be gone. If I go, I will provide by my best means that you suffer not for me, in your bonds. The estate which I should leave behind me of any estimation, is my poor fame, in the memory of my friends, and therefore I would be curious of it, and provide that they repent not to have loved me. Since my imprisonment in my bed, I have made a meditation in

verse, which I call a Litany*; the word you know imports no other than supplication, but all churches have one form of supplication, by that name. Amongst ancient annals, I mean some eight hundred years, I have met two Litanies in Latin verse, which gave me not the reason of my meditations, for in good faith I thought not upon them then, but they give me a defence, if any man, to a layman, and a private, impute it as a fault, to take such divine and public names, to his own little thoughts. The first of these was made by Ratpetus, a monk of Suevia; and the other by St. Notker, of whom I will give you this note by the way, that he is a private saint, for a few parishes; they were both but monks, and the Litanies poor and barbarous enough; yet Pope Nicholas V. valued their devotion so much, that he canonized both their poems, and commanded them for public service in their churches: mine is for lesser chapels, which are my friends, and though a copy of it were due to you, now, yet I am so unable to serve myself with writing it for you at this time (being some thirty staves of nine lines), that I must entreat you to take a promise that you shall have the first, for a testimony of that duty which I owe to your love, and to myself, who am bound to cherish it by my best offices. That by which it will deserve best acceptation, is, that neither the Roman church need call it defective, because it abhors not the particular mention of the blessed triumphers in heaven; nor the Reformed can discreetly accuse it, of attributing more than a rectified devotion ought to do. The day before I lay down, I was at London, where I delivered your letter for Sir Edward Conway, and received another for you, with the copy of my book, of which it is impossible for me to give you a copy so soon, for it is not of much less than three hundred pages. If I die, it shall come to you in that fashion that your letter desires it. If I warm again (as I have often seen such beggars as my indisposition is, end themselves soon, and the patient as soon), you and I shall speak together of that, before it be too late to serve you in that commandment. At this time I only assure you, that I have not appointed it upon any person, nor ever purposed to print it: which latter perchance you thought, and grounded your request

* See Poems.

thereupon. A gentleman that visited me yesterday, told me that our church hath lost Mr. Hugh Broughton, who is gone to the Roman side. I have known before, that Serarius the Jesuit, was an instrument from Cardinal Baronius to draw him to Rome, to accept a stipend, only to serve the Christian churches in controversies with the Jews, without endangering himself to change of his persuasion in particular deductions between these Christian churches, or being inquired of, or tempted thereunto. And I hope he is no otherwise departed from us. If he be, we shall not escape scandal in it; because, though he be a man of many distempers, yet when he shall come to eat assured bread, and to be removed from partialities, to which want drove him, to make himself a reputation, and raise up favourers; you shall see in that course of opposing the Jews, he will produce worthy things: and our church will perchance blush to have lost a soldier fit for that great battle; and to cherish only those single duellisms, between Rome and England, or that more single, and almost self-homicide, between the unconformed ministers, and bishops. I wrote to you last week that the plague increased; by which you may see that my letters *

opinion of the song, not that I make such trifles for praise; but because as long as you speak comparatively of it with mine own, and not absolutely, so long I am of your opinion even at this time; when I humbly thank God, I ask and have, his comfort of sadder meditations, I do not condemn in myself, that I have given my wit such evaporations, as those, if they be free from profaneness, or obscene provocations. Sir, you would pity me if you saw me write, and therefore will pardon me if I write no more: my pain hath drawn my head so much awry, and holds it so, that mine eye cannot follow mine hand: I receive you therefore into my prayers, with mine own weary soul, and commend myself to yours. I doubt not but next week I shall be good news to you, for I have mending or dying on my side, which is two to one. If I continue thus, I shall have comfort in this, that my blessed Saviour exercising his justice upon my two worldly parts, my fortune, and body, reserves all his mercy for that which best

* It is thus in the old edition.—Ed.

tasts it, and most needs it, my soul. I profess to you truly, that my lothness to give over now, seems to myself an ill sign, that I shall write no more*.

Your poor friend, and God's poor patient,

J. Donne.

Letter XV.

To my worthy and honoured Friend, Mr. George Garet.

Sir,

I am sory, if your care of me have made you importune to anybody else; yet I cannot be very sorry because it gives new testimonies of your favour to me, of which I shall ever be very glad, and (that which is my only virtue) thankful: so desperate fortunes as mine, may well make friends loth to do courtesies, because an inability in deserving or requiting, takes from them the honour of having done a courtesy, and leaves it but the poor name of an alms; and alms may be given in easier proportions, and more meritoriously. But, sir, by what name or weight soever you esteem this kindness which you have done me, I value it so, as might alone persuade me of your care of me; in recompense of which, you must be pleased to accept new assurances that I am Your very affectionate servant,

J. Donne.

I pray let my service be presented by you to Mr. Roope.

Letter XVI.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre.†

Sir,

I was loth to be the only man who should have no part in this great festival; I thought therefore to celebrate that well, by spending some part of it in your company. This made me seek you again this afternoon, though I were guilty to myself

* No date; but probably written from Mitcham, about 1608 or 1609. The same appears to be the case with the following letter.—Ed.

† Written probably before 1610. This Sir Robert Carre, was a favourite of King James, whose history Hume relates, chap. xlvii.—Ed.

of having done so every day since your coming. I confess such an importunity is worthy to be punished with such a missing; yet, because it is the likeliest reparation of my fortunes to hope upon reversions, I would be glad of that title in you: that, after solemnities, and businesses, and pleasures be passed over, my time may come, and you may afford some of your last leisures to

Your affectionate and humble servant,

Nov. 4. JOHN DONNE.

LETTER XVII.

To my honoured Friend, Sir T. Lucy.

Sir,

I make account that this writing of letters, when it is with any seriousness, is a kind of ecstacy, and a departure and secession and suspension of the soul, which doth then communicate itself to two bodies: and as I would every day provide for my soul's last convoy, though I know not when I shall die, and perchance I shall never die; so for these ecstacies in letters, I oftentimes deliver myself over in writing when I know not when those letters shall be sent to you, and many times they never are, for I have a little satisfaction in seeing a letter written to you upon my table, though I meet no opportunity of sending it. Especially this summer, when either by my early retiring home, or your irresolutions of your own purposes, or some other possessions of yours you did less reveal to me your progresses, and stations, and where I might cross you by letters, than heretofore; I make shift to lay little fault upon you, because my pardon might be easier, if I transgress into a longer and busier letter than your country sports admit; but you may read it in winter: and by that time I may more clearly express myself for those things which have entered into me, concerning your soul: for as the greatest advantage which man's soul is thought to have beyond others, is that which they call *actum reflexum*, and *iteratum*, (for beasts do the same things as we do, but they do not consider nor remember the circumstances and inducements; and by what power, and faculty, it is that they do them) so of those which they call *actum reflexum* the noblest is that which reflects upon

the soul itself, and considers and meditates it. Into which consideration when I walk after my slow and imperfect pace, I begin to think that as litigious men, tired with suits, admit any arbitrement; and as princes, travailed with long and wasteful war, descend to such conditions of peace, as they are soon after ashamed to have embraced: so philosophers, and so all sects of Christians, after long disputations and controversies, have allowed many things for positive and dogmatical truths which are not worthy of that dignity; and so many doctrines have grown to be the ordinary diet and food of our spirits, and have place in the pap of catechisms, which were admitted but as physic in that present distemper, or accepted in a lazy weariness, when men, so they might have something to rely upon, and to excuse themselves from more painful inquisition, never examined what that was. To which indisposition of ours the casuists are so indulgent, as that they allow a conscience to adhere to any probable opinion against a more probable, and do never bind him to seek out which is the more probable, but give him leave to dissemble it and to depart from it, if by mischance he come to know it. This, as it appears in all sciences, so most manifestly in physic, which for a long time considering nothing but plain curing, and that but by example and precedent, the world at last longed for some certain canons and rules, how these cures might be accomplished; and when men are inflamed with this desire, and that such a fire breaks out that rages and consumes infinitely by heat of argument, except some of authority interpose. This produced Hippocrates's Aphorisms; and the world slumbered or took breath in his resolution divers hundreds of years. And then, in Galen's time, which was not satisfied with the effect of curing, nor with the knowledge how to cure, broke out another desire of finding out the causes why those simples wrought those effects. Then Galen, rather to stay their stomachs than that he gave them enough, taught them the qualities of the four elements, and arrested them upon this, that all differences of qualities proceeded from them. And after (not much before our time) men perceiving that all effects in physic could not be derived from these beggarly and impotent properties of the elements, and that therefore they were driven often to that miserable refuge of specific form, and of anti-

pathy and sympathy, we see the world hath turned upon new principles which are attributed to Paracelsus, but indeed too much to his honour. Certainly it is also so in the physic of our soul's divinity, for in the primitive church, when amongst the fathers there were so divers opinions of the state of the soul, presently after this life, they easily inclined to be content to do as much for them dead as when they were alive, and so concurred in a charitable disposition to pray for them; which manner of prayer then in use, no Christian church at this day, having received better light, will allow of. So also when in the beginning of St. Augustine's time, grace had been so much advanced, that man's nature was scarce admitted to be so much as any means or instrument (not only no kind of cause) of his own good works. And soon after, in St. Augustine's time also, man's free will (by fierce opposition and arguing against the former error) was too much overvalued, and admitted into too near degrees of fellowship with grace. Those times admitted a doctrine and form of reconciliation which, though for reverence to the time, both the Dominicans and Jesuits at this day, in their great quarrel about grace and free-will, would yet seem to maintain; yet indifferent and dispassioned men of that church see there is no possibility in it, and therefore accuse it of absurdity and almost of heresy. I think it falls out thus also in the matter of the soul: for Christian religion presuming a soul, and intending principally her happiness in the life to come, hath been content to accept any way which hath been obtruded, how this soul is begun in us. Hence it is that whole Christian churches arrest themselves upon propagation from parents; and other whole Christian churches allow only infusion from God. In both which opinions there appear such infirmities, as it is time to look for a better: for whosoever will adhere to the way of propagation, can never evict necessarily and certainly a natural immortality in the soul, if the soul result out of matter; nor shall he ever prove that all mankind hath any more than one soul: as certainly of all beasts, if they receive such souls as they have from their parents, every species can have but one soul. And they which follow the opinion of infusion from God, and of a new creation (which is now the more common opinion), as they can very hardly defend the doc-

trine of original sin (the soul is forced to take this infection, and comes not into the body of her own disposition), so shall they never be able to prove that all those whom we see in the shape of men, have an immortal and reasonable soul, because our parents are as able as any other species is to give us a soul of growth and of sense, and to perform all vital and animal functions. And so without infusion of such a soul may produce a creature as wise, and well disposed as any horse or elephant, of which degree many whom we see come far short; nor hath God bound or declared himself that he will always create a soul for every embryon, there is yet therefore no opinion in philosophy, nor divinity, so well established as constrains us to believe, both that the soul is immortal, and that every particular man hath such a soul: which since out of the great mercy of our God we do constantly believe, I am ashamed that we do not also know it by searching farther. But as sometimes we had rather believe a traveller's lie than go to disprove him; so men rather cleave to these ways than seek new. Yet because I have meditated therein, I will shortly acquaint you with what I think; for I would not be in danger of that law of Moses, that if a man dig a pit, and cover it not, he must recompense those which are damnified by it: which is often interpreted of such as shake old opinions, and do not establish new as certain, but leave consciences in a worse danger than they found them in. I believe that law of Moses hath in it some mystery and appliableness; for by that law men are only then bound to that indemnity and compensation, if an ox or an ass (that is, such as are of a strong constitution and accustomed to labour) fall therein; but it is not said so, if a sheep or a goat fall: no more are we, if men in a silliness or wantonness will stumble or take a scandal, bound to rectify them at all times. And therefore because I justly presume you strong aud watchful enough, I make account that I am not obnoxious to that law, since my meditations are neither too wide nor too deep for you, except only that my way of expressing them may be extended beyond your patience and pardon, which I will therefore tempt no longer at this time.

Your very affectionate friend and servant and lover,

From Mitcham, my close prison ever since I saw you.—Oct. 9.

JOHN DONNE.

Letter XVIII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

As you are a great part of my business, when I come to London, so are you when I send. More than the office of a visitation brings this letter to you now; for I remember that about this time you purposed a journey to fetch, or meet the lad, Huntington. If you justly doubt any long absence, I pray send to my lodging my written books: and if you may stay very long, I pray send that letter in which I sent you certain heads which I purposed to enlarge, for I have them not in any other paper: and I may find time in your absence to do it, because I know no stronger argument to move you to love me, but because you have done so, do so still, to make my reason better, and I shall at last prescribe in you, Yours,

Mitcham, Wednesday. J. Donne.

Letter XIX.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre.*

Sir,

Lest you should think yourself too much beholden to your fortune, and so rely too much upon her hereafter, I am bold to tell you, that it is not only your good fortune that hath preserved you from the importunity of my visits all this time. For my ill fortune, which is stronger than any man's good fortune, hath concurred in the plot to keep us asunder, by infecting one in my house with the measles. But all that is so safely overworn, that I dare, not only desire to put myself into your presence, but by your mediation, a little farther. For, esteeming myself, by so good a title, as my lord's own words, to be under his providence, and care of my fortune, I make it the best part of my studies how I might ease his lordship by finding out something for myself. Which, because I think I have done, as though I had done him a service therein, I adventure to desire to speak with him, which I beseech you to advance, in addition to your many favours

* Probably from Mitcham before 1609.—Ed.

and benefits to me. And if you have occasion to send any of your servants to this town, to give me notice, what times are fittest for me to wait, to enjoy your favour herein. My business is of that nature, that loss of time may make it much more difficult, and may give courage to the ill fortune of

Your humble servant,

J. Donne.

Letter XX.

To Sir H. Goodyere.

Sir,

Every Tuesday I make account that I turn a great hour-glass, and consider that a week's life is run out since I writ. But if I ask myself what I have done in the last watch, or would do in the next, I can say nothing; if I say that I have passed it without hurting any, so may the spider in my window. The primitive monks were excusable in their retirings and enclosures of themselves: for even of them every one cultivated his own garden and orchard, that is, his soul and body, by meditation, and manufactures; and they sought the world no more since they consumed none of her sweetness, nor begot others to burden her. But for me, if I were able to husband all my time so thriftily, as not only not to wound my soul in a minute by actual sin, but not to rob and cozen her by giving any part to pleasure or business, but bestow it all upon her in meditation, yet even in that I should wound her more, and contract another guiltiness: as the eagle were very unnatural if because she is able to do it, she should perch a whole day upon a tree, staring in contemplation of the majesty and glory of the sun, and let her young eaglets starve in the nest. Two of the most precious things which God hath afforded us here, for the agony and exercise of our sense and spirit, which are a thirst and inhiation after the next life, and a frequency of prayer and meditation in this, are often envenomed, and putrefied, and stray into a corrupt disease: for as God doth thus occasion, and positively concur to evil, that when a man is purposed to do a great sin, God infuses some good thoughts which make him chose a less sin, or leave out some circumstance which aggravated that; so the devil doth not only suffer but

provoke us to some things naturally good, upon condition that we shall omit some other more necessary and more obligatory. And this is his greatest subtlety; because herein we have the deceitful comfort of having done well, and can very hardly spy our error because it is but an insensible omission, and no accusing act. With the first of these I have often suspected myself to be overtaken, which is, with a desire of the next life: which though I know it is not merely out of a weariness of this, because I had the same desires when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes than now: yet I doubt worldly encumbrances have increased it. I would not that death should take me asleep. I would not have him merely seize me, and only declare me to be dead, but win me, and overcome me. When I must shipwreck, I would do it in a sea, where mine impotency might have some excuse; not in a sullen weedy lake, where I could not have so much as exercise for my swimming. Therefore I would fain do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder. For to choose, is to do: but to be no part of any body, is to be nothing. At most, the greatest persons, are but great wens, and excrescences; men of wit and delightful conversation, but as moles for ornament, except they be so incorporated into the body of the world, that they contribute something to the sustentation of the whole. This I made account that I begun early, when I understood the study of our laws; but was diverted by the worst voluptuousness, which is an hydroptic immoderate desire of human learning and languages: beautiful ornaments to great fortunes; but mine needed an occupation, and a course which I thought I entered well into, when I submitted myself to such a service, as I thought might have employed those poor advantages, which I had. And there I stumbled too, yet I would try again: for to this hour I am nothing, or so little, that I am scarce subject and argument good enough for one of mine own letters: yet I fear, that doth not ever proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be less, that is dead. You, sir, are far enough from these descents, your virtue keeps you secure, and your natural disposition to mirth will preserve you; but lose none of these holds, a slip is often as dangerous as a bruise, and though you cannot fall to my lowness, yet in a much less dis-

traction you may meet my sadness; for he is no safer which falls from an high tower into the leads, than he which falls from thence to the ground: make therefore to yourself some mark, and go towards it allegrement. Though I be in such a planetary and erratic fortune, that I can do nothing constantly, yet you may find some constancy in my constant advising you to it.

Your hearty true friend,

J. DONNE.

I came this evening from Mr. Jones's house in Essex, where Mr. Martin hath been, and left a relation of Captain Whitcock's death, perchance it is no news to you, but it was to me; without doubt want broke him; for when Mr. Holland's company by reason of the plague broke, the captain sought to be at Mrs. Jones's house, who in her husband's absence declining it, he went in the night, his boy carrying his cloak-bag, on foot to the lord of Sussex, who going next day to hunt, the captain not then sick, told him he would see him no more. A chaplain came up to him, to whom he delivered an account of his understanding, and I hope, of his belief, and soon after died; and my lord hath buried him with his own ancestors. Perchance his life needed a longer sickness, but a man may go faster and safer, when he enjoys that daylight of a clear and sound understanding, than in the night or twilight of an ague or other disease. And the grace of Almighty God doth everything suddenly and hastily, but depart from us: it enlightens us, warms us, heats us, ravishes us, at once. Such a medicine, I fear, his inconsideration needed; and I hope as confidently that he had it. As our soul is infused when it is created, and created when it is infused, so at her going out, God's mercy is had by asking, and that is asked by having. Lest your Polesworth carrier should cozen me, I send my man with this letter early to London, whither this Tuesday all the court come to a christening at Arundel-house, and stay in town; so that I will sup with the good lady, and write again tomorrow to you, if anything be occasioned there, which concerns you, and I will tell her so; next day they are to return to Hampton, and upon Friday the king to Royston *.

* No date; but probably from Mitcham during his distress and want of occupation in 1604—1609.—ED.

LETTER XXI.

To my honourable Friend, Sir Henry Goodyere.*

Sir,

To you that are not easily scandalized, and in whom, I hope, neither my religion nor morality can suffer, I dare write my opinion of that book in whose bowels you left me. It hath refreshed, and given new justice to my ordinary complaint, that the divines of these times, are become mere advocates, as though religion were a temporal inheritance; they plead for it with all sophistications, and illusions, and forgeries: and herein are they likest advocates, that though they be fed by the way, with dignities, and other recompenses, yet that for which they plead is none of theirs. They write for religion, without it. In the main point in question, I think truly there is a perplexity (as far as I see yet) and both sides may be in justice, and innocence; and the wounds which they inflict upon the adverse part, are all *se defendendo:* for, clearly, our state cannot be safe without the oath; since they profess, that clergymen, though traitors, are no subjects, and that all the rest may be none to-morrow. And, as clearly, the supremacy which the Roman church pretend, were diminished, if it were limited; and will as ill abide that, or disputation, as the prerogative of temporal kings, who being the only judges of their prerogative, why may not Roman bishops, (so enlightened as they are presumed by them) be good witnesses of their own supremacy, which is now so much impugned? But for this particular author, I looked for more prudence, and human wisdom in him, in avoiding all miscitings, or misinterpretings, because at this time, the watch is set, and everybody's hammer is upon that anvil; and to dare offend in that kind now, is, for a thief to leave the covert, and meet a strong hue and cry in the teeth: and yet truly this man is extremely obnoxious in that kind; for, though he have answered many things fully, (as no book ever gave more advantage than that which he undertook) and abound in delicate applications, and ornaments, from the divine and profane authors, yet being chiefly conversant about

* Before 1609.—ED.

two points, he prevaricates in both. For, for the matter, which is the first, he refers it entirely, and namely, to that which Dr. Morton hath said therein before, and so leaves it roundly: and for the person (which is the second) upon whom he amasses as many opprobries, as any other could deserve, he pronounceth, that he will account any answer from his adversary, slander, except he do (as he hath done) draw whatsoever he saith of him, from authors of the same religion, and in print: and so, he having made use of all the quodlibetaries, imputations against the other, cannot be obnoxious himself in that kind, and so hath provided safely. It were no service to you, to send you my notes upon the book, because they are sandy, and incoherent rags, for my memory, not for your judgment; and to extend them to an easiness, and perspicuity, would make them a pamphlet, not a letter. I will therefore defer them till I see you; and in the meantime, I will adventure to say to you, without inserting one unnecessary word, that the book is full of falsifications in words, and in sense, and of falsehoods in matter of fact, and of inconsequent and unscholarlike arguings, and of relinquishing the king, in many points of defence, and of contradiction of himself, and of dangerous and suspected doctrine in divinity, and of silly ridiculous triflings, and of extreme flatteries, and of neglecting better and more obvious answers, and of letting slip some enormous advantages which the other gave, and he spies not. I know (as I begun) I speak to you who cannot be scandalized, and that neither measure religion (as it is now called) by unity, nor suspect unity, for these interruptions. Sir, not only a mathematic point, which is the most indivisible and unique thing which art can present, flows into every line which is derived from the centre, but our soul which is but one, hath swallowed up a negative, and feeling soul; which was in the body before it came, and exercises those faculties yet; and God himself, who only is one, seems to have been eternally delighted, with a disunion of persons. They whose active function it is, must endeavour this unity in religion: and we at our lay altars (which are our tables, or bedside, or stools, wheresoever we dare prostrate ourselves to God in prayer) must beg it of him: but we must take heed of making misconclusions upon the want of it: for, whether the

mayor and aldermen fall out, (as with us and the puritans; bishops against priests) or the commoners' voices differ who is mayor, and who aldermen, or what their jurisdiction, (as with the bishop of Rome, or whosoever) yet it is still one corporation.

Your very affectionate servant and lover,

Mitcham, Thursday, late. J. DONNE.

Never leave the remembrance of my poor service unmentioned when you see the good lady.

LETTER XXII.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.*

Sir,

I receive this 14th, your letter of the 10th, yet I am not come to an understanding how these carriers keep days: for I would fain think that the letters which I sent upon Thursday last might have given you such an account of the state of my family, that you needed not have asked by this. But sir, it hath pleased God to add thus much to my affliction, that my wife hath now confessed herself to be extremely sick; she hath held out thus long to assist me, but is now overturned, and here we be in two beds, or graves; so that God hath marked out a great many of us, but taken none yet. I have passed ten days without taking anything; so that I think no man can live more thriftily. I have purged and vexed my body much since I writ to you, and this day I have missed my fit: and this is the first time, that I could discern any intermission. This is enough, the rest I will spend upon the parts of your letter: your letter at Paul's is delivered. In the history of that remove, this only perchance may be news to you, that Mr. Alabaster hath got of the king the dean's best living worth above three hundred pounds, which the dean had good hope to have held awhile. Of that which you writ concerning a book of the Nullity, I have heard no syllable any other way. If you have received it by good hands, I believe it with you: otherwise the report is naturally very incredible.

* Before 1609.—ED.

Though the answering of it be a work for some, both of better abilities really, and in common reputation also, yet I was like enough to have had some knowledge thereof. You mention again something which it seems you are not willing I should understand of my Lady Huntington: some of your former letters, have spoken of some other former letters, (which I never saw) which speak of the matter as of a history and thing done; and these latter letters speak of it prophetically, as of a future contingent. I am glad the often remembrance of it, gives me often occasion of thankfulness to her, for retaining me in her memory, and of professing myself in my end, and ways, her most humble servant. For your parliament business, I should be very sorry if you came not up, because I presume you had supposed many businesses to have been done at that time; but in the ways, wherein you have gone, I protest I am diffident. For first, for that lord whom you solicited by letters through me, I tell you with the whispering of a secret, but the confidence of a friend, that you will be deceived whensoever you think that he should take any delight in doing you a courtesy. And I am afraid, the true heartiness of the other noble gentleman Mr. Howard, will be of small use in this particular, if he have but solicited my lord his father to reserve a blank for his friend, for my lord hath suffered more denials, even in places where he sent names, than could have been feared. Besides Mr. Howard hath not written to his father therein, but to Mr. Woodward, who perceiving those letters to be written, before his purpose of being knight for the shire, thinks these letters extinguished. You made me offer so long since of a place (it was when you writ into the west) yet I could think it no merit to have offered you one since, otherwise it hath been since in my power, for since the Master of the Rolls provided me one, Sir Ed. Herbert, who makes haste away, made me a present of his; and I have had a third offer. The business of your last week's letter concerning the widow, is not a subject for a feverous man's consideration. Therefore I only send you back those letters which you sent; and ask you leave to make this which I am fain to call my good day, so much truly good, as to spend the rest of it with Dr. Layfield, who is, upon my summons, at this hour come to me. My physicians have made

me afraid, that this disease will work into my head, and so put me into lightnesses, therefore I am desirous that I be understood before any such danger overtake me.

Your true poor servant,

14th March. J. DONNE.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir H. Goodyere.*

Sir,

Because things be conserved by the same means, which established them, I nurse that friendship by letters, which you begot so: though you have since strengthened it by more solid aliment and real offices. In these letters from the country there is this merit, that I do otherwise unwillingly turn mine eye or thoughts from my books, companions in whom there is no falsehood nor frowardness: which words, I am glad to observe that the holy authors often join as expressers and relatives to one another, because else out of a natural descent to that unworthy fault of frowardness, furthered with that incommodity of a little thin house; I should have mistaken it to be a small thing, which now I see equalled with the worst. If you have laid my papers and books by, I pray let this messenger have them, I have determined upon them. If you have not, be content to do it, in the next three or four days. So, sir, I kiss your hands; and deliver to you an entire and clear heart; which shall ever when I am with you be in my face and tongue, and when I am from you, in my letters, for I will never draw curtain between you and it.

Yours very affectionately,

From your house at Mitcham, J. DONNE.

Friday morning.

When you are sometimes at Mr. Sackville's†, I pray ask if he have this book, *Baldvinus de Officio Pii Hominis in Controversiis;* it was written at the conference at Poissy, where Beza was, and he answered it; I long for it.

* Probably about 1608.—ED.

† Edward Sackville, afterwards earl of Dorset. The conference at Poissy was held in August, 1561, in hope of effecting a reconciliation between the Catholic and Protestant churches in France.—ED.

Letter XXIV.

To my most worthy Friend, Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

Because evenness conduces as much to strength and firmness as greatness doth, I would not discontinue my course of writing. It is a sacrifice, which though friends need not, friendship doth; which hath in it so much divinity, that as we must be ever equally disposed inwardly so to do or suffer for it, so we must suppose some certain times for the outward service thereof, though it be but formal and testimonial: that time to me towards you is Tuesday, and my temple, the Rose in Smithfield. If I were by your appointment your referendary for news, I should write but short letters, because the times are barren. The low countries, which used to be the mart of news for this season, suffering also, or rather enjoying a vacation. Since therefore I am but mine own secretary (and what is that?) I were excusable if I writ nothing, since I am so: besides that, your much knowledge brings you this disadvantage, that as stomachs accustomed to delicacies, find nothing new or pleasing to them when they are sick; so you can hear nothing from me (though the country perchance make you hungry) which you know not. Therefore instead of a letter to you, I send you one to another, to the best lady, who did me the honour to acknowledge the receipt of one of mine, by one of hers; and who only hath power to cast the fetters of verse upon my free meditations: it should give you some delight, and some comfort, because you are the first which see it, and it is the last which you shall see of this kind from me.

Your very affectionate lover and servant,

Mitcham the 14th August. J. Donne.

Letter XXV.

To the Countess of Bedford.

Madam,

Amongst many other dignities which this letter hath by being received and seen by you, it is not the least, that it was prophesied of before it was born: for your brother told you in his

letter, that I had written: he did me much honour both in advancing my truth so far as to call a promise an act already done; and to provide me a means of doing a service in this act, which is but doing right to myself: for by this performance of mine own word, I have also justified that part of his letter which concerned me; and it had been a double guiltiness in me, to have made him guilty towards you. It makes no difference that this came not the same day, nor bears the same date as his; for though in inheritances and worldly possessions we consider the dates of evidences, yet in letters, by which we deliver over our affections, and assurances of friendship, and the best faculties of our souls, times and days cannot have interest, nor be considerable, because that which passes by them, is eternal, and out of the measure of time. Because therefore it is the office of this letter, to convey my best wishes, and all the effects of a noble love unto you, (which are the best fruits that so poor a soil, as my poor soul is, can produce) you may be pleased to allow the letter thus much of the soul's privilege, as to exempt it from straitness of hours, or any measure of times, and so believe it came then. And for my part, I shall make it so like my soul, that as that affection, of which it is the messenger, began in me without my knowing when, any more than I know when my soul began; so it shall continue as long as that.

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

J. D.

Letter XXVI.

To my good Friend, Sir Henry Goodyere.*

Sir,

The messenger who brought me your letter presented me a just excuse, for I received them so late upon Thursday night, that I should have dispatched before I could begin; yet I have obeyed you drowsily, and coldly, as the night and my indisposition commanded: yet perchance those hindrances have done good, for so your letters are the less curious, in which, men of much leasure may soon exceed, when they write of business, they

* Before 1609.—Ed.

having but a little. You mention two more letters than I send. The time was not too short for me to have written them, (for I had a whole night) but it was too short to work a belief in me, that you could think it fit to go two so divers ways to one end. I see not, (for I see not the reason) how those letters could well have concurred with these, nor how those would well have been drawn from them, in a business wholly relating to this house. I was not lazy in disobeying you, but (I thought) only thrifty, and your request of those was not absolute, but conditioned, if I had leisure. So though that condition hinder them not, since another doth (and you forethought, that one might) I am not stubborn. The good countess spoke somewhat of your desire of letters; but I am afraid, she is not a proper mediatrix to those persons, but I counsel in the dark. And therefore return to that, of which I have clear light, that I am always glad, when I have any way to express my love; for in these commandments you feed my desires, and you give me means to pay some of my debts to you: the interest of which I pay in all my prayers for you, which, if it please not God to show here, I hope we shall find again together in heaven, whither they were sent. I came this morning to say thus much, and because the porter which came to Mitcham summoned me for this hour to London: from whence I am this minute returning to end a little course of physic.

Yours very truly,

Friday, eight in the morning. J. Donne.

Letter XXVII.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.*

Sir,

I hope you are now welcome to London, and well, and well comforted in your father's health and love, and well contented that we ask you how you do, and tell you how we are, which yet I cannot of myself; if I knew that I were ill, I were well; for we consist of three parts, a soul, and body, and mind: which I call those thoughts and affections and passions, which

* No date; but probably from Mitcham about 1608.—Ed.

neither soul nor body hath alone, but have been begotten by their communication, as music results out of our breath and a cornet. And of all these the diseases are cures, if they be known. Of our soul's sicknesses, which are sins, the knowledge is, to acknowledge, and that is her physic, in which we are not dieted by drachms and scruples, for we cannot take too much. Of our body's infirmities, though our knowledge be partly *ab extrinseco*, from the opinion of the physician, and that the subject and matter be flexible, and various; yet their rules are certain, and if the matter be rightly applied to the rule, our knowledge thereof is also certain. But of the diseases of the mind, there is no *criterium*, no canon, no rule; for our own taste and apprehension and interpretation should be the judge, and that is the disease itself. Therefore sometimes when I find myself transported with jollity, and love of company, I hang leads at my heels; and reduce to my thoughts my fortunes, my years, the duties of a man, of a friend, of a husband, of a father, and all the incumbencies of a family: when sadness dejects me, either I countermine it with another sadness, or I kindle squibs about me again, and fly into sportfulness and company: and I find ever after all, that I am like an exorcist, which had long laboured about one, which at last appears to have the* mother, that I still mistake my disease. And I still vex myself with this, because if I know it not, nobody can know it. And I comfort myself, because I see dispassioned men are subject to the like ignorances. For divers minds out of the same thing often draw contrary conclusions, as Augustine thought devout Anthony to be therefore full of the Holy Ghost, because not being able to read, he could say the whole Bible, and interpret it; and Thyreus the Jesuit for the same reason doth think all the Anabaptists to be possessed. And as often out of contrary things men draw one conclusion. As to the Roman church, magnificence and splendour hath ever been an argument of God's favour, and poverty and affliction, to the Greek. Out of this variety of minds it proceeds, that though our

* Mother: hysterical passion, so named as being imagined peculiar to women.—*Dr. Johnson.*

"Oh how this mother swells up toward my heart."—*Lear.*

It is also written *moother.*—*Todd.*

souls would go to one end, heaven, and all our bodies must go to one end, the earth: yet our third part the mind, which is our natural guide here, chooses to every man a several way: scarce any man likes what another doth, nor advisedly, that which himself. But, sir, I am beyond my purpose; I meant to write a letter, and I am fallen into a discourse, and I do not only take you from some business, but I make you a new business by drawing you into these meditations. In which let my openness be an argument of such love as I would fain express in some worthier fashion.

Letter XXVIII.

*A. V. Merced**.

Sir,

I write not to you out of my poor library, where to cast mine eye upon good authors kindles or refreshes sometimes meditations not unfit to communicate to near friends; nor from the high way, where I am contracted, and inverted into myself; which are my two ordinary forges of letters to you. But I write from the fire-side of my parlour, and in the noise of three gamesome children; and by the side of her, whom because I have transplanted into a wretched fortune, I must labour to disguise that from her by all such honest devices, as giving her my company and discourse, therefore I steal from her, all the time which I give this letter, and it is therefore that I take so short a list, and gallop so fast over it. I have not been out of my house since I received your packet. As I have much quenched my senses, and disused my body from pleasure, and so tried how I can endure to be mine own grave, so I try now how I can suffer a prison. And since it is but to build one wall more about our soul, she is still in her own centre, how many circumferences soever fortune or our own perverseness cast about her. I would I could as well entreat her to go out, as she knows whither to go. But if I melt into a melancholy whilst I write, I shall be taken in the manner: and I sit by one too tender towards these impres-

* *A vuestra merced*, a Spanish compliment signifying, *to your worship*, or *your grace*. Written from Mitcham before 1609.—Ed.

sions, and it is so much our duty, to avoid all occasions of giving them sad apprehensions, as St. Hierome accuses Adam of no other fault in eating the apple, but that he did it *Ne contristaretur delicias suas.* I am not careful what I write, because the enclosed letters may dignify this ill-favoured bark, and they need not grudge so coarse a countenance, because they are now to accompany themselves, my man fetched them, and therefore I can say no more of them than themselves say, Mrs. Meauly entreated me by her letter to hasten hers; as I think, for by my troth I cannot read it. My lady was dispatching in so much haste for Twickenham, as she gave no word to a letter which I sent with yours; of Sir Thomas Bartlet, I can say nothing, nor of the plague, though your letter bid me: but that he diminishes, the other increases, but in what proportion I am not clear. To them at Hammersmith, and Mrs. Herbert I will do your command. If I have been good in hope, or can promise any little offices in the future, probably it is comfortable, for I am the worst present man in the world; yet the instant, though it be nothing, joins times together, and therefore this unprofitableness, since I have been, and will still endeavour to be so, shall not interrupt me now from being Your servant and lover,

J. Donne.

Letter XXIX.

To Sir G. F.*

Sir,

I writ to you once this week before; yet I write again, both because it seems a kind of resisting of grace, to omit any commodity of sending into England, and because any packet from me into England should go, not only without just freight, but without ballast, if it had not a letter to you. In letters that I received from Sir H. Wootton yesterday from Amyens, I had one of the 8th of March from you, and with it one from Mrs. Danterey, of the 28th of January: which is a strange dispropor-

* Written from Paris, about 1609, when Donne was there with Sir Robert Drury and Lord Hay, on the embassy to Henry IV. The vision related in Walton must have taken place soon after this letter was written.—Ed.

tion. But, sir, if our letters come not in due order, and so make not a certain and concurrent chain, yet if they come as atoms, and so meet at last, by any crooked, and casual application, they make up, and they nourish bodies of friendship; and in that fashion, I mean one way or other, first or last. I hope all the letters which have been addressed to us by one another, are safely arrived, except perchance that packet by the cook be not, of which before this time you are clear; for I received (as I told you) a letter by Mr. Nat. Rich, and if you sent none by him, then it was that letter, which the cook tells you he delivered to Mr. Rich; which, with all my criticisms, I cannot reconcile; because in your last letter, I find mention of things formerly written, which I have not found. However, I am yet in the same perplexity, which I mentioned before; which is, that I have received no syllable, neither from herself, nor by any other, how my wife hath passed her danger, nor do I know whether I be increased by a child, or diminished by the loss of a wife. I hear from England of many censures of my book, of Mrs. Drury*; if any of those censures do but pardon me my descent in printing anything in verse, (which if they do, they are more charitable than myself; for I do not pardon myself, but confess that I did it against my conscience, that is, against my own opinion, that I should not have done so) I doubt not but they will soon give over that other part of that indictment, which is that I have said so much; for nobody can imagine, that I who never saw her, could have any other purpose in that, than that when I had received so very good testimony of her worthiness, and was gone down to print verses, it became me to say, not what I was sure was just truth, but the best that I cauld conceive: for that had been a new weakness in me, to have praised anybody in printed verses, that had not been capable of the best praise that I could give. Presently after Easter we shall (I think) go to Frankfort to be there at the election, where we shall meet Sir H. Wootton and Sir R. Rich, and after that we are determined to pass some time in the Palatinate. I go thither with a great deal of devotion; for methinks it is a new kind of piety, that as pilgrims went heretofore to places which had been holy and happy, so I go to a place

* See Poems.

now, which shall be so, and more, by the presence of the worthiest princess of the world, if that marriage proceed*. I have no greater errand to the place than that at my return into England, I may be the fitter to stand in her presence, and that after I have seen a rich and abundant country, in his best seasons, I may see that sun which shall always keep it in that height. Howsoever we stray, if you have leisure to write at any time, adventure by no other way, than Mr. Bruer, at the Queen's Arms, a mercer, in Cheapside. I shall omit no opportunity, of which I doubt not to find more than one before we go from Paris. Therefore give me leave to end this, in which if you did not find the remembrance of my humblest services to my Lady Bedford, your love and faith ought to try all the experiments of powders, and dryings, and waterings to discover some lines which appeared not; because it is impossible that a letter should come from me, with such an ungrateful silence.

Your very true poor friend and servant and lover,

J. Donne.

This day begins a history, of which I doubt not but I shall write more to you before I leave this town. Monsier de Rohan, a person for birth, next heir to the kingdom of Navar, after the king's children, (if the king of Spain were weary of it) and for alliance, son-in-law to Dr. Sally, and for breeding in the wars and estate, the most remarkable man of the religion, being governor of St. Jean d'Angeli, one of the most important towns which they of the religion hold for their security, finding that some distastes between the lieutenant and the mayor of the town and him, were dangerously fomented by great persons, stole from court, rode post to the town and removed these two persons. He sent his secretary, and another dependant of his to give the queen satisfaction, who is so far from receiving it, that his messengers are committed to the Bastile, likely to be presently tortured; all his friends here commanded to their houses, and the queen's companies of light horse sent already thitherward, and foot companies preparing with troops being sent against a place, so much

* The marriage of the Prince Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth, which took place in 1613.—Ed.

concerning those of the religion to keep, and where they abound in number and strength, cannot choose but produce effects worthy your hearing in the next letter.

Letter XXX.

To Sir R. H.

If a whole year be but *Annus ab annulo*, because it returns into itself, what *annulus* shall be diminutive enough, to express our weekly revolutions? In chains the least links have most curiosity, but that can be no emblem of us: but they have also the most strength, and that may. The first sphere only which is resisted by nothing, absolves his course every day; and so doth true friendship well placed, often iterate an act or purpose, the same offices. But as the lower spheres, subject to the violence of that, and yet naturally encouraged to a reluctation against it, have therefore many distractions, and eccentricities, and some trepidations, and so return but lamely, and lately to the same place, and office: so that friendship which is not moved primarily by the proper intelligence, discretion, and about the natural centre, virtue, doth perchance sometimes, some things, somewhat like true friendship; but hath many deviations, which are strayings into new loves, (not of other men; for that is proper to true wise friendship, which is not a marring; but of other things) and hath such trepidations as keep it from showing itself, where great persons do not love; and it returns to the true first station and place of friendship planetarily, which is uncertainly and seldom. I have ever seen in London and our court, as some colours, and habits, and continuances, and motions, and phrases, and accents, and songs, so friends in fashion and in season; and I have seen them as suddenly abandoned altogether, though I see no change in them, nor know more why they were left, than why they were chosen. To do things by example, and upon confidence of another's judgment may be some kind of a second wisdom; but it is but writing by a copy: or indeed it is the hardest of all, and the issue of the first wisdom, for I cannot know that this example should be followed, except I knew that it is good, and so I judge my Judge. Our assent therefore, and

arrest, must be upon things, not persons. And when we are sure we are in the right way, for great persons, we may be glad of their company, if they go our way; we may for them change our place, but not our end, nor our way, if there be but one, us in religion. In persevering in it, it concerns as much what our companions be, but very much what our friends. In which I know I speak not dangerously nor misappliably to you, as though I averted you from any of those friends, who are of other impressions than you or I in some great circumstances of religion. You know I never fettered nor imprisoned the word religion; not straightening it friarly, *Ad religiones factitias*, (as the Romans call well their orders of religion) not immuring it in a Rome, or a Wittemberg, or a Geneva; they are all virtual beams of one sun, and wheresoever they find clay hearts, they harden them, and moulder them into dust; and they entender and mollify waxen. They are not so contrary as the north and south poles; and that they are connatural pieces of one circle. Religion is Christianity, which being too spiritual to be seen by us, doth therefore take an apparent body of good life and works, so salvation requires an honest Christian. These are the two elements, and he which is elemented from these hath the complexion of a good man, and a fit friend. The diseases are, too much intention into indiscreet zeal, and too much remissness and negligence by giving scandal: for our condition and state in this, is as infirm as in our bodies; where physicians consider only two degrees; sickness, and neutrality; for there is no health in us. This, sir, I use to say to you, rather to have so good a witness and corrector of my meditations, than to advise; and yet to do that too, since it is pardonable in a friend: not to slack you towards those friends which are religious in other clothes than we; (for *amici vitia si feras facis tua*, is true of such faults) but to keep you awake against such as the place where you must live will often obtrude, which are not only naked, without any fashion of such garments, but have neither the body of religion, which is moral honesty, and sociable faithfulness, nor the soul, Christianity. I know not how this paper escaped last week which I send now; I was so sure that I enwrapped it then, that I should be so still, but that I had but

one copy; forgive it as you use to do. From Mitcham in as much haste, and with as ill pen and ink, as the letter can accuse me of; but with the last and the next week's heart and affection.

Yours very truly and affectionately,

J. Donne.

Letter XXXI.

To Sir Thomas Roe *.

Sir,

It is an ease to your friends abroad, that you are more a man of business than heretofore; for now it were an injury to trouble you with a busy letter. But by the same reason I were excusable if I should not write at all, since the less, the more acceptable; therefore, sir, though I have no more to say, but to renew the obligations I have towards you, and to continue my place in your love, I would not forbear to tell you so. If I shall also tell you, that when this place affords anything worth your hearing, I will be your relator, I think I take so long a day, as you would forget the debt, it appears yet to be so barren. Howsoever with every commodity, I shall say something, though it be but a descant upon this plain song, that I am

Your affectionate servant,

J. Donne.

Letter XXXII†.

Sir,

It is one ill affection of a desperate debtor, that he dares not come to an account, nor take knowledge how much he owes; this makes me that I dare not tell you how many letters I have received from you since I came to this town; I had three, the first by the cook, who brought none but yours, nor ever came to me, to let me know what became of the rest: the two others of the seventh and eighth of March, came in a letter which Sir H. Wootton writ to me from Amiens; there is not a size of paper in the

* Probably written in 1609 or 1610.—Ed.

† Probably to Sir H. Goodyere, and written about 1609.—Ed.

palace, large enough to tell you how much I esteem myself honoured in your remembrances; nor strong enough to wrap up a heart so full of good affections towards you, as mine is. When anything passes between Sir Thomas Roe and you, tell him I am not the less his servant, for not saying so by often letters: for by my troth, I am that so much as he could desire I should be, when he began to love me. Sir Thomas Lucy's business, and perchance sadness forbid me writing now. I have written to him (whilst I lived in darkness, whether my letters came to you or no) by another way; and if my poor letters were any degree of service, I should do it often, and rather be mine own post, than leave anything undone, to which he would give such an interpretation, as that it were an argument of my devotion to him. For my purpose of proceeding in the profession of the law, so far as to a title, you may be pleased to correct that imagination where you find it. I ever thought the study of it my best entertainment and pastime, but I have no ambition, nor design upon the style. Of my anniversaries the fault which I acknowledge in myself, is to have descended to print anything in verse, which though it have excuse, even in our times, by example of men, which one would think should as little have done it, as I; yet I confess I wonder how I declined to it, and do not pardon myself. But for the other part of the imputation, of having said so much, my defence is, that my purpose was to say as well as I could: for since I never saw the gentlewoman, I cannot be understood to have bound myself to have spoken just truth: but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise any body in rhyme, except I took such a person, as might be capable of all that I could say. If any of those ladies think that Mrs. Drury was not so, let that lady make herself fit for all those praises in the book, and it shall be hers. Nothing is further from colour or ground of truth, than that which you write of Sir Robert Drury's going to mass. No man of our nation hath been more forward to apply himself to the church of the religion where he hath come, nor to relieve their wants, where that demonstration hath been needful. I know not yet whether Sir John Brooke's purpose of being very shortly here, be not a just reason to make me forbear writing to him. I am sure that I would fainest do,

that in writing or abstaining which should be most acceptable to him. It were in vain to put into this letter any relation of the magnificence which has been here at publication of these marriages; for at this time there come into England so many Frenchmen, as I am sure you shall hear all at least. If they speak not of above eight hundred horse well caparisoned, you may believe it: and you may believe, that no court in Christendom had been able to have appeared so brave in that kind. But if they tell you of any other stuff than copper, or any other exercise of arms than running at the quintain, and the ring, you may be bold to say *Pardone moy*. Sir, this messenger makes so much haste that I cry your mercy for spending any time of this letter, in other employment, than thanking you for yours, and promising you more before my removal from hence. I pray venture no letter to me by any other way than Mr. John Bruer at the Queen's Arms a mercer in Cheapside, who is always like to know where we are; and make me by loving me still, worthy to be your friend and servant,

J. Donne.

Letter XXXIII.

To my honoured Friend, Mr. George Garrat.*

Sir,

I would I were so good an alchemist to persuade you that all the virtue of the best affections, that one could express in a sheet, were in this rag of paper. It becomes my fortune to deal thus in single money; and I may hit better with this hailshot of little letters (because they may come thick) than with great bullets; and trouble my friends less. I confess it were not long enough if it came to present my thanks for all the favours you have done me; but since it comes to beg more, perchance it may be long enough, because I know not how short you will be with an absent friend. If you will but write that you give me leave to keep that name still, it shall be the gold of your letter: and for allay, put in as much news as you will. We are in a place where scarce any money appears, but base: as, I confess, all

* From Amiens, 1609.—Ed.

matters of letters is in respect of the testimonies of friendship; but obey the corruption of this place, and fill your letters with worse stuff than your own. Present my service to all those gentlemen whom I had the honour to serve at our lodging. I cannot fly an higher pitch, than to say, that I am so much their servant as you can say I am. At the Queen's Arms in Cheapside, which is a mercer's, you may hear of one Mr. John Brewer, who will convey any letter directed to me at Sir Rob. Drury's at Amiens, though he know not me: and I should be glad to hear that this first that I sent into England had the fortune to find you.

Yours,

J. Donne.

Letter XXXIV.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.*

Sir,

Because I am in a place and season where I see everything bud forth, I must do so too, and vent some of my meditations to you; the rather because all other buds being yet without taste or virtue, my letters may be like them. The pleasantness of the season displeases me. Everything refreshes, and I wither, and I grow older and not better, my strength diminishes, and my load grows, and being to pass more and more storms, I find that I have not only cast out all my ballast which nature and time gives, reason and discretion, and so am as empty and light as vanity can make me; but I have over-fraught myself with vice, and so am riddingly subject to two contrary wrecks, sinking and oversetting, and under the iniquity of such a disease as enforces the patient when he is almost starved, not only to fast, but to purge. For I have much to take in, and much to cast out; sometimes I think it easier to discharge myself of vice than of vanity, as one may sooner carry the fire out of a room than the smoke: and then I see it was a new vanity to think so. And when I think sometimes that vanity, because it is thin and airy, may be expelled with virtue or business, or substantial vice; I find that I give entrance thereby to new vices. Certainly as the

* Probably from abroad, in 1609.—Ed.

earth and water, one sad, the other fluid, make but one body: so to air and vanity, there is but one *centrum morbi*. And that which later physicians say of our bodies, is fitter for our minds: for that which they call destruction, which is a corruption and want of those fundamental parts whereof we consist, is vice: and that *collectio stercorum*, which is but the excrement of that corruption, is our vanity and indiscretion: both these have but one root in me, and must be pulled out at once, or never. But I am so far from digging to it, that I know not where it is, for it is not in mine eyes only, but in every sense, nor in my concupiscence only, but in every power and affection. Sir, I was willing to let you see how impotent a man you love, not to dishearten you from doing so still (for my vices are not infectious, nor wandering, they came not yesterday, nor mean to go away to-day: they inn not, but dwell in me, and see themselves so welcome, and find in me so good bad company of one another, that they will not change, especially to one not apprehensive, nor easily accessible) but I do it, that your counsel might cure me, and if you deny that, your example shall, for I will as much strive to be like you as I will wish you to continue good.

Letter XXXV.

*To my Lord G. H.**

Sir,

I am near the execution of that purpose for France; though I may have other ends, yet if it do but keep me awake, it recompenses me well. I am now in the afternoon of my life, and then it is unwholesome to sleep. It is ill to look back, or give over in a course; but worse never to set out. I speak to you at this time of departing, as I should do at my last upon my deathbed; and I desire to deliver into your hands a heart and affections, as innocent towards you, as I shall to deliver my soul into God's hands then. I say not this out of diffidence, as though you doubted it, or that this should look like an excuse, as implied an

* This superscription seems to be an error, for To Sir H. G. *i. e.* Sir Henry Goodyere, as it was through him that Donne's letters to Lady Bedford were sent; written 1609.—Ed.

accusation; but because my fortune hath burdened you so, as I could not rectify it before my going, my conscience and interpretation (severer I hope than yours towards myself) calls that a kind of demerit; but God who hath not only afforded us a way to be delivered from our great many debts, contracted by our executorship to Adam, but also another for our particular debts after, hath not left poor men unprovided, for discharge of moral and civil debts; in which, acknowledgement, and thankfulness is the same, as repentance and contrition is in spiritual debts: and though the value and dignity of all these be not perchance in the things, but in the acceptation, yet I cannot doubt of it, either in God, or you. But sir, because there is some degree of thankfulness in asking more (for that confesses all former obligations, and a desire to be still in the same dependency) I must entreat you to continue that wherein you have most expressed your love to me, which is, to maintain me in the same room in my Lady Bedford's opinion, in the which you placed me. I profess to you that I am too much bound to her, for expressing every way her care of my fortune, that I am weary before she is; and out of a lothness, that so good works should be bestowed upon so ill stuff, or that so much ill fortune should be mingled with hers, as that she should miss anything that she desired, though it were but for me; I am willing to depart from further exercising her endeavours in that kind. I shall be bold to deliver my poor letters to her ladyship's hands, through yours, whilst I am abroad, though I shall ever account myself at home, whilst I am in your memory. Your affectionate servant and lover,

J. DONNE.

LETTER XXXVI.

*To Sir Henry Goodyere**.

Sir,

This 14th of November last I received yours of the 9th, as I was in the street going to sup with my Lady Bedford, I found all that company forepossessed with a wonder why you came not

* Before 1610.—ED.

last Saturday. I perceive, that as your intermitting your letters to me, gave me reason to hope for you, so some more direct address or conscience of your business here, had imprinted in them an assurance of your coming, this letter shall but talk, not discourse; it shall but gossip, not consider, nor consult, so it is made half with a prejudice of being lost by the way. The king is gone this day for Royston: and hath left with the queen a commandment to meditate upon a mask for Christmas, so that they grow serious about that already; that will hasten my Lady Bedford's journey, who goes within ten days from hence to her lord, but by reason of this, can make no long stay there. Justinian the Venetian is gone hence, and one Carraw come in his place: that state hath taken a fresh offence at a friar, who refused to absolve a gentleman, because he would not express in confession what books of Father Paul, and such, he knew to be in the hands of any others; the state commanded him out of that territory in three hours' warning, and he hath now submitted himself, and is returned as prisoner for Mantua, and so remains as yet. Sir H. Wootton who writ hither, adds also that upon his knowledge there are fourteen thousand as good Protestants as he in that state. The Duke Joyeuse is dead, in Primont, returning from Rome, where Mr. Mole who went with the Lord Ross, is taken into the inquisition, and I see small hope of his recovery; for he had in some translations of Plessis' books talked of Babylon and Antichrist. Except it fall out that one Strange, a Jesuit in the tower, may be accepted for him. To come a little nearer myself, Sir Geffery Fenton one of his majesty's secretaries in Ireland is dead; and I have made some offer for the place, in preservation whereof, as I have had occasion to employ all my friends, so I have not found in them all (except Bedford) more haste and words (for when those two are together, there is much comfort even in the least) than in the Lord Hay. In good faith he promised so roundly, so abundantly, so profusely as I suspected him, but performed whatever he undertook, (and my requests were the measures of his undertakings) so readily and truly, that his compliments became obligations, and having spoke like a courtier, did like a friend. This I tell you, because being far under any ability of expressing my thankfulness

to him by any proportional service, I do, as much as I can, thank him by thanking of you, who begot, or nursed these good impressions of me in him. Sir, as my discretion would do, my fortune doth bring all my debts into one hand, for I owe you whatever court friends do for me, yea, whatsoever I do for myself, because you almost importune me, to awake and stare the court in the face. I know not yet what conjecture to make of the event. But I am content to go forward a little more in the madness of missing rather than not pretend; and rather wear out, than rust. It is extreme late; and as this letter is nothing, so if ever it come to you, you will know it without a name, and therefore I may end it here.

Letter XXXVII.

To all my Friends: Sir Henry Goodyere.*

Sir,

I am not weary of writing; it is the coarse but durable garment of my love; but I am weary of wanting you. I have a mind like those bodies, which have hot livers, and cold stomachs; or such a distemper as travailed me at Paris; a fever, and dysentery: in which, that which is physic to one infirmity, nourishes the other. So I abhor nothing more than sadness, except the ordinary remedy, change of company. I can allow myself to be *animal sociale*, appliable to my company, but not *gregale*, to herd myself in every troop. It is not perfectly true which a very subtle, yet very deep wit Averroes says, that all mankind hath but one soul, which informs and rules us all, as one Intelligence doth the firmament and all the stars in it; as though a particular body were too little an organ for a soul to play upon. And it is as imperfect which is taught by that religion which is most accommodate to sense (I dare not say to reason, though it have appearance of that too, because none may doubt but that that religion is certainly best, which is reasonablest) that all mankind hath one protecting angel; all Christians one other, all English one other, all of one corporation and every civil coagulation or society one other; and every man one other. Though both these opinions express

* Probably written about 1610.—Ed.

a truth; which is, that mankind hath very strong bounds to cohabit and concur in, other than mountains and hills, during his life. First, common, and mutual necessity of one another; and therefore naturally in our defence, and subventions we first fly to ourselves; next, to that which is likest, other men. Then, natural and inborn charity, beginning at home, which persuades us to give that we may receive: and legal charity, which makes us also forgive. Then an ingraffing in one another, and growing together by a custom of society: and last of all, strict friendship, in which band men were so presumed to be coupled, that our confessor king had a law, that if a man be killed, the murderer shall pay a sum *felago suo*, which the interpreters call, *fide ligato, et comite vitæ*. All these bands I willingly receive, for no man is less of himself than I: nor any man enough of himself. To be so, is all one with Omnipotence. And it is well marked, that in the holy book, wheresoever they have rendered Almighty, the word is self-sufficient. I think sometimes that the having a family should remove me far from the curse of *Væ soli*. But in so strict obligation of parent, or husband, or master, (and perchance it is so in the last degree of friendship) where all are made one, I am not the less alone, for being in the midst of them. Therefore this *oleum lætitiæ*, this balm of our lives, this alacrity which dignifies even our service to God, this gallant enemy of dejection and sadness, (for which and wickedness the Italian allows but one word, *triste:* and in full condemnation whereof it was prophesied of our blessed Saviour, *Non erit tristis*, in his conversation) must be sought and preserved diligently. And since it grows without us, we must be sure to gather it from the right tree. They which place this alacrity only in a good conscience, deal somewhat too roundly with us, for when we ask the way, they show us the town afar off. Will a physician consulted for health and strength, bid you have good sinews and equal temper? It is true that this conscience is the resultance of all other particular actions; it is our triumph and banquet in the haven; but I would come towards that also, (as mariners say) with a merry wind. Our nature is meteoric, we respect (because we partake so) both earth and heaven; for as our bodies glorified shall be capable of spiritual joy, so our souls demerged

into those bodies, are allowed to partake earthly pleasure. Our soul is not sent hither, only to go back again: we have some errand to do here: nor is it sent into prison, because it comes innocent: and he which sent it, is just. As we may not kill ourselves, so we may not bury ourselves: which is done or endangered in a dull monastic sadness, which is so much worse than jollity, for upon that word I durst*——————————. And certainly despair is infinitely worse, than presumption: both because this is an excess of love, that of fear; and because this is up, that down the hill; easier, and more stumbling. Heaven is expressed by singing, hell by weeping. And though our blessed Saviour be never noted to have laughed, yet his countenance is said ever to be smiling. And that even moderate mirth of heart, and face, and all I wish to myself, and persuade you to keep. This alacrity is not had by a general charity and equanimity to all mankind, for that is to seek fruit in a wilderness: nor from a singular friend, for that is to fetch it out of your own pocket: but the various and abundant grace of it, is good company. In which no rank, no number, no quality, but ill, and such a degree of that as may corrupt and poison the good, is exempt. For in nearer than them, your friend, and somewhat nearer than he, in yourself you must allow some inordinateness of affections and passions. For it is not true that they are not natural, but storms and tempests of our blood and humours: for they are natural, but sickly. And as the Indian priests expressed an excellent charity, by building hospitals and providing chirurgery for birds and beasts lamed by mischance, or age, or labour: so must we, not cut off, but cure these affections, which are the bestial part.

Letter XXXVIII.

To Sir Henry Goodyere†.

Sir,

If this which I send you enclosed give me right intelligence, I present you a way by which you may redeem all your

* It is thus in the old edition.—Ed.

† Probably written about 1610.—Ed.

former wastes, and recompense your ill fortunes, in having sometimes apprehended unsuccessful suits, and (that which I presume you affect most) ease yourself from all future inquisition of widows, or such businesses as ask so over industrious a pursuit, as divest a man from his best happiness of enjoying himself. I give you (I think) the first knowledge, of two millions confiscated to the crown of England: of which I dare assure myself the coffers have yet touched none, nor have the commissioners for suits anything to oppose against a suit founded upon this confiscation, though they hold never so strictly to their instructions. After you have served yourself with a proportion, I pray make a petition in my name for as much as you think may be given me for my book* out of this; for, but out of this, I have no imagination. And for a token of my desire to serve him, present Mr. Fowler with 3 or 4000*li.* of this, since he was so resolved never to leave his place, without a suit of that value. I wish your cousin in the town, better provided; but if he be not, here is enough for him. And since I am ever an affectionate servant to that journey, acquaint Mr. Martin from me, how easy it will be to get a good part of this for Virginia. Upon the least petition that Mr. Brook can present he may make himself whole again, of all which the king's servants Mr. Lepton and Master Waterhouse, have endammaged him. Give him leave to offer to Mr. Hakevill enough to please himself, for his *Aurum Reginæ*. And if Mr. Gherard have no present hopeful design upon a worthy widow, let him have so much of this as will provide him that house and coach which he promised to lend me at my return. If Mr. Inigo Jones be not satisfied for his last mask (because I hear say it cannot come to much) here is enough to be had: this is but a copy, but if Sir Robert Cotton have the original he will not deny it you; if he hath it not, nobody else hath it, nor can prevent you; husband it well, which you may easily do, because I assure myself none of the children nor friends of the party condemned will cross you or importune the king for any part. If I get no more by it, yet it hath made me a letter. And sir (to depart from this mine) in what part of my letters soever you find the remembrance of my humble service to my Lord of Bedford,

* Probably Pseudo-martyr.—Ed.

I beseech you ever think them intended for the first, and in that rank present them. I have yet received but one letter from you which was of the 10th of December by Mr. Pory, but you see that as long as there is one egg left in the nest, I never leave laying, nor should although you had sent none since; all at last will not amount to so good a testimony as I would fain give how much I am Your affectionate servant and lover,

J. DONNE.

Sir, I write this letter in no very great degree of a convalescence from such storms of a stomach cholic as kept me in a continual vomiting, so that I know not what I should have been able to do to despatch this wind, but that an honest fever came and was my physic: I tell you of it only lest some report should make it worse, for methinks that they who love to add to news should think it a masterpiece to be able to say no worse of any ill fortune of mine than it deserves, since commonly it deserves worse than they can say, but they did not, and I am reprieved. I find dying to be like those facts which denying makes felony: when a sickness examines us, and we confess that we are willing to die, we cannot, but those who are——* incur the penalty: and I may die yet, if talking idly be an ill sign. God be with you.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the Honourable Sir Robert Drury†.

Sir,

I gave no answer to the letter I received from you upon Tuesday, both because I had it in no other commandment by it but to deliver your letter therein, which I did, and because that letter found me under very much sadness, which (according to the proportion of ills that fall upon me) is since also increased, so that I had not written now, if I had been sure to have been better able to write next week, which I have not much appearance of: yet there was committed to my disposition (that is, left

* It is thus in the old edition; perhaps "not" is the only word wanting.—ED.

† Probably from Mitcham, between 1604 and 1610.—ED.

at my house in my absence) a letter from Sir W. Lover, but it was some hours after all possibility of sending it by the carrier, so that Mr. W. Stanhope giving me the honour of a visit at that time, and being instantly to depart, for your parts, did me the favour to undertake the delivery of it to you. With me, sir, it is thus, there is not one person (besides myself) in my house well. I have already lost half a child, and with that mischance of hers, my wife fallen into an indisposition, which would afflict her much, but that the sickness of her children stupifies her: of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope. This meets a fortune so ill provided for physic and such relief, that if God should ease us with burials, I know not well how to perform even that. I flatter myself in this, that I am dying too: nor can I truly die faster, by any waste, than by loss of children. But sir, I will mingle no more of my sadness to you, but will a little recompense it, by telling you that my Lord Harrington, of whom a few days since they were doubtful, is so well recovered that now they know all his disease to be the pox, and measles mingled. This I heard yesterday: for I have not been there yet. I came as near importunity as I could, for an answer from Essex-house, but this was all, that he should see you shortly himself.

Your servant,

J. Donne.

I cannot tell you so much, as you tell me, of anything from my Lord of Somerset, since the epithalamium, for I heard nothing.

Letter XL.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir H. Goodyere.

Sir,

I have but one excuse for not sending you the sermon that you do me the honour to command, and I foresee, that before I take my hand from this paper, I shall lose the benefit of that excuse; it is, that for more than twenty days, I have been travailed with a pain, in my right wrist, so like the gout, as makes me unable to write. The writing of this letter will implore a commentary for that, that I cannot legibly; for that I cannot write much, this letter will testify against me. Sir, I

beseech you, at first, tell your company, that I decline not the service out of sullenness nor laziness, nor that any fortune damps me so much, as that I am not sensible of the honour of their commanding it, but a mere inexperience whether I be able to write eight hours or no; but I will try next week, and either do it, for their service, or sink in their service. This is Thursday: and upon Tuesday my Lady Bedford came to this town; this afternoon I presented my service to her, by Mrs. Withrington: and so asked leave to have waited upon them at supper: but my messenger found them ready to go into their coach: so that a third letter which I received from Mrs. Dadley, referring me to Mrs. Withrington's relation of all that state, I lose it till their return to this town. To clear you in that wherein I see by your letter that I had not well expressed myself in mine, Sir Edward Herbert wrote to Sir Edward Sackville, not to press the king to fix any certain time of sending him, till he was come over, and had spoken with the king: Sir Edward Sackville collects upon that, that Sir Edward Herbert means to go again; I think it is only, that he would have his honour so saved, as not to seem to be recalled, by having a successor, before he had emptied the place. We hear nothing from my Lord of Doncaster: nor have we any way to send him. I have not seen my Lady Doncaster, for she crossed to Penshurst, and from thence to Petworth, my Lady Isabella came to this town; where, before her coming, a letter attended her from my Lady of Tichfield: and thither she went, with their servants, who staid her coming. Hither came lately letters with good speed from Vienna, in which there is no mention of any such defeat, as in rumour Count Mansfeld hath been said to have given to the Duke of Bavyer: but their forces were then within such distance, as may have procured something before this time. Those which watched advantages in the court of the emperor, have made that use of Count Mansfeld's proceedings, as that my Lord Digby complains, that thereby, the forwardness in which his negotiation was, is somewhat retarded. He proceeds from thence into Spain. The Duke of Bavyer hath presented the emperor an account of 1,200,000*l.* sterling in that war, to be reimbursed: and finding the palatinate to be in treaty, hath required a great part of Austria for his security, and they say,

it is so transacted: which is a good sign of a possibility in the restitution of the palatinate. For anything I discern, their fears are much greater from Hungary, than from Bohemia; and the loss of cannon, in a great proportion, and other things, at the death of Bucquoy, was much greater, than they suffered to be published. We hear Spinola is passed over at Rhenebery; if it be so, they are no longer distracted, whether he would bend upon Juliers, or the palatinate. I know not what you hear from your noble son-in-law, who sees those things clearly in himself, and in a near distance; but I hear here, that the king hath much lost the affection of the English in those parts. Whether it proceed from any sourness in him, or that they be otherwise taken off, from applying themselves to him, I know not. My Lord of St. Alban's hath found so much favour as that a pension of 2000*l.* will be given him; he desires that he might have it for years, that so he might transfer it upon his creditors; or that in place of it he might have 8000*l.* for he hath found a disposition in his creditors (to whom I hear he hath paid 3000*l.* since, by retiring) to accept 8000*l.* for all his debts, which are three times as much. I have been sometimes with my Lord of Canterbury since by accident, to give you his own words. I see him retain his former cheerfulness here and at Croydon, but I do not hear from court, that he hath any ground for such a confidence, but that his case may need favour, and not have it. That place, and Bedington, and Chelsea, and Highgate, where that very good man my Lord Hobard is, and Hackney, with the Master of the Rolls, and my familiar Peckham, are my circumference. No place so eccentric to me, as that I lie just at London; and with those fragmentary recreations I must make shift to recompense the missing of that contentment which your favour opens to me, and my desire provokes me to, the kissing of your hands at Polesworth. My daughter Constance is at this time with me; for the emptiness of the town, hath made me, who otherwise live upon the alms of others, a housekeeper, for a month; and so she is my servant below stairs, and my companion above; she was at the table with me, when your letter was brought, and I pay her a piece of her petition in doing her this office, to present her service to my Lady Nethersoles, and her very good sister. But that she

is gone to bed two hours before I wrote this, she would have signed, with such a hand as your daughter Mary did to me, that which I testify for her, that she is as affectionate a servant to them all, as their goodness hath created anywhere. Sir, I shall recompense my tediousness, in closing mine eyes with a prayer for yours, as for mine own happiness, for I am almost in bed; if it were my last bed, and I upon my last business there, I should not omit to join you with

Your very humble and very thankful
servant in Christ Jesus,

August 30, 1611. J. DONNE.

LETTER XLI.

To my honoured Friend, George Gerrard, Esq.

Sir,

Neither your letters nor silence needs excuse; your friendship is to me an abundant possession, though you remember me but twice in a year. He that could have two harvests in that time, might justly value his land at a high rate; but, sir, as we do not only then thank our land, when we gather the fruit, but acknowledge that all the year she doth many motherly offices in preparing it: so is not friendship then only to be esteemed, when she is delivered of a letter, or any other real office, but in her continual propenseness and inclination to do it. This hath made me easy in pardoning my long silences, and in promising myself your forgiveness for not answering your letter sooner. For my purpose of proceeding in the profession of the law, so far as to a title, you may be pleased to correct that imagination, wheresoever you find it. I ever thought the study of it my best entertainment and pastime, but I have no ambition nor design upon the style. Of my anniversaries, the fault that I acknowledge in myself, is to have descended to print anything in verse, which, though it have excuse in our times, by men who profess and practise much gravity; yet I confess I wonder how I declined to it, and do not pardon myself. But for the other part of the imputation, of having said too much, my defence is, that my purpose was to say as well as I could; for, since I never saw the gentle-

woman, I cannot be understood to have bound myself to have spoken just truths; but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise her or any other in rhyme, except I took such a person as might be capable of all that I could say. If any of those ladies think that Mistress Drewry was not so, let that lady make herself fit for all those praises in the book, and they shall be hers. Sir, this messenger makes so much haste that I cry you mercy for spending any time of this letter in other employment than thanking you for yours. I hope before Christmas to see England and kiss your hand, which shall ever (if it disdain not that office) hold all the keys of the liberty and affection, and all the faculties of

Your most affectionate servant,

J. D.

Paris, the 14th of April, here, 1612.

Letter XLII.

To the Lady G.*

Madam,

I am not come out of England, if I remain in the noblest part of it, your mind; yet I confess it is too much diminution to call your mind any part of England, or of this world, since every part even of your body deserves titles of higher dignity. No prince would be loth to die, that were assured of so fair a tomb to preserve his memory: but I have a greater vantage than so; for since there is a religion in friendship, and a death in absence, to make up an entire frame there must be a heaven too: and there can be no heaven so proportional to that religion, and that death, as your favour. And I am gladder that it is a heaven, than that it were a court, or any other high place of this world; because I am likelier to have a room there than here, and better, cheap. Madam, my best treasure is time, and my best employment of that, is to study good wishes to you: in which I am by continual meditation so learned, that your own good angel, when it would do you most good, might be content to come and take instructions from

Your humble and affectionate servant,

J. Donne.

* Probably to Lady Goodyere; written while Donne was abroad in 1612.—Ed.

Letter XLIII.

To Yourself.*

Sir,

If this letter find you in a progress, or at Bath, or at any place of equal leasure to our Spâ, you will perchance descend to read so low meditations as these. Nothing in my Lord of Salisbury's death exercised my poor considerations so much, as the multitude of libels. It was easily discerned, some years before his death, that he was at a defensive war, both for his honour and health, and (as we then thought) for his estate: and I thought that had removed much of the envy. Besides, I have just reasons to think, that in the chiefest businesses between the nations, he was a very good patriot. But I meant to speak of nothing but the libels, of which, all which are brought into these parts are so tasteless and flat, that I protest to you, I think they were made by his friends. It is not the first time that our age hath seen that art practised: that, when there are witty and sharp libels made, which, not only for the liberty of speaking, but for the elegance and composition, would take deep root, and make durable impressions in the memory,—no other way hath been thought so fit to suppress them, as to divulge some course, and railing one: for when the noise is risen, that libels are abroad, men's curiosity must be served with something: and it is better for the honour of the person traduced, that some blunt downright railings be vented, of which everybody is soon weary, than other pieces, which entertain us long with a delight and love to the things themselves. I doubt not but he smothered some libels against him in his lifetime. But I would all these (or better) had been made then, for they might then have wrought upon him; and they might have testified that the authors had meant to mend him: but now they can have no honest pretence. I dare say to you, where I am not easily misinterpreted, that there may be cases, where one may do his country good service, by libelling against a live man. For, where a man is either too great, or his vices too general, to be brought under a judiciary accusation,

* Probably Sir H. Goodyere; written when Donne was in Germany.—Ed.

there is no way, but this extraordinary accusing, which we call libelling. And I have heard that nothing hath suppled and allayed the Duke of Lerma in his violent greatness, so much as the often libels made upon him. But after death it is, in all cases, inexcusable. I know that Lucifer, and one or two more of the fathers who writ libellous books against the emperors of their times, are excused by our writers, because they writ not in the lives of those emperors. I am glad for them that they writ not in their lives, for that must have occasioned tumult and contempt against so high and sovereign persons. But that doth not enough excuse them to me, for writing so after their death; for that was ignoble and useless, though they did a little escape the nature of libels, by being subscribed and avowed: which excuse would not have served in the star-chamber, where sealed letters have been judged libels. But these of which we speak at this present, are capable of no excuse, no amolishment; and therefore I cry you mercy, and myself too, for disliking them with so much diligence, for they deserve not that. But, sir, you see by this, and by my letter of last week from hence, the peremptory barrenness of this place: from whence we can write nothing into England, but of that which comes from thence. Till the Lady Worcester came hither, I had never heard anything to make me imagine that Sir Robert Rich was in England; the first hour that I had knowledge of it, I kiss his hands by this letter. I make account to be in London, transitorily, about the end of August. You shall do me much favour, if I may find a letter from you (if you shall not then be there) at the Lady Bartlet's. I shall come home in much ignorance, nor would I discern home by a better light, or any other, than you. I can glory of nothing in this voyage, but that I have afflicted my Lady Bedford with few letters. I protest earnestly to you, it troubles me much more to dispatch a packet into England, without a letter to her, than it would to put in three. But I have been heretofore too immodest towards her, and I suffer this purgatory for it. We make account to leave this place within eight or ten days, and hence to make our best haste to the Count Maurice, where we think to find again the young Palatine. All this I tell you, only because when you know that we shall run too fast to write

any more letters, you may easily pardon the importunities and impertinences of this, and cast into no lower place of your love,

Your very true friend and servant,

Spâ, 26th July, here, 1612. J. DONNE.

LETTER XLV.

*To Yourself**.

Sir,

All your other letters, which came to me by more hazardous ways, had therefore much merit in them; but for your letter by Mr. Pory, it was but a little degree of favour, because the messenger was so obvious, and so certain, that you could not choose but write by him. But since he brought me as much letter as all the rest, I must accept that, as well as the rest. By this time, Mr. Garret, when you know in your conscience that you have sent no letter, you begin to look upon the superscription, and doubt that you have broken up some other body's letter: but whose soever it were it must speak the same language, for I have heard from nobody. Sir, if there be a proclamation in England against writing to me, yet since it is thereby become a matter of state, you might have told Mr. Pory so. And you might have told him, what became of Sir Thomas Lucy's letter, in my first packet, (for any letter to him makes any paper a packet, and any piece of single money a medal) and what became of my Lady Kingsmel's in my second, and of hers in my third, whom I will not name to you in hope that it is perished, and you lost the honour of giving it. Sir, mine own desire of being your servant, hath sealed me a patent of that place during my life, and therefore it shall not be in the power of your forbidden, (to which your stiff silence amounts) to make me leave being

Your very affectionate servant,

J. DONNE.

* Mr. George Garret: from abroad, about 1612.—ED.

Letter XLVI.

To your fair Sister.*

Madam,

The dignity, and the good fortune due to your letter, hath preserved a packet so well, that through France and Germany it is at last come to me at Spâ. This good experience makes me in despite of contrary appearances, hope that I shall find some messenger for this, before I remove, though it be but two days. For, even miracles are but little and slight things, when anything which either concerns your worthiness is in consideration or my valuation of it. If I fail in this hope of a messenger, I shall not grudge to do myself this service of bringing it into England, that you may hear me say there, that I have thus much profited by the honour of your conversation, and contemplation, that I am, as your virtues are, everywhere equal; and that, that which I shall say then at London, I thought and subscribed at Spâ, which is, that I will never be anything else, than

Your very humble and affectionate servant,

J. Donne.

Letter XLVII.

To Sir H. Wootton†.

Sir,

That which is at first but a visitation, and a civil office, comes quickly to be a haunting, and an uncivil importunity: my often writing might be subject to such a misinterpretation, if it were not to you, who as you know that the affection which suggests and dictates them, is ever one, and continual, and uninterrupted; may be pleased to think my letters so too, and that all the pieces make but one long letter, and so I know you would not grudge to read any entire book of mine, at that pace, as you do my letters, which is a leaf a-week: especially such letters as mine, which (perchance out of the dullness of the place) are so

* Mrs. Martha Garret; about 1612.—Ed.

† Probably written in 1612, during the regency of Mary de Medicis, from Paris.—Ed.

empty of any relations, as that they oppress not your meditations, nor discourse, nor memory. You know that for air we are sure we apprehend and enjoy it, but when this air is rarified into fire, we begin to dispute whether it be an element, or no: so when letters have a convenient handsome body of news, they are letters; but when they are spun out of nothing, they are nothing, or but apparitions, and ghosts, with such hollow sounds, as he that hears them, knows not what they said. You (I think) and I am much of one sect in the philosophy of love; which though it be directed upon the mind, doth inhere in the body, and find piety entertainment there: so have letters for their principal office, to be seals and testimonies of mutual affection, but the materials and fuel of them should be a confident and mutual communicating of those things which we know. How shall I then who know nothing write letters? Sir, I learn knowledge enough out of yours to me. I learn that there is truth and firmness and an earnestness of doing good alive in the world; and therefore, since there is so good company in it, I have not so much desire to go out of it, as I had, if my fortune would afford me any room in it. You know I have been no coward, nor unindustrious in attempting that; nor will I give it over yet. If at last, I must confess, that I died ten years ago, yet as the primitive church admitted some of the Jewish ceremonies, not for perpetual use, but because they would bury the synagogue honourably, though I died at a blow then when my courses were diverted, yet it will please me a little to have had a long funeral, and to have kept myself so long above ground without putrefaction. But this is melancholy discourse; to change therefore this metaphorical death to the true, and that with a little more relish of mirth, let me tell you the good nature of the executioner of Paris: who when Vatan was beheaded, (who dying in the profession of the religion, had made his peace with God in the prison, and so said nothing at the place of execution) swore he had rather execute forty Huguenots, than one Catholic, because the Huguenot used so few words, and troubled him so little, in respect of the dilatory ceremonies of the others, in dying. Cotton the great court Jesuit hath so importuned the queen to give some modifications to the late interlocutory arrest against the Jesuits,

that in his presence, the Cardinal Soissons, who had been present in the court at the time of the arrest, and serving the king's advocate, who urged it, and the premier president, were sent for: they came so well provided with their books, out of which they assigned to the queen so many, so evident places of seditious doctrine, that the queen was well satisfied, that it was fit by all means to provide against the teaching of the like doctrine in France. The duke of Espernon * is come to Paris, with (they say) six hundred horse in his train; all which company, came with him into the court: which is an insolence remarkable here. They say that scarce any of the princes appear in the streets, but with very great trains. No one enemy could waste the treasures of France so much, as so many friends do: for the queen dares scarce deny any, that so she may have the better leave to make haste to advance her marquis of Ancre †, of whose greatness, for matter of command, or danger, they have no great fear, he being no very capable nor stirring man: and then for his drawing of great benefits from the queen they make that use of it, that their suits pass with less opposition. I believe the treasure is scattered, because I see the future receipt charged with so very many and great pensions. The queen hath adventured a little to stop this rage of the princes' importunity, by denying a late suit of Soisson's: which though the other princes grudge not that Soisson should fail, for he hath drawn infinite sums already, yet they resent it somewhat tenderly, that any of them should be denied, when the marquis obtains. That which was much observed in the king's more childish age, when I was last here, by those whom his father appointed to judge, by an assiduous observation, his natural inclination, is more and more confirmed, that his inclinations are cruel, and tyrannous, and when he is any way affected, his stammering is so extreme, as he can utter nothing. They cannot draw him to look upon a son of the marquis, whom they have put into his service. And he was so extremely affectionate towards the younger son of Beaufort, that they have

* Suspected of being accessary to the murder of Henry IV.—Ed.

† Concini maréchal D'Ancre, the favourite of Mary during her regency. He was shot in 1617, his influence having been long burdensome to the young king.—Ed.

removed him to a charge which he hath, as he is made prieur of Malta; but yet there pass such letters between them, by stealth and practice, as (though it be between children) it is become a matter of state, and much diligence used to prevent the letters. For the young marquis of Vernueil*, the king speaks often of transplanting him into the church, and once this Christmas delighted himself to see his younger brother in a cardinal's habit. Sir, it is time to take up, for I know, that anything, from this place, as soon as it is certain, is stale. I have been a great while more mannerly towards my Lady Bedford, than to trouble her with any of mine own verses, but having found these French verses accompanied with a great deal of reputation here, I could not forbear to ask her leave to send them. I write to you by Mr. Pory the 17th of January here, and he carried that letter to Paris, to gather news, like a snowball. He told me that Pindar is gone to Constantinople with commission to remove and succeed Glover: I am afraid you have neglected that business. Continue me in Mr. Martin's good opinion: I know I shall never fall from it, by any demerit of mine, and I know I need not fear it, out of any slackness or slipperiness in him, but much business may strangle me in him. When it shall not trouble you to write to me, I pray do me the favour to tell me, how many you have received from me, for I have now much just reason to imagine, that some of my packets have had more honour then I wished them: which is to be delivered into the hands of greater personages, then I addressed them unto. Hold me still in your own love, and proceed in that noble testimony of it, of which your letter by Mr. Pory spoke, (which is the only letter that I have received, since I came away) and believe me that I shall ever with much affection, and much devotion join both your fortune and your last best happiness, with the desire of mine own in all my civil, and divine wishes, as the only retribution in the power of your affectionate servant,

J. DONNE.

* The marchioness of Vernueil was one of Henry IV.'s mistresses, also suspected of being accessary to his murder.

Letter XLVIII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir H. Goodyere.

Sir,

If I would go out of my way for excuses, or if I did not go out of my way from them; I might avoid writing now because I cannot choose but know, that you have in this town abler servants, and better understanding the persons and passages of this court. But my hope is not in the application of other men's merits, to me however abundant. Besides, this town hath since our coming hither, afforded enough for all to say. That which was done here the 25th of March, and which was so long called a publication of the marriages, was no otherwise public than that the Spanish Ambassador, having that day an audience delivered to the queen that his master was well pleased with all those particulars which had been formerly treated. And the French Ambassador in Spain is said to have had instruction to do the same office in that court, the same day. Since that, that is to say, these four last days, it hath been solemnized with more outward bravery than this court is remembered to have appeared in. The main bravery was the number of horses which were above eight hundred caparisoned. Before the days, the town was full of the five challengers' cartels, full of rhodomontades: but in the execution, there were no personal rencontres, nor other trials of any ability, than running at the quintain, and the ring. Other particulars of this, you cannot choose but hear too much, since at this time there come to you so many Frenchmen. But lest you should believe too much, I present you these two precautions, that for their gendarmerie, there was no other trial than I told you; and for their bravery, no true stuff. You must of necessity have heard often of a book written against the pope's jurisdiction, about three months since, by one Richer, a doctor and syndic of the Sorbonists, which book hath now been censured by an assembly of the clergy of this archbishopric, promoved with so much diligence by the Cardinal Peroun, that for this business he hath intermitted his reply to the king's answer, which now he retires to intend seriously: I have not yet had the honour to kiss his grace's hand, though I have received some half-invitations to do it. Richer was first accused to the

parliament, but when it was there required of his delators to insist upon some propositions in his book, which were either against Scripture, or the Gallican church, they desisted in that pursuit. But in the censure which the clergy hath made, though it be full of modifications and reservations of the rights of the king, and the Gallican churches, there is this iniquity, that being to be published by commandment of the assembly, in all the churches of Paris, which is within that diocese, and almost all the curates of the parishes of Paris being Sorbonists, there is by this means a strong party of the Sorbonists themselves raised against Richer; yet against this censure, and against three or four which have opposed Richer in print, he meditates an answer. Before it should come forth I desired to speak with him, for I had said to some of the Sorbonists of his party, that there was no proposition in his book, which I could not show in catholic authors of three hundred years: I had from him an assignation to meet, and at the hour he sent me his excuse, which was, that he had been traduced to have had conference with the ambassadors of England, and the States, and with the Duke of Bouillon, and that he had accepted a pension of the King of England; and with all, that it had been very well testified to him that day, that the Jesuits had offered to corrupt men with rewards to kill him. Which I doubt not but he apprehended for true, because a messenger whom I sent to fix another time of meeting with him, found him in an extreme trembling, and irresolution: so that I had no more, but an entreaty to forbear coming to his house, or drawing him out of it, till it might be without danger or observation. They of the religion hold a synod at this time in this town, in which the principal business is to rectify, or at least to mature, against their provincial synod, which shall be held in May, certain opinions of Tilenus a divine of Sedan, with which the churches of France are scandalized. The chief point is, whether our salvation be to be attributed to the passive merit of Christ, which is his death, or to his active also, which is his fulfilling of the law. But I doubt not but that will be well composed, if Tilenus who is here in person with two other assistants, bring any disposition to submit himself to the synod, and not only to dispute. I do (I thank God) naturally

and heartily abhor all schism in religion so much, as I protest, I am sorry to find this appearance of schism amongst our adversaries the Sorbonists; for I had rather they had held together, to have made a head against the usurpations of the Roman church, than that their disuniting should so enfeeble them, as that the parliament should be left alone to stand against those tyrannies. Sir, you will pardon my extravagances in these relations. I look upon nothing so intentively as these things, nor falls there anything within my knowledge, which I would conceal from you, though it concern not you to know it. Yet methinks it concerns me to tell it. That Cook of which you wrote to me, is come hither, and hath brought me other letters, but not those of which you wrote to me, which packet, he says, you received again of him; whether by his falsehood, or by your diligence in seeking a worthier messenger, I know not; but I am sure I never lost anything with more sorrow, because I am thereby left still in uncertainties, and irresolutions, of that which I desire much to know in women's businesses. If you write this way any more, choose no other means, than by Mr. Bruer at the Queen's Arms a mercer in Cheapside: he shall always know where we are, and we are yet in a purpose to go from hence within a fortnight, and dispose ourselves to be at Frankfort the 25th of May, when the election of the emperor shall be there. Though I be merely passive in all this pilgrimage, yet I shall be willing to advance that design; because upon my promise that I would do so, Sir Robert Rich gave me his, that he would divert from his way to Italy so much, as to be there then. When I came to this town I found Mr. Matthew, diligent to find a means to write to you; so that at this time, when there go so many, I cannot doubt but he provides himself, therefore I did not ask his commandment, nor offer him the service of this packet. Sir, you are not evener to yourself, in your most general wishes of your own good, than I am in my particular, of which none rises in me, that is not bent upon your enjoying of peace and reposedness in your fortunes, in your affections, and in your conscience; more than which I know not how to wish to

Your very affectionate servant and lover,

Paris, the 9th April, 1612, here. J. Donne.

LETTER XLIX.

To the Honourable Knight, H. G.

Sir,

Your son left here a letter for me, from you. But I neither discern by it that you have received any of mine lately; which have been many, and large, and too confident to be lost, especially since (as I remember), they always conveyed others to that good lady; neither do I know where to find, by any diligence, your son's lodging. But I hope he will apprehend that impossibility in me, and find me here, where he shall also find as much readiness to serve him, as at Polesworth. This letter of yours makes me perceive, that that lady hath expressed her purpose to you in particular, for the next term. Accordingly, I make my promises: for since one that meant but to flatter, told an emperor, that his benefits were to be reckoned from the day of the promise, because he never failed, it were an injury from me to the constancy of that noble lady, if I should not, as soon as she promises, do some act of assurance of the performance; which I have done, as I say, in fixing times to my creditors; for by the end of next term, I will make an end with the world, by God's grace. I lack you here, for my Lord of Dorset, he might make a cheap bargain with me now, and disengage his honour, which in good faith, is a little bound, because he admitted so many witnesses of his large disposition towards me. They are preparing for a mask of gentlemen: in which Mr. Villers is*, and Mr. Karre, whom I told you before my Lord Chamberlain had brought into the bedchamber. I pray, if you make not so thick goings as you used, send this letter to that good woman, for it is not only mine. If I could stay this letter an hour, I should send you something of Savoy, for Sir Robert Rich, who is now come from court, hath laid a commandment upon me by message to wait upon him; and I know his business, because he

* This fixes the date of this letter to 1614. Hume mentions (chap. XLVII.) that Villers was purposely placed in a conspicuous situation at a comedy, to attract the king's notice; and succeeded so well, that James appointed him his cup-bearer. The two next letters prove this mask to have been that occasion.—ED.

never sought me, but in one kind. But the importunity of the hour excuses me, and delivers you from further trouble from

Your very true friend and servant,

December 13. J. DONNE.

LETTER L.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

Since I received a letter by your son, whom I have not yet had the honour to see, I had a later packet from you by Mr. Roe: to the former, I wrote before: in this I have no other commandment from you, but to tell you, whether Mr. Villers have received from the king any additions of honour, or profit. Without doubt he hath yet none. He is here, practising for the mask; of which, if I misremember not, I wrote as much as you desire to know, in a letter which seems not to have been come to you, when you wrote. In the Savoy business, the king hath declared himself by an engagement, to assist him with 100,000*l.* a-year, if the war continue. But I believe, he must farm out your Warwickshire benevolence for the payment thereof. Upon the strength of this engagement, Sir Robert Rich becomes confident in his hopes. If you stood in an equal disposition for the west, and only forbore, by reason of Mr. Martin's silence, I wonder; for I think I told you, that he was gone; and I saw in Sir Thomas Lucy's hand a letter from him to you, which was likely to tell you as much. Since I came from court, I have stirred very little: now that the court comes again to us, I may have something which you may be content to receive from

Your very affectionate servant,

December 18. J. DONNE.

LETTER LI.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

I wrote to you yesterday taking the boldness to put a letter into the good lady's packet for you. This morning I had this new occasion of writing, that Sir Thomas Roe, who brought this enclosed letter to me, and left it unsealed, entreated me to

take the first opportunity of sending it. Besides that, which is in that letter (for he read it to me) I came to the knowledge in York-house that my Lord Chancellor hath been moved and incensed against you; and asking Sir Thomas Roe, if he were directly or occasionally, any cause of that, he tells me thus much, that Sir W. Lover and Sir H. Carey, have obtained of my lord to have a pursuivant, and consequently a serjeant sent into the country for you. My lord grounds this earnestness against you upon some refusing to appear upon process which hath been taken out against you, and I perceive Sir Ed. Eston, and both the others, admit consultations, of ways by petition to the king, or council, or lord chamberlain, or any other. The great danger, obliquely likely to fall, is that when it comes to light, how you stand towards Mr. Mathew, you may lose the ease which you have by colour of that extent, and he may lose the benefit, of having had so much of his estate concealed. You will therefore at least pardon my advising you, to place those sums, which by your retiring I presume you do employ upon payment of debts, in such places as that these particular friends be not forced to leave being so. I confess, the going about to pay debts, hastens importunity. I find in myself, that where I was not asked money before, yet when I offered to pay next term, they seem loth to afford me that time, which might justly have been desperate before: but that which you told me out of the country, with the assistance which I hope to find here (especially if your endeavour may advance it at Dorset-house), I hope will enable me to escape clamour, and an ill conscience, in that behalf. One thing more I must tell you; but so softly, that I am loth to hear myself: and so softly, that if that good lady were in the room, with you and this letter, she might not hear. It is, that I am brought to a necessity of printing my poems, and addressing them to my Lord Chamberlain. This I mean to do forthwith; not for much public view, but at mine own cost, a few copies. I apprehend some incongruities in the resolution; and I know what I shall suffer from many interpretations; but I am at an end, of much considering that; and, if I were as startling in that kind, as ever I was, yet in this particular, I am under an unescapable necessity, as I shall let you perceive, when I see you. By this

occasion I am made a rhapsoder of mine own rags, and that cost me more diligence, to seek them, than it did to make them. This made me ask to borrow that old book of you, which it will be too late to see, for that use, when I see you: for I must do this, as a valediction to the world, before I take orders. But this is it, I am to ask you: whether you ever made any such use of the letter in verse, *à nostre comtesse chez vous*, as that I may not put it in, amongst the rest to persons of that rank; for I desire very much, that somethiug should bear her name in the book, and I would be just to my written words to my Lord Harrington, to write nothing after that. I pray tell me as soon as you can, if I be at liberty to insert that: for if you have by any occasion applied any pieces of it, I see not, that it will be discerned, when it appears in the whole piece. Though this be a little matter, I would be sorry not to have an account of it, within as little after New-year's-tide, as you could. I have something else to say of Mr. Villers, but because I hope to see you here shortly, and because new additions to the truths or rumours, which concern him, are likely to be made by occasion of this mask, I forbear to send you the edition of this mart, since I know it will be augmented by the next: of which, if you prevent it not by coming, you shall have, by letter, an account from

Your very affectionate friend and servant,

Vigilia St. Thomas, 1614. J. Donne.

Letter LII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre, Gentleman of his Highness's Bedchamber.*

Sir,

I have always your leave to use my liberty, but now I must use my bondage. Which is my necessity of obeying a precontract laid upon me. I go to-morrow to Camberwell a mile beyond Southwark. But from this town goes with me my brother Sir Thomas Grimes and his lady, and I with them. There we dine well enough I warrant you, with his father-in-law, Sir

* Probably about 1614.—Ed.

Thomas Hunt. If I keep my whole promise, I shall preach both forenoon and afternoon. But I will obey your commandments for my return. If you cannot be there by ten, do not put yourself upon the way: for, sir, you have done me more honour, than I can be worthy of, in missing me so diligently. I can hope to hear Mr. Moulin again: or ruminate what I have heretofore heard. The only miss that I shall have is of the honour of waiting upon you; which is somewhat recompensed, if thereby you take occasion of not putting yourself to that pain, to be more assured of the inabilities of

Your unworthy servant,

J. DONNE.

LETTER LIII.

*To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre, Gentleman of his Highness' Bedchamber**.

Sir,

I have often sinned towards you, with a presumption of being pardoned, but now I do it, without hope, and without daring to entreat you to pardon the fault. In which there are thus many degrees of importunity. That I must beg of you to christen a child, which is but a daughter, and in which you must be content to be associated with ladies of our own alliance, but good women, and all this upon Thursday next in the afternoon. Sir, I have so many and so indellible impressions of your favour to me, as they might serve to spread over all my poor race. But since I see that I stand like a tree, which once a-year bears, though no fruit, yet this mast of children, and so am sure, that one year or other I should afflict you with this request, I had rather be presently under the obligations and the thankfulness towards you, than meditate such a trouble to you against another year. I was desirous this paper might kiss your hands as soon as you came, that if any other diversions made this inconvenient to you, I might have another exercise of your favour, by knowing so much from you, who in every act of yours make me more and more

Your humble and thankful servant,

17th April. J. DONNE.

* Before 1617, when his wife died.—ED.

Letter LIV.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Montgomery.

Madam,

Of my ability to do your ladyship service, anything may be an emblem good enough; for as a word vanisheth, so doth any power in me to serve you; things that are written are fitter testimonies, because they remain and are permanent: in writing this sermon* which your ladyship was pleased to hear before, I confess I satisfy an ambition of mine own, but it is the ambition of obeying your commandment, not only an ambition of leaving my name in the memory, or in the cabinet: and yet, since I am going out of the kingdom, and perchance out of the world, (when God shall have given my soul a place in heaven) it shall the less diminish your ladyship, if my poor name be found about you. I know what dead carcases things written are, in respect of things spoken. But in things of this kind, that soul that inanimates them, receives debts from them: the Spirit of God that dictates them in the speaker or writer, and is present in his tongue or hand, meets himself again (as we meet ourselves in a glass) in the eyes and hearts of the hearers and readers: and that Spirit, which is ever the same to an equal devotion, makes a writing and a speaking equal means to edification. In one circumstance, my preaching and my writing this sermon is too equal: that that your ladyship heard in a hoarse voice then, you read in a coarse hand now: but in thankfulness I shall lift up my hands as clean as my infirmities can keep them, and a voice as clear as his Spirit shall be pleased to tune in my prayers in all places of the world, which shall either sustain or bury

Your ladyship's humble servant in Christ Jesus,

J. Donne.

* The sermon most probably of Valediction, at his going into Germany in 1619: the 148th of the present edition.—Ed.

Letter LV.

To Yourelf *.

Sir,

Age becomes nothing better than friendship; therefore your letters, which are ever good effects of friendship, delight to be old before I receive them: for it is but a fortnight since those letters which you sent by Captain Peter found me at Spâ; presently upon the receipt, I adventured by your leave to bestow the first minutes upon this letter to your fair noble sister; and because I found no voice at Spâ of any messenger, I respited my writing to you, till I came thus much nearer. Upon the way hither, another letter from you overtook me, which by my Lord Chandos' love to me for your sake, was sent after me to Mastricht: he came to Spâ within two hours after I went away; which I tell you to let you see, that my fortune hath still that spiteful constancy, to bring me near my desires, and intercept me. If I should write to you any news from this place, I should forestall mine own market, by telling you beforehand that which must make me acceptable to you at my coming. I shall sneak into London, about the end of August. In my remotest distances I did not more need your letters than I shall then. Therefore if you shall not be then in London, I beseech you to think me at Constantinople, and write one large letter to be left at my Lady Bartlet's my lodging; for I shall come in extreme darkness and ignorance except you give me light. If Sir John Brooke be within your reach, present my humble service and thankfulness to him; if he be not, I am glad, that to my conscience, which is a thousand witnesses, I have added you for one more, that I came as near as I could to do it. I shall run so fast from this place, through Antwerp, and some parts of Holland, that all that love which you could perchance be content to express by letters if I lay still, may be more thriftily bestowed upon that one letter, which is by your favour, to meet me, and to welcome to London

Your unworthy, but very true friend,

J. Donne.

* Probably Mr. Garet; written during his absence in Germany, 1619.

Letter LVI.

To the Noblest Knight, Sir Edward Herbert, Lord of Cherbury; sent to him with his book Biathanatos.*

Sir,

I make account that this book hath enough performed that which it undertook, both by argument and example. It shall therefore the less need to be itself another example of the doctrine. It shall not therefore kill itself; that is, not bury itself; for if it should do so, those reasons, by which that act should be defended or excused, were also lost with it. Since it is content to live, it cannot choose a wholesomer air than your library, where authors of all complexions are presented. If any of them grudge this book a room, and suspect it of new or dangerous doctrine, you who know us all, can best moderate. To those reasons which I know your love to me will make in my favour and discharge, you may add this, that though this doctrine hath not been taught nor defended by writers, yet they, most of any sort of men in the world, have practised it.

Your very true and earnest friend and servant and lover,

J. Donne.

* Biathanatos was a treatise showing that self-homicide is not so necessarily sin that it never may be otherwise; the following letter to this, explains Donne's views respecting the book. It is to be lamented, considering the wish which he there expresses, that his son should have seen fit to publish the work. He alleges as his reason, that he feared, in the search to which his study was subjected by the committee, that the MS. might either be destroyed, or fathered by some of the wild atheists of the day; and that he could find no way to defend it from these risks, but that of publishing it. An amusing notice of this work is contained in the "Noveau Dictionnaire Historique," Caen, 1783.

"Donne, docteur Anglois et sçavant Theologien de sa siecle, est connu par un livre en sa langue, imprimé à Londres, sous ce titre: Βιαθάνατος. C'est une espeçe d'apologie du suicide. Il cite, pour appuyer ses dangereuses idées, l'exemple d'un grand nombre de heros paiens, ensuite celui de quelques saints de l'Ancient Testament, d'une foule de martyrs, de confesseurs, de penitens, &c. Jesus Christ meme est amene en preuve de son systeme. Une livre aussi extraordinaire n'empeche pas l'auteur de devenir Doyen de St. Paul, parçe qu'il sut regardé comme une sorte de consolation qu'il vouloit donner a ses compatriots, que la melancolie jette souvent dans cette fureur."

It is satisfactory to the English reader to remember that the book was not published till fourteen years after Donne's death. The copy of "Biathanatos," with this autograph letter, is preserved in the Bodleian library, to which it was presented by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in the year 1642.—Ed.

Letter LVII.

To Sir Robert Karre, now Earl of Ankerum, with my book Biathanatos, at my going into Germany.*

Sir,

I had need do somewhat towards you above my promises. How weak are my performances, when even my promises are defective? I cannot promise, no not in mine own hopes, equally to your merit towards me. But besides the poems, of which you took a promise, I send you another book to which there belongs this history. It was written by me many years since; and because it is upon a misinterpretable subject, I have always gone so near suppressing it, as that it is only not burnt: no hand hath passed upon it to copy it, nor many eyes to read it: only to some particular friends in both universities, then when I writ it, I did communicate it: and I remember, I had this answer, that certainly, there was a false thread in it, but not easily found: keep it, I pray, with the same jealousy; let any that your discretion admits to the sight of it, know the date of it; and that it is a book written by Jack Donne, and not by Dr. Donne: reserve it for me, if I live, and if I die, I only forbid it the press, and the fire: publish it not, but yet burn it not; and between these, do what you will with it. Love me still, thus far, for your own sake, that when you withdraw your love from me, you will find so many unworthinesses in me, as you grow ashamed of having had so long, and so much, such a thing as

Your poor servant in Christ Jesus,

J. Donne.

Letter LVIII.

To Sir H. Goodyere, at Polesworth†.

Sir,

It is true that Mr. Gherard told you, I had that commandment from the king signified to me by my lord and am still under it, and we are within fourteen days of our time for going. I leave a scattered flock of wretched children, and I carry an

* In 1619.—Ed.

† Written just before Donne's going to Germany in 1619.—Ed.

infirm and valetudinary body, and I go into the mouth of such adversaries, as I cannot blame for hating, the Jesuits, and yet I go. Though this be no service to my lord: yet I shall never come nearer doing him a service, nor do anything liker a service than this. Yesterday we had news by Sir Nowell Carou, from Paris, that the Duke of Savoy was elected King of Bohemia; which would cut off a greater part of the occasion of our going: but it is not much credible in itself, nor at all believed here, because it is not signified from Savoy, nor Heidelberg. Since Mr. Gherard continues your gazetteer, I need tell you nothing of the Queen of France's estate. For your commandment in memory of Mr. Martin, I should not have sate so many processes, if I could incline my thoughts that way. It is not laziness, it is not gravity, nor coldness towards his memory, or your service; for I have thought of it oftener, and longer, than I was wont to do in such things, and nothing is done. Your last packet, in which your daughter and I were joint-commissioners, was brought to me, because she was at Hampton, with the queen's body: but I sent her part to her, and my Lady Uvedall's to her, who presents her service to you by me now, and says she will write next week and so will I too, by God's grace. You forget me absolutely and entirely, whensoever you forget me to that noble countess. God bless you in all. Amen.

Your true servant in Jesus Christ,

9th March. J. Donne.

Letter LIX.

To Sir Thomas Lucy.

Sir,

This first of April I received yours of the twenty-first of March, which being two days after the ordinary Smithfield day, I could do no more, but seal this letter to be sent to you next Tuesday, because I foresee that I shall not then be in town. Whatsoever I should write now, of any passages of these days, would lose the verdure before the letter came to you, only give me leave to tell you that I need none of those excuses, which you have made to yourself in my behalf, for my not writing. For

your son-in-law came to me, so near the time of his going away, as it had been impossible to have recovered him with a letter at so far a distance, as he was lodged. And my Lady Hunt's messenger received that answer, which, I hope, before this time, you know to be true, that I had sent the day before, by the infallible carrier of Smithfield. The emperor's death may somewhat shorten our way; for I discern now no reason of going to Vienna; but I believe it will extend our business; so that I promise myself no speedier return by that. If I write no letters into England out of these parts, I cannot be without your pardon, if I write not to you, but if I write to any and leave you out, lay all the faults which you have ever pardoned in me, to my charge again. I foresee some reasons, which may make me forbear; but no slackness of mine own, shall. Sir, if I have no more the commodity of writing to you here in England, (as we may be gone before next Tuesday,) I tell you, in this departing from you, with the same truth and earnestness as I would be believed to speak in my last departing, and transmigration from the whole world, that I leave not behind me a heart, better affected to you, nor more devoted to your service, than I carry with me. Almighty God bless you, with such a reparation in your health, such an establishment in your estate, such a comfort in your children, such a peace in your conscience, and such a true cheerfulness in your heart, as may be strong seals to you, of his eternal gracious purpose upon you. This morning I spend in surveying and emptying my cabinet of letters; and at the top of all I light upon this letter lately received, which I was loth to bury. I chose to send it you, to mine own condemnation; because a man so busy as he is, descending to this expressing of himself in verse, I am inexcusable towards you, for disobeying a commandment of yours, of that kind; but I rely upon the general, that I am sure you are sure, that I never refuse anything, for laziness, nor morosity, and therefore make some other excuse for me. You have been so long used to my hand that I stand not to excuse the hasty raggedness of this letter. The very illness of the writing, is a good argument that I forced a time, in the fulness of business, to kiss your hand, and

to present my thanks as for all your favours, and benefits, so principally for keeping me alive in the memory of the noblest countess, whose commandment, if it had been her ladyship's pleasure to have anything said or done in her service, at Heidelberg, I should have been glad to have received. Sir, God bless you, *et spiritu principali confirmet te;* and

Your very true and affectionate servant in Christ Jesus,

April 4, 1619. J. DONNE.

LETTER LX.

To Sir Henry Goodyere, at Polesworth.*

Sir,

This twenty-fifth I have your letter of twenty-first, which I tell you so punctually, because by it, nor by any other, I do not discern that you received my packet of books: nor that I looked for so quick a return of the sermon, nor of my cases of conscience, but that I forget so absolutely what I write, and am so sure that I write confidently to you, that it is some pain to remain in any jealousy that any letter is miscarried. That which I writ to you of my Lord Treasurer's disposition to you, I had from Mr. Har; and I understood it to be his desire to convey it through me. The last account which we have of my Lord Doncaster is, by letters of the second of this; by which also we saw, that the first letters of his convalescence, were but prophetical; for he has let blood a second time, and is not strong enough yet to receive audience. Though I be not Dean of Paul's yet, my Lord of Warwick hath gone so low, as to command of me the office of being master of my game, in our wood about him in Essex. I pray be you content to be my officer too, the steward of my services to all to whom you know them to be due in your walk, and continue your own assurance that I am

Your affectionate servant in Christ Jesus,

J. DONNE.

* Probably in 1620.—ED.

Letter LXI.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.*

Sir,

You husband my time thriftily, when you command me to write by such a messenger, as can tell you more than I can write, for so he doth not only carry the letter, but is the letter. But that the naming of some things may give you occasion to ask him farther, and him to open himself unto you, give me leave to tell you, that the now Spanish Embassador proceeds in the old pace, the King hath departed from his ordinary way so far, as to appoint nine of the council to treat with him; but when they came to any approaches, he answered, that he brought only commission to propose certain things, which he was ready to do, but he had no instructions to treat, but expected them, upon another return, from his master. So that there is no treaty for the marriage begun yet†: for I know you have heard Olivarez's free acknowledgment, that till the Prince came, there was no thought of it. The King, in his jests of this progress, hath determined it, not as heretofore, at Windsor, but at Farnham during pleasure: so he is within a journey of Southampton; and even that circumstance adds to some other reasons that he expects the Prince this summer, and that Sir W. Crofts, in his last dispatches, enlarged the Prince in his liberty from his father to come away if he would. Amongst all the iregularities of this age, to me this is as strange as any,—that this year there is no peace, and yet no sword drawn in the world; and it is a lost conjecture to think which way any of the armies will bend. Here it is imagined that Yukendorfe and Gabor‡ (for, for any concurrence of love, it is but a dream) may so far distress Bohemia, as that Tilly must be recalled thither; and that if he be, Brunswick's way is open into Bavaria, where he may

* Written about 1620.

† The proposed marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain, by means of which James hoped to regain the palatinate, which had been lost by his son-in-law, the Prince Palatine.—Ed.

‡ Bethlehem Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, supported the Prince Palatine. Tilly was Ferdinand's general. "His Excellency" is Prince Maurice, who was at variance with Spinola, the Spanish general.—Ed.

recompense great losses, whilst Mansfeld and Gonzales, and his Excellency and Spinola, keep the balance even in their parts, by looking upon one another. This noble friend of yours is in his last minute, in this town; and I am going into the coach with my lord to Hanworth. If I might have forborne the sealing the rest till my return from thence, you might have heard something more from

Your very true poor friend, and humble
servant in Christ Jesus,
J. Donne.

No straitness makes me forget my service to your daughters: if my bell were tolling, I should pray for them, and though my letter be sealing, I leave not out my wishes that their fortunes may second their goodness. Amen.

Letter LXII.

To Sir T. H.*

Sir,

This evening, which is 5th October, I find your letter of Michaelmas day; and though I see by it that it is a return of a letter, not of the last week's, and thereupon make account that my last week's letter hath satisfied you in some things which this letter commands, concerning Paul's; yet for other things I would give you a drowsy relation, for it is that time of night, though I called it evening. At the King's going from hence on Monday last, we made account to have seen Sir John Sutclin, Secretary, and Sir Robert Weston, Chancellor of the Exchequer; but they are not done, but both are fixed. My Lord Cranfield received his staff, with these two suits obtained from the King, that all assignations might be transferred into the exchequer, and so no payments charged upon the customs, nor receivers, nor the court of wards, &c. And that for a time there might be a damp cast upon pensions, till they might be considered. In the low countries the armies stir not. In the palatinate

* Written in 1621.—Ed.

Sir H. Vere, attempting the regaining of Stenie castle, was surprised by the enemy in so much strength, that they write it over for a master-piece that he was able to make a retreat to Manheme: so that now the enemy is got on that side the river which Heidelberg is on, and I know nothing that can stand in his way. My Lord Digby comes from Vienna, before he goes into Spain, by Count Mansfeld, by the palatinate, by Paris; and therefore upon his coming, I shall be able to say something to you. In Sir John Sutclin I presume you see an end of Sir Robert Naunton, and we see an end of Mr. Thomas Murray too; I believe he comes no more to the Prince. For the trial of my Lord of Canterbury's irregularity*, there is a commission to six bishops, London, Winchester, Rochester, and three only elect, Lincoln, St. David's, and Exeter: two judges, Lords Hobard and Doddridge; two civilians, Sir H. Martin and D. Steward. The consecration of these elect bishops, and consequently my being dean, must attend the issue of this commission. Sir Thomas Roe is gone. The proclamations of putting off the parliament till February are like to outrun this letter. It is very late; and it is one act to say grace after supper, and to commend myself into the hands of my blessed Saviour, in my bed, and so close this letter and mine eyes with the same blessing upon all your family. Amen.

Your poor servant in Christ Jesus,

J. DONNE.

LETTER LXIII.

To the best Knight, Sir H. G.

Sir,

At your convenience, I pray send my Lady Bedford this enclosed, but be pleased to put yourself to some inconvenience (if it be so) to kiss my Lady Ruthin's hands in my name, and to

* In the year 1621 (as appears from Letter LXIV.), Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, hunting in Lord Zouch's park, in Leicestershire, by accident killed an assistant keeper with a cross-bow bolt. His enemies, Laud and his party, asserted that this homicide incapacitated him for his office, and prevailed to have this commission appointed. The result of it was, that Abbot was ordered to obtain the King's pardon, and a dispensation.—ED.

present my very humble service to her, and tell her that no ill conscience of having deserved her, but only an obedience to her commandments, keeps me from saying to herself thus much; that this day I received a letter from my Lord of Kent, written yesterday at Wrest: in that his lordship sends me word, that that favour which he hath formerly done me, in giving me Blouham, is now likely to fall upon me, because the incumbent is dangerously ill; and because this is the season in which he removes from Wrest thither, he desires (for I give you his own word) that he may be accommodated there (if it fall now), as heretofore. Out of my absolute and entire readiness to serve that family, I sent back his messenger with this answer: That I esteemed it a great part of my good fortune that I should become worthy to be commanded by him. If my lady will be pleased to direct me in what particular manner I may best serve her purposes, I shall gladly wait upon her at any time, to receive her command with as much devotion and thankfulness as I received the benefit. I beseech you, make her believe it, as in any place you believe

Your poor servant in Christ Jesus,

Feb. 26, 1621. J. DONNE.

LETTER XLIV.

To the worthy Knight, Sir Thomas Lucy.

Sir,

Your letter comes to me at grace after supper; it is part of the prayer of that grace, that God will bless you and all yours with his best blessings of both kind. I would write you news, but your love to me may make you apt to over-believe news for my sake. And truly, all things that are upon the stage of the world now, are full of such uncertainties, as may justly make any man loth to pass a conjecture upon them; not only because it is hard to see how they will end, but because it is misinterpretable, and dangerous to conjecture otherwise than some men would have the event to be. That which is especially in my contemplation, which is the issue of my Lord of Canterbury's business (for thereupon depends the consecration of my predecessor, upon which the

deanery devolves to the King), is no farther proceeded in yet, than that some of the ten commissioners have met once; and upon Saturday next there will be a fuller meeting, and an entrance into the business, upon which much, very much, in consequence, depends. Of my Lord of Doncaster we are only assured that he is in a good way of convalescence; but of any audience, nothing yet. Slacken not your hold of my Lord Treasurer, for I have been told that you are in his care. I send you a copy of that sermon, but it is not my copy, which I thought my Lord of Southampton would have sent me back. This you must be pleased to let me have again, for I borrowed it: for the other, I will pretermit no time to write it, though in good faith, I have half forgot it. If in any letter I leave out the name of the Lady Hunt or Lady Burdell, or your daughters, tell them that I named them. I take the falsehood upon me; for I intend it, very really and very humbly, where I am good for anything, in any of their services. Our blessed Saviour continue and enlarge his blessings to you all. Amen.

Your humble servant in Christ Jesus,

11th Oct., 1621. J. DONNE.

LETTER LXV.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.*

Sir,

This Tuesday morning, which hath brought me to London, presents me with all your letters. Methought it was a rent day, I mean such as yours, and not as mine; and yet such too, when I considered how much I owe you for them, how good a mother, how fertile and abundant the understanding is, if she have a good father; and how well friendship performs that office. For that which is denied in other generations is done in this of yours: for here is superfetation, child upon child, and that which is more strange, twins at a latter conception. If in my second religion, friendship, I had a conscience, either *errantem* to mistake good and bad and indifferent, or *opinantem* to be

* Probably after 1620.—ED.

ravished by others' opinions or examples, or *dubiam* to adhere to neither part, or *scrupulosam* to incline to one, but upon reasons light in themselves, or undiscussed in me, (which are almost all the diseases of conscience) I might mistake your often, long, and busy letters, and fear you did but entreat me to have mercy upon you and spare you; for you know our court took the resolution, that it was the best way to dispatch the French prince back again quickly, to receive him solemnly, ceremoniously, and expensively, when he hoped a domestic and durable entertainment. I never meant to excel you in weight nor price, but in number and bulk I thought I might, because he may cast up a greater sum who hath but forty small monies, than he with twenty Portugueses. The memory of friends, (I mean only for letters) neither enters ordinarily into busied men, because they are never employed within, nor into men of pleasure, because they are never at home. For these wishes therefore which you won out of your pleasure and recreation, you were as excusable to me if you writ seldom, as Sir H. Wootton is, under the oppression of business, or the necessity of seeming so; or more than he, because I hope you have both pleasure and business: only to me who have neither, this omission were sin; for though writing be not of the precepts of friendship, but of the councils, yet, as in some cases to some men councils become precepts, and though not immediately from God, yet very roundly and quickly from his church, (as selling and dividing goods in the first time, continence in the Roman church, and order and decency in ours) so to me who can do nothing else, it seems to bind my conscience to write; and it is sin to do against the conscience, though that err. Yet no man's letters might be better wanted than mine, since my whole letter is nothing else but a confession that I should and would write. I owed you a letter in verse before by mine own promise, and now that you think that you have hedged in that debt by a greater by your letter in verse, I think it now most seasonable and fashionable for me to break. At least, to write presently, were to accuse myself of not having read yours so often as such a letter deserves from you to me. To make my debt greater (for such is the desire of all, who cannot or mean not to pay) I pray read these two problems: for such light flashes as these have

been my hawkings in my sorry journeys. I accompany them with another rag of verses, worthy of that name for the smallness and age, for it hath long lay among my other papers, and laughs at them that have adventured to you: for I think till now you saw it not, and neither you, nor I should repent it. Sir, if I were anything, my love to you might multiply it, and dignify it: but infinite nothings are but one such; yet since even chimeras have some names and titles. I am also

Yours.

Letter LXVI.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre.*

Sir,

If I would calumniate, I could say no ill of that gentleman: I know not whether my lord or myself took the first apprehension of it; but I remember that very soon we concurred in a good opinion of him; thereupon for justifying our own forwardness, we observed him more thoroughly, and found all the way good reason to ratify our first estimation of him. This gave my lord occasion to send him abroad in his service after: how he satisfied him in that employment, indeed I know not. But, that I disguise nothing, I remember my lord told me sometimes in his absence, that he had not account from him of some things, which he had deposed in him. And at his entering into his coach, at his last going, I asked my lord, Goes not the gentleman with you? and he told me with some coldness, No. So that if you be not pressed to a resolution, you may be pleased to forbear a few days, till I may occasionally discern, whether he have demerited or sunk in my lord's opinion: and then you shall have another character of him from

Your very humble and thankful servant

25th July. J. Donne.

* Written 1622: see next letter.—Ed.

Letter LXVII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre.

Sir,

This is but a postscript to the last letter, and it is only to tell you, that it was an impertinent jealousy that I conceived of that gentleman's absence from my lord, for he gives that full testimony of him, that he never discerned any kind of unfitness in him for any employment, except too much goodness and conscientiousness may sometimes make him somewhat less fit for some kinds of business, than a man of a looser rein. And this is all, that I conceive to have been in the commandment wherewith you honoured

Your very humble and thankful servant in Christ Jesus,

2d August, 1622. J. Donne.

Letter LXVIII.

To my much honoured Friend, Sir T. Lucy.

Sir,

I have scarce had at any time anything so like news to write to you, as that I am at this town; we came from Spâ with so much resolution of passing by Holland. But at Mastricht we found that the lowness, and slackness of the river, would incommodate us so much, as we charged our whole gests, and came hither by land. In the way at Lovaine we met the Earl of Arundel, to recompense the loss we had of missing my Lord Chands and his company, who came to Spâ within a few hours after we came away. Sir Edward Conaway, by occasion of his body's indisposition, was gone home before: he told me he had some hope of you about Bartholomew-tide: but because I half understood by a letter from you, that you were determined upon the country till Michaelmas, I am not so earnest in endeavouring to prolong our stay in these parts, as otherwise I should. If I could join with him in that hope of seeing you on this side the water; and if you should hold that purpose of coming at that time, I should repent extremely my laying of our journeys; for (if we should by miracle hold any resolution) we should be in

England about that time, so that I might miss you both here, and there. Sir, our greatest business is more in our power than the least, and we may be surer to meet in heaven than in any place upon earth; and whilst we are distant here, we may meet as often as we list in God's presence, by soliciting in our prayers for one another. I received four letters from you at Spâ by long circuits. In the last, one from my Lord Dorset: I, who had a conscience of mine own unworthiness of any favour from him, could not choose but present my thanks for the least. I do not therefore repent my forwardness in that office; and I beseech you not to repent your part therein. Since we came to this town, there arrived an extraordinary from Spain, with a reconfirmation of the Duke d'Aumal's pension, which is thereby 2400*l.* a-year, and he brings the title of count, to Rodrigo de Calderon, who, from a very low place, having grown to be secretary to Lerma, is now ambassador here, and in great opinion of wisdom: they say yet he goes to Prague with the Marquis Spinola, and the General Buquoy, to congratulate the emperor: but we all conclude here, that persons of such quality, being great in matter of war, are not sent for so small an employment: we believe certainly, that they deliberate a war, and that the reduction of Aix being not worthy this diligence, their intentions must be upon Cleve, for the new town which the two princes make by Collen, despites them much. The Elector of Mentz hath lately been here, upon pretence of coming in devotion to Sichem, and shortly the electors of Colein and Saxony are to be here severally: all concurs to a disposition of such a war, and the Landgrave of Hesse (who is as yet in the union) is much solicited and caressed by this party, and I doubt, will prove a frail and corruptible man. I durst think confidently, that they will at least proceed so far towards a war, as to try how France will dispose itself in the business: for it is conceived that the Duke of Bouillon brought to our king good assurances from the queen regent, that she would pursue all her husband's purposes in advancing the designs of those princes who are in possession of Cleve, and in the union. If she declare herself to do so, when they stir, they are like to divert their purposes; but if she stand but neutral (as it is likely, considering how Spanish the court is at this time) I

see not that the princes of the union are much likely to retard them. Sir, you see what unconcerning things I am fain to write of, lest I should write of myself, who am so little a history or tale, that I should not hold out to make a letter long enough to send over a sea to you; for I should despatch myself in this one word, that I am

Your affectionate servant and lover,

August 16th, here*, 1622. J. Donne.

Letter LXIX.

To Sir H. Wootton.

Oct. 4th, 1622, almost at midnight.

Sir,

All our moralities are but our outworks, our Christianity is our citadel; a man who considers duty but the dignity of his being a man, is not easily beat from his outworks, but from his Christianity never; and therefore I dare trust you, who contemplate them both. Every distemper of the body now, is complicated with the spleen, and when we were young men we scarce ever heard of the spleen. In our declinations now, every accident is accompanied with heavy clouds of melancholy; and in our youth we never admitted any. It is the spleen of the mind, and we are affected with vapours from thence; yet truly, even this sadness that overtakes us, and this yielding to the sadness, is not so vehement a poison (though it be no physic neither) as those false ways, in which we sought our comforts in our looser days. You are able to make rules to yourself, and our blessed Saviour continue to you an ability to keep within those rules. And this particular occasion of your present sadness must be helped by the rule, for, for examples you will scarce find any, scarce any that is not encumbered and distressed in his fortunes. I had locked myself, sealed and secured myself against all possibilities of falling into new debts, and in good faith, this year hath thrown me 400*l.* lower than when I entered this house. I am a father as well as you, and of children (I humbly thank God) of

* Most probably Frankfort.—Ed.

as good dispositions; and in saying so, I make account that I have taken my comparison as high as I could go; for in good faith I believe yours to be so: but as those my daughters (who are capable of such considerations) cannot but see my desire to accommodate them in this world, so I think they will not murmur if heaven must be their nunnery, and they associated to the blessed virgins there: I know they would be content to pass their lives in a prison, rather than I should macerate myself for them, much more to suffer the mediocrity of my house, and my means, though that cannot prefer them: yours are such too, and it need not that patience, for your fortune doth not so far exercise their patience. But to leave all in God's hands, from whose hands nothing can be wrung by whining but by praying, nor by praying without the *fiat voluntas tua*. Sir, you are used to my hand, and, I think have leisure to spend some time in picking out sense, in rags; else I had written less, and in longer time. Here is room for an amen; the prayer —— so I am going to my bedside to make for all you and all yours, with

Your true friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

J. Donne.

Letter LXX.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir G. P.

Sir,

I would have intermitted this week without writing, if I had not found the name of my Lady Huntington in your letter. The devotion which I owe, and (in good faith) pay in my best prayers for her good, in all kind awakens me to present my humble thanks for this, that her ladyship retains my name in her memory: she never laid obligations upon any man, readier to express his acknowledgment of them, to any servant of her servants; I am bound to say much of this, for your indemnity; because though I had a little preparation to her knowledge in the house where I served at first, yet, I think, she took her characters of me, from you: and at what time soever she thought best of me in her life, I am better than that, for my goodness is my thankfulness, and I am every day fuller of that than before,

to her ladyship. I say nothing to you of foreign names in this letter, because your son Sir Francis is here. For that which you write concerning your son, I only gave my man Martin in charge, to use his interest in the keeper, that your son should fall under no wants there, which it seems your son discharged, for I hear not of them. For other trifles, I bade my man let him have whatsoever he asked, so, as it might seem to come from him, and not me; and laying that look upon it, it came to almost nothing. Tell both your daughters a piece of a story of my Constance, which may accustom them to endure disappointments in this world: an honourable person (whose name I give you in a schedule to burn, lest this letter should be mislaid) had an intention to give her one of his sons, and had told it me, and would have been content to accept what I, by my friends, could have begged for her; but he intended that son to my profession, and had provided him already 300*l.* a-year, of his own gift in church livings, and hath estated 300*l.* more of inheritance for their children: and now the youth, (who yet knows nothing of his father's intention nor mine) flies from his resolutions for that calling, and importunes his father to let him travel. The girl knows not her loss, for I never told her of it: but truly, it is a great disappointment to me. More than these, Sir, we must all suffer, in our way to heaven, where, I hope you and all yours shall meet

Your poor friend, and affectionate servant,

18th October, 1622. J. DONNE.

LETTER LXXI.

*To Sir Henry Goodyere**.

Sir,

This is a second letter: the enclosed was written before. Now we are sure that Heidelberg is taken, and entered with extreme cruelties. Almost all the defenders forsook their stations; only Sir George Herbert maintained his nobly, to the repulsing of the enemy three times, but having ease in the other parts, eight hundred new fresh men were put upon his quarter, and after he had broke four pikes, and done very well, he was shot

* Probably 1623.—ED.

dead in the place. Manheim was soon after besieged, and is still. Heydelth was lost the sixth of this month. The king upon news of this, sent to the Spanish ambassador, that the people were like to resent it, and therefore, if he doubted aught, he should have a guard: but I do not see, that he seems to need it, in his own opinion, neither, in truth does he; the people are flat: or trust in God, and the king's ways. Sir Horace Vere hath written to his wife, (as I am told) a letter in the nature of a will, for the disposing of his estate and children, as though he did not account to see her any more, but yet Manheim cannot be lost, but by storming. Your man stays, and our bell rings me into the church; there, sir, I shall recommend you to God's goodness, with

Your friend,

24th Sept. J. DONNE.

LETTER LXXII.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.*

Sir,

I have the honour of your letter, which I am almost sorry to have received: some few days before the receipt thereof Dr. Turner, who accompanied my Lord Carow to Sion to dinner, showed me a letter from you, from which I conceived good hopes that your businesses being devolved into the hands of the treasurer, had been in much more forwardness, than by your letter to me they appear to be. I beseech God establish them, and hasten them, and with them, or without them, as he sees most conducible to his purpose upon you, continue in you a relying upon him, and a satisfaction in his ways. I know not whether any letter from your son, or any other report, may have given you any mention of me; he writ to me from the Compter, that he was under a trifling arrest, and that three pounds and some little more would discharge him. I sent my man with that money, but bid him see it employed for his discharge: he found more actions, and returned. Next day he writ to me that eight pounds would discharge him, and that Mr. Selden would lay down half. But Mr. Selden and I speaking together, thought it the fittest way to

* Probably 1623.—ED.

respite all, till, in a few days, by his writing to you, we might be directed therein; and in the meantime, took order with the keeper to accommodate him, and I bade my man Martin, as from himself, to serve his present want with some things. Since we told him, that we would attend a return of his letter to you, I heard no more of him, but I hear he is out. Whosoever serves you with relations from this town, I am sure prevents me of all I can say. The Palatinate is absolutely lost; for before this letter come to you, we make account that Heidelberg and Frankindale is lost, and Manheim distressed. Mansfeld came to Breda, and Gonzales, to Brussels, with great losses on both sides, but equal. The Prince of Orange is but now come to Breda, and with him, all that he is able to make, even out of the garrisons of their towns. The ways of victual to Spinola's army, are almost all precluded by him, and he likely to put upon the raising of Spinola, between whom and the town, there are hotter disputes, than ever our times saw. The secretary of the States here showed me a letter yesterday-night, that the town spends six thousand pounds of powder a-day, and hath spent since the siege two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Argit's regiment and my Lord Vaux, are so diminished by comings away, as that both (I think) make not now in muster above six hundred. Mr. Gage is returning to Rome, but of his negotiation I dare say nothing by a letter of adventure. The direction which his majesty gave for preachers, had scandalized many; therefore he descended to pursue them with certain reasons of his proceedings therein; and I had commandment to publish them in a sermon at the Cross, to as great a congregation as ever I saw together, where they received comfortable assurance of his majesty's constancy in religion, and of his desire that all men should be bred in the knowledge of such things, as might preserve them from the superstition of Rome. I presume it is but a little while before we shall see you here, but that little time is likely to produce many things greatly considerable. Present, I pray, my thankful services to your good daughters. I can give them no better a room in my prayers, and wishes, than my poor Constance hath, and they have that; so have you sir, with

Your very true friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

J. Donne.

LETTER LXXIII.

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Karre.*

Sir,

A few hours after I had the honour of your letter, I had another from my Lord of Bath and Wells, commanding from the king a copy of my sermon†. I am in preparations of that, with diligence, yet this morning I waited upon his lordship, and laid up in him this truth, that of the Bishop of Canterbury's sermon, to this hour, I never heard a syllable, nor what way, nor upon what points he went: and for mine, it was put into that very order, in which I delivered it, more than two months since. Freely to you I say, I would I were a little more guilty: only mine innocency makes me afraid. I hoped for the king's approbation heretofore in many of my sermons; and I have had it. But yesterday I came very near looking for thanks; for, in my life, I was never in any one piece, so studious of his service. Therefore, exceptions being taken, and displeasure kindled at this, I am afraid, it was rather brought thither, than met there. If you know any more, fit for me (because I hold that unfit for me, to appear in my master's sight, as long as this cloud hangs, and therefore, this day forbear my ordinary waitings) I beseech you to intimate it to

Your very humble and very thankful servant,

J. DONNE.

LETTER LXXIV.

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Karre, at Court‡.

Sir,

I humbly thank you, for this continuing me in your memory, and enlarging me so far, as to the memory of my sovereign, and (I hope) my master. My tenets are always, for the preservation of the religion I was born in, and the peace of the

* About 1624.—ED.

† The sermon to which Walton alludes, as having been the only cause of displeasure on the king's part towards Donne.—ED.

‡ About 1624.—ED.

state, and the rectifying of the conscience; in these I shall walk, and as I have from you a new seal thereof, in this letter, so I had ever evidence in mine own observation, that these ways were truly, as they are justly, acceptable in his majesty's ear. Our blessed Saviour multiply unto him all blessings. Amen.

Your very true and entire servant in Christ Jesus,

J. Donne.

Letter LXXV.

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Karre, at Court.*

Sir,

I was this morning at your door, somewhat early; and I am put into such a distaste of my last sermon, as that I dare not practise any part of it, and therefore though I said then, that we are bound to speak aloud, though we awaken men, and make them froward, yet after two or three modest knocks at the door, I went away. Yet I understood after, the king was gone abroad, and thought you might be gone with him. I came to give you an account of that, which this does as well. I have now put into my Lord of Bath and Well's hands the sermon faithfully exscribed. I beseech you be pleased to hearken farther after it; I am still upon my jealousy, that the king brought thither some disaffection towards me, grounded upon some other demerit of mine, and took it not from the sermon. For, as Cardinal Cusanus writ a book *Cribratio Alcorani*, I have cribrated, and re-cribated, and post-cribated the sermon, and must necessarily say, the king who hath let fall his eye upon some of my poems, never saw, of mine, a hand, or an eye, or an affection, set down with so much study, and diligence, and labour of syllables, as in this sermon I expressed those two points, which I take so much to conduce to his service, the imprinting of persuasibility and obedience in the subject, and the breaking of the bed of whisperers, by casting in a bone, of making them suspect and distrust one another. I remember I heard the old king say of a good sermon, that he thought the preacher never had thought of his sermon, till he spoke it; it seemed to him negligently and extemporally

* About 1624.—Ed.

spoken. And I knew that he had weighed every syllable, for half a year before, which made me conclude, that the king had before some prejudice upon him. So, the best of my hope is, that some over bold allusions, or expressions in the way, might divert his majesty, from vouchsafing to observe the frame, and purpose of the sermon. When he sees the general scope, I hope his goodness will pardon collateral escapes. I entreated the bishop to ask his majesty, whether his displeasure extended so far, as that I should forbear waiting, and appearing in his presence; and I had a return, that I might come. Till I had that, I would not offer to put myself under your roof. To-day I come for that purpose, to say prayers. And if, in any degree, my health suffer it, I shall do so, to-morrow. If anything fall into your observation before that, (because the bishop is likely to speak to the king of it, perchance, this night) if it amount to such an increase of displeasure, as that it might be unfit for me to appear, I beseech you afford me the knowledge. Otherwise, I am likely to inquire of you personally, to-morrow before nine in the morning, and to put into your presence then

Your very humble, and very true, and very honest
servant to God and the king and you,
J. DONNE.

I writ yesterday to my Lord Duke, by my Lord Carlisle, who assured me of a gracious acceptation of my putting myself in his protection.

LETTER LXXVI.

To the Honourable Lady, the Lady Kingsmel, upon the Death of her Husband.

Madam,

Those things which God dissolves at once, as he shall do the sun, and moon, and those bodies at the last conflagration, he never intends to reunite again, but in those things, which he takes in pieces, as he doth man, and wife, in these divorces, by death, and in single persons, by the divorce of body and soul, God hath another purpose to make them up again. That piece

which he takes to himself, is presently cast in a mould, and in an instant made fit for his use; for heaven is not a place of a proficiency, but of present perfection. That piece which he leaves behind in this world, by the death of a part thereof, grows fitter and fitter for him, by the good use of his corrections, and the entire conformity to his will. Nothing disproportions us, nor makes us so incapable of being reunited to those whom we loved here, as murmuring, or not advancing the goodness of him, who hath removed them from hence. We would wonder, to see a man, who in a wood were left to his liberty, to fell what trees he would, take only the crooked, and leave the straightest trees; but that man hath perchance a ship to build, and not a house, and so hath use of that kind of timber: let not us, who know that in God's house there are many mansions, but yet have no model, no design of the form of that building, wonder at his taking in of his materials, why he takes the young, and leaves the old, or why the sickly overlive those, that had better health. We are not bound to think that souls departed, have divested all affections towards them, whom they left here; but we are bound to think, that for all their loves they would not be here again; then is the will of God done in earth, as it is in heaven, when we neither pretermit his actions, nor resist them; neither pass them over in an inconsideration, as though God had no hand in them, nor go about to take them out of his hands, as though we could direct him to do them better. As God's scriptures are his will, so his actions are his will; both are testaments, because they testify his mind to us. It is not lawful to add a schedule to either of his wills: as they do ill, who add to his written will, the Scriptures, a schedule of apocryphal books: so do they also, who to his other will, his manifested actions, add apocryphal conditions, and a schedule of such limitations as these, if God would have stayed thus long, or, if God would have proceeded in this or this manner, I could have borne it. To say that our afflictions are greater than we can bear, is so near to despairing, as that the same words express both; for when we consider Cain's words in that original tongue in which God spake, we cannot tell whether the words be, My punishment is greater than can be borne; or, My sin is greater than can be forgiven. But madam,

you who willingly sacrificed yourself to God, in your obedience to him, in your own sickness, cannot be doubted to dispute with him, about any part of you, which he shall be pleased to require at your hands. The difference is great in the loss, of an arm, or a head; of a child, or a husband: but to them, who are incorporated into Christ, their head, there can be no beheading; upon you, who are a member of the spouse of Christ the church, there can fall no widowhead, nor orphanage upon those children to whom God is father. I have not another office by your husband's death; for I was your chaplain before, in my daily prayers; but I shall enlarge that office with other collects, than before, that God will continue to you, that peace which you have ever had in him, and send you quiet, and peaceable dispositions in all them with whom you shall have anything to do, in your temporal estate and matters of this world. Amen.

Your ladyship's very humble and thankful
servant in Christ Jesus,

At my poor house, at St. Paul's, J. DONNE.
26th October, 1624.

LETTER LXXVII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre, at Court.

Sir,

I have obeyed the forms of our church of Paul's so much, as to have been a solemn Christmas man, and tried conclusions upon myself, how I could sit out the siege of new faces, every dinner. So that I have not seen the bishop in some weeks. And I know not whether he be in case, to afford that privacy, which you justly desire. This day, I am in my bondage of entertaining. Suppers I presume, are inconvenient to you. But this evening I will spy upon the bishop, and give you an account to-morrow morning of his disposition; when, if he cannot be entire to you, since you are gone so far downwards in your favours to me, be pleased to pursue you humiliation so far as to choose your day, and either to suffer the solitude of this place, or to change it, by such company, as shall wait upon you, and come

as a visitor and overseer of this hospital of mine, and dine or sup at this miserable chezmey.

Your humblest and thankfullest servant,

4th Jan., 1626. J. DONNE.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre.

Sir,

Though I have left my bed, I have not left my bedside; I sit there still, and as a prisoner discharged, sits at the prison door, to beg fees, so sit I here, to gather crumbs. I have used this leisure, to put the meditations had in my sickness *, into some such order, as may minister some holy delight. They arise to so many sheets (perchance twenty,) as that without staying for that furniture of an epistle, that my friends importuned me to print them, I importune my friends to receive them printed. That, being in hand, through this long trunk, that reaches from St. Paul's, to St. James's, I whisper into your ear this question, whether there be any uncomeliness, or unseasonableness, in presenting matter of devotion, or mortification, to that prince, whom I pray God nothing may ever mortify, but holiness. If you allow my purposes in general, I pray cast your eye upon the title and the epistle, and rectify me in them: I submit substance, and circumstance to you, and the poor Author of both,

Your very humble and very thankful servant in Christ Jesus,

J. DONNE.

LETTER LXXIX.

To my very much honoured Friend, George Gerrard, Esq., at Sion †.

Sir,

I know not which of us won it by the hand, in the last charge of letters. If you won, you won nothing, because I am nothing, or whatsoever I am, you won nothing, because I was all

* His devotions; this fixes the date of this letter to 1627.—ED.

† Probably written in 1629.—ED.

yours before. I doubt not but I were better delivered of dangers of relapses, if I were at London; but the very going would endanger me. Upon which true debility, I was forced to excuse myself to my Lord Chamberlain, from whom I had a letter of command to have preached the 5th of November sermon to the king. A service which I would not have declined, if I could have conceived any hope of standing it. I beseech you entreat my Lord Percy in my behalf, that he will be pleased to name George to my Lord Carlisle, and to wonder, if not to inquire, where he is. The world is disposed to charge my lord's honour, and to charge my natural affection with neglecting him, and God knows, I know not which way to turn towards him; nor upon any message of mine, when I send to kiss my lord's hands, doth my lord make any kind of mention of him. For the diamond lady, when time serves, I pray look to it; for I would fain be discharged of it. And for the rest, let them be but remembered how long it hath been in my hands, and then leave it to their discretion. If they incline to anything, I should choose shirt Holland, rather under than above four shillings. Our blessed Saviour multiply his blessings upon that noble family where you are, and yourself, and your son; as upon all them that are derived from, Your poor friend and servant,

J. Donne.

Letter LXXX.

To the worthiest Knight, Sir Henry Goodyere[*].

Sir,

Our blessed Saviour, who abounds in power and goodness towards us all, bless you, and your family, with blessings proportioned to his ends in you all, and bless you with the testimony of a rectified conscience, of having discharged all the offices of a father, towards your discreet and worthy daughters, and bless them with a satisfaction, and quiescence, and more, with a complacency and a joy, in good ends, and ways towards them, Amen. Your man brought me your letter of the 8th of December this 21st of the same, to Chelsey, and gives me the largeness, till

[*] Probably in January, 1630.—Ed.

Friday to send a letter to Paul's-house. There can scarce be any piece of that, or of those things whereof you require light from me, that is not come to your knowledge, by some clearer way, between the time of your letter, and this. Besides, the report of my death, hath thus much of truth in it, that though I be not dead, yet I am buried within a few weeks after I immured myself in this house, the infection struck into the town, into so many houses, as that it became ill-manners, to make any visits. Therefore I never went to Knoll, nor Hanworth, nor Kenton, nor to the court, since the court came into these quarters, nor am yet come to London; therefore I am little able to give you account of high stages. Perchance you look not so low, as our ordinary Gazette, and that tells us, (with a second assurance) that the Duke of Brunswick, Christian, is dead of an ague. My Lord of Dorset even upon the day, when he should have been installed with his six fellows, fell sick at London; and at court (which does not exalt all men) his fever was exalted to the plague; but he is in good convalescence. Of the navy I hear of no great limb come back yet, but my Lord of Essex; something of the disappointing of the design they had, is imputed to some difference, in point of command, between him and the Master of the Ordnance, my Lord of Valencia, but as yet there is little manifested. Already is issued a proclamation, that there be no disbanding of the soldiers, upon their landing, in what part soever, and that his majesty hath present employment for them. What the main business at Hague hath been, I know nothing; but I hear that their offer of pawning of jewels to a very very great value, to the States or private men, hath found no acceptance, at least found no money. Occasionally I heard from the Hague, that the queen having taken into her care, the promoving and advancing of some particular men's businesses, by way of recommendations to the duke, expressed herself very royally, in your behalf. This I tell you not, as though you knew it not, but because I had the fortune to see it in a letter of the simple gentlewoman, from thence; by which name if you know her not, I have omitted heretofore to tell you a good tale. They continue at court, in the resolution of the queen pastoral; when Queen Anne loved gambols, you loved the court; perchance you

may doubt whether you be a thorough courtier, if you come not up to see this, the queen a shepherdess: but I speak not this by way of counsel, to draw you up, it is not only *non Dominus, sed ego*, but *nec Deus nec ego*, to call you hither, but upon fair appearances of useful comings. Mr. George Herbert is here at the receipt of your letter, and with his service to you, tells you that all of Uvedall-house are well. I reserve not the mention of my Lady Huntington to the end of my letter, as grains to make the gold weight, but as tincture to make the better gold, when you find room to intrude so poor and impertinent a name, as mine is, in her presence. I beseech you let her ladyship know, that she hath sowed her favours towards me, in such a ground, that if I be grown better (as I hope I am) her favours are grown with me, and though they were great when she conferred them, yet, (if I mend every day) they increase in me every day, and therefore every day multiply my thankfulness towards her ladyship: say what you will (if you like not this expression) that may make her ladyship know, that I shall never let fall the memory, nor the just valuation of her noble favours to me, nor leave them unrequited in my exchequer, which is the blessings of God upon my prayers. If I should write another sheet, I should be able to serve your curiosity no more of dukes nor lords nor courts, and this half line serves to tell you, that I am truly

Your poor friend and humble servant in Christ Jesus,

J. Donne.

Letter LXXXI*.

Sir,

This advantage you and my other friends have, by my frequent fevers, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of heaven, and this advantage by the solitude and close imprisonment that they reduce me to after, that I am thereby the oftener at my prayers; in which I shall never leave out your happines; and, I doubt not, but amongst his many other blessings, God will add to you some one for my prayers. A man would almost be content to die, (if there were no other benefit in death) to hear of so

* No address nor date; Walton quotes this letter, as "to a dear friend;" probably Mr. G. Gerrard. It was written in January, 1630.—Ed.

much sorrow, and so much good testimony from good men, as I, (God be blessed for it) did upon the report of my death. Yet, I perceive it went not through all; for, one writ unto me, that some (and he said of my friends) conceived, that I was not so ill, as I pretended, but withdrew myself, to save charges, and to live at ease, discharged of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and God knows, an ill-grounded interpretation: for in these times of necessity, and multitudes of poor, there is no possibility of saving, to him that hath any tenderness in him; and for affecting my ease, I have been always more sorry, when I could not preach, than any could be, that they could not hear me. It hath been my desire, (and God may be pleased to grant it me) that I might die in the pulpit; if not that, yet that I might take my death in the pulpit, that is, die the sooner by occasion of my former labours. I thank you, for keeping our George in your memory; I hope God reserves it for so good a friend as you are, to send me the first good news of him. For the diamond lady, you may safely deliver Roper, whatsoever belongs to me, and he will give you a discharge for the money. For my Lord Percy, we shall speak of it, when we meet at London; which, as I do not much hope before Christmas, so I do not much fear at beginning of term; for I have entreated one of my fellows to preach to my Lord Mayor, at Paul's upon Christmas-day, and reserved Candlemas-day to myself for that service, about which time also, will fall my Lent sermon, except my Lord Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and leave me out; for as long as I live, and am not speechless, I would not decline that service. I have better leisure to write, than you to read, yet I will not oppress you with too much letter. God bless you, and your son, as

Your poor friend and humble servant in Christ Jesus,

J. Donne.

Letter LXXXII.

To my noble Friend, Mrs. Cokain, at Ashburne.

My noblest Sister,

But that it is sweetened by your command, nothing could trouble me more, than to write of myself. Yet, if I would

have it known, I must write it myself; for, I neither tell children, nor servants, my state. I have never good temper nor good pulse, nor good appetite, nor good sleep. Yet, I have so much leisure to recollect myself, as that I can think I have been long thus, or often thus. I am not alive, because I have not had enough upon me to kill me, but because it pleases God to pass me through many infirmities before he take me either by those particular remembrances, to bring me to particular repentances, or by them to give me hope of his particular mercies in heaven. Therefore have I been more affected with coughs in vehemence, more with deafness, more with toothach, more with the vurbah, than heretofore. All this mellows me for heaven, and so ferments me in this world, as I shall need no long concoction in the grave, but hasten to the resurrection. Not only to be nearer that grave, but to be nearer to the service of the church, as long as I shall be able to do any, I purpose, God willing, to be at London, within a fortnight after your receipt of this, as well because I am under the obligation of preaching at Paul's upon Candlemas-day, as because I know nothing to the contrary, but that I may be called to court, for Lent service; and my witness is in heaven, that I never left out St. Dunstan's, when I was able to do them that service; nor will now; though they that know the state of that church well, know that I am not so bound, as the world thinks, to preach there; for I make not a shilling profit of St. Dunstan's as a churchman, but as my Lord of Dorset gave me the lease of the impropriation, for a certain rent, and a higher rent, than my predecessor had it at. This I am fain to say often, because they that know it not, have defamed me, of a defectiveness towards that church; and even that mistaking of theirs I ever have, and ever shall endeavour to rectify, by as often preaching there, as my condition of body will admit. All our company here is well, but not at home now, when I write; for, lest I should not have another return to London, before the day of your carrier, I write this, and rest,

Your very affectionate servant, and friend, and brother,

J. Donne.

15th January, 1630, Abrey-hatch.

LETTERS OF UNCERTAIN DATE.

Letter LXXXIII.

To the worthiest Lady, Mrs. Bridget White.

Madam,

I could make some guess whether souls that go to heaven, retain any memory of us that stay behind, if I knew whether you ever thought of us, since you enjoyed your heaven, which is yourself, at home. Your going away hath made London a dead carcase. A term, and a court, do a little spice and embalm it, and keep it from putrefaction, but the soul went away in you: and I think the only reason why the plague is somewhat slackened, is, because the place is dead already, and nobody left worth the killing. Wheresoever you are, there is London enough: and it is a diminishing of you to say so, since you are more than the rest of the world. When you have a desire to work a miracle, you will return hither, and raise the place from the dead, and the dead that are in it; of which I am one, but that a hope that I have a room in your favour keeps me alive; which you shall abundantly confirm to me, if by one letter you tell me, that you have received my six; for now my letters are grown to that bulk, that I may divide them like Amadis the Gaul's book, and tell you, that this is the first letter of the second part of the first book.

Your humblest, and affectionate servant,

Strand, St. Peter's-day, at nine. J. Donne.

Letter LXXXIV.

To the worthiest Lady, Mrs. Bridget White.

Madam,

I think the letters which I send to you single lose themselves by the way for want of a guide, or faint for want of company. Now, that on your part there be no excuse, after three

single letters, I send three together, that every one of them may have two witnesses of their delivery. They come also to wait upon another letter from Sir E. Herbert, of whose recovery from a fever, you may apprehend a perfecter contentment than we, because you had none of the former sorrow. I am an heretic if it be sound doctrine, that pleasure tastes best after sorrow. For my part, I can love health well enough, though I be never sick; and I never needed my mistress's frowns and disfavours, to make her favours acceptable to me. In states, it is a weakness to stand upon a defensive war, and safer not to be invaded, than to have overcome: so in our soul's health, an innocence is better than the heartiest repentance. And in the pleasures of this life, it is better that the variety of the pleasures give us the taste and appetite to it, than a sour and sad interruption quicken our stomach; for then we live by physic. I wish therefore all your happinesses such as this entire, and without flaw, or spot of discontentment; and such is the love and service of

Your humblest and affectionate servant,

Strand, St. Peter's-day, at four. J. DONNE.

LETTER LXXXV.

To the Same.

Madam,

This letter which I send enclosed hath been yours many months, and hath languished upon my table for a passage so long, that as others send news in their letters, I send an antiquity in mine. I durst not tear it, after it was yours: there is some sacrilege in defacing anything consecrated to you, and some impiety to despair that anything devoted to you should not be reserved to a good issue. I remember I should have sent it by a servant, of whose diligence I see I was too confident. I know not what it says: but I dare make this letter no longer, because being very sure that I always think the same thoughts of you, I am afraid I should fall upon the same words, and so send one letter twice together. Your very affectionate servant,

November 8. J. DONNE.

Letter LXXXVI.

To the Honourable Lady, Mrs. Bridget White.

Madam,

I have but small comfort in this letter; the messenger comes too easily to me, and I am too sure that the letter shall be delivered. All adventures towards you should be of more difficulty and hazard. But perchance I need not lament this; it may be so many of my letters are lost already that it is time that one should come, like Job's servant, to bring word, that the rest were lost. If you have had more before, this comes to ask how they were received; and if you have had none, it comes to try how they should have been received. It comes to you like a bashful servant, who though he have an extreme desire to put himself in your presence, yet hath not much to say when he is come: yet hath it as much to say as you can think; because what degrees soever of honour, respect, and devotion, you can imagine or believe to be in any, this letter tells you, that all those are in me towards you. So that for this letter you are my secretary; for your worthiness, and your opinion that I have a just estimation of them, write it: so that it is as long, and as good, as you think it; and nothing is left to me, but as a witness, to subscribe the name of Your most humble servant,

J. Donne.

Though this letter be yours, it will not misbecome or disproportion it that I mention your noble brother, who is gone to Cleave, not to return till towards Christmas, except the business deserve him not so long.

Letter LXXXVII.

To Mr. George Garret.

Sir,

I have not received that letter, which by this, I perceive you sent to London; if there were anything in that, by which I might have taken occasion to have done you service before this

time, I have a double reason of grief for the want of it. I came from thence upon Thursday, where I left Sir Thomas Roe so indulgent to his sorrow, as it had been an injury to have interrupted it with my unuseful company. I have done nothing of that kind as your letter intimates, in the memory of that good gentlewoman; if I had, I should not find any better use of it, than to put it into your hands. You teach me what I owe her memory; and if I pay that debt so, you have a part and interest in it, by doing me the honour of remembering it: and therefore it must come quickly to you. I hope not for your return from court, till I come thither; which if I can be master of myself, or servant to myself, which I think is all one, I hope to do some ten days hence, making it my way to the Bath. If you find any there that have not forgot my name, continue me in their favour, and hold in yourself a firm assurance that I am

Your affectionate servant,

J. DONNE.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Mrs. Martha Garret.

Madam,

Though there be much merit, in the favour your brother hath done me in a visit, yet that which doth enrich and perfect it, is that he brought you with him; which he doth, as well by letting me see how you do, as by giving me occasions, and leave to talk with you by this letter: if you have any servant, which wishes you better than I, it must be because he is able to put his wishes into a better frame, and express them better, and understand proportion, and greatness better than I. I am willing to confess my impotency, which is, that I know no wish good enough for you; if any do, my advantage is, that I can exceed his, by adding mine to it. You must not think that I begin to think thus, when you begin to hear it, by a letter; as sometimes by the changing of the wind, you begin to hear a trumpet, which sounded long before you heard it; so are these thoughts of you familiar and ordinary in me, though they have seldom the help of this conveyance to your knowledge: I am

loth to leave; for as long as in any fashion, I can have your brother and you here, your make my house a kind of Dorvey*; but since I cannot stay you here, I will come thither to you, which I do, by wrapping up in this paper, the heart of

Your most affectionate servant,

J. Donne.

Letter LXXXIX.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

Nature hath made all bodies alike, by mingling and kneading up the same elements in every one. And amongst men, the other nature, custom hath made every mind like some other; we are patterns, or copies, we inform, or imitate. But as he hath not presently attained to write a good hand, which hath equalled one excellent master in his A, another in his B, much less he which hath sought all the excellent masters, and employed all his time to exceed in one letter, because not so much an excellency of any, nor every one, as an evenness and proportion, and respect to one another gives the perfection: so is no man virtuous by particular example. Not he that doth all actions to the pattern of the most valiant, or liberal, which histories afford: nor he which chooses from every one their best actions, and thereupon doth something like those. Perchance such may be *in via perficiendorum*, which divines allow to monastical life, but not *perfectorum*, which by them is only due to prelacy. For virtue is even, and continual, and the same, and can therefore break nowhere, nor admit ends, nor beginnings: it is not only not broken, but not tied together. He is not virtuous, out of whose actions you can pick an excellent one. Vice and her fruits may be seen, because they are thick bodies, but not virtue, which is all light; and vices have swellings and fits, and noise, because being extremes, they dwell far asunder, and they maintain both a foreign war against virtue, and a civil against one another, and effect sovereignty, as virtue doth society. The later physicians say, that when our natural inborn preservative is corrupted or wasted,

* Probably the name of the residence of Mrs. Garret.—Ed.

and must be restored by a like extracted from other bodies; the chief care is that the mummy have in it no excelling quality, but an equally digested temper: and such is true virtue. But men who have preferred money before all, think they deal honourably with virtue, if they compare her with money: and think that as money is not called base, till the alloy exceed the pure; so they are virtuous enough, if they have enough to make their actions current, which is, if either they get praise, or (in a lower abasing) if they incur not infamy or penalty. But you know who said, *Angusta innocentia est ad legem bonum esse:* which rule being given for positive laws, severe mistakers apply even to God's law, and (perchance against his commandment) bind themselves to his counsels, beyond his laws. But they are worse, that think that because some men formerly wasteful, live better with half their rents than they did with all, being now advantaged with discretion and experience, therefore our times need less moral virtue than the first, because we have Christianity, which is the use and application of all virtue: as though our religion were but an art of thrift, to make a little virtue go far. For as plentiful springs are fittest, and best become large aquaducts, so doth much virtue such a steward and officer as a Christian. But I must not give you a homily for a letter. I said a great while since, that custom made men like; we who have been accustomed to one another are like in this, that we love not business: this therefore shall not be to you nor me a busy letter. I end with a problem, whose errand is, to ask for his fellows. I pray before you engulf yourself in the progress, leave them for me, and such other of my papers as you will lend me till you return. And besides this allegorical lending, lend me truly your counsels, and love God and me, whilst I love him and you.

Letter XC.

To my very true and very good Friend, Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

At some later reading, I was more affected with that part of your letter, which is of the book, and the nameless letters, than

at first. I am not sorry, for that affection were for a jealousy or suspicion of a flexibility in you. But I am angry, that any should think, you had in your religion peccant humours, defective, or abundant, or that such a book, (if I mistake it not,) should be able to work upon you; my comfort is, that their judgment is too weak to endanger you, since by this it confesses, that it mistakes you, in thinking you irresolved or various: yet let me be bold to fear, that that sound true opinion, that in all Christian professions there is way to salvation (which I think you think) may have been so incommodiously or intempestively sometimes uttered by you; or else your having friends equally near you of all the impressions of religion, may have testified such an indifference, as hath occasioned some to further such inclinations, as they have mistaken to be in you. This I have feared, because heretofore the inobedient puritans, and now the over-obedient papists, attempt you. It hath hurt very many, not in their conscience, nor ends, but in their reputation, and ways, that others have thought them fit to be wrought upon. As some bodies are as wholesomely nourished as ours, with acorns, and endure nakedness, both which would be dangerous to us, if we for them should leave our former habits, though theirs were the primitive diet and custom; so are many souls well fed with such forms, and dressings of religion, as would distemper and misbecome us, and make us corrupt towards God, if any human circumstance moved it, and in the opinion of men, though none. You shall seldom see a coin, upon which the stamp were removed, though to imprint it better, but it looks awry and squint. And so, for the most part, do minds which have received divers impressions. I will not, nor need to you, compare the religions. The channels of God's mercies run through both fields; and they are sister teats of his graces, yet both diseased and infected, but not both alike. And I think, that as *Copernicism* in the mathematics hath carried earth farther up, from the stupid centre; and yet not honoured it, nor advantaged it, because for the necessity of appearances, it hath carried heaven so much higher from it: so the Roman profession seems to exhale, and refine our wills from earthly drugs, and lees, more than the reformed, and so seems to bring us nearer heaven; but then that carries heaven farther from

us, by making us pass so many courts, and offices of saints in this life, in all our petitions, and lying in a painful prison in the next, during the pleasure, not of him to whom we go, and who must be our judge, but of them from whom we come, who know not our case.

Sir, as I said last time, labour to keep your alacrity and dignity, in an even temper: for in a dark sadness, indifferent things seem abominable, or necessary, being neither; as trees, and sheep, to melancholy night-walkers, have unproper shapes. And when you descend to satisfy all men in your own religion, or to excuse others to all; you prostitute yourself and your understanding, though not a prey, yet a mark, and a hope, and a subject, for every sophister in religion to work on. For the other part of your letter, spent in the praise of the countess, I am always very apt to believe it of her, and can never believe it so well, and so reasonably, as now, when it is averred by you; but for the expressing it to her, in that sort as you seem to counsel, I have these two reasons to decline it. That that knowledge which she hath of me, was in the beginning of a graver course, than of a poet, into which (that I may also keep my dignity) I would not seem to relapse. The Spanish proverb informs me, that he is a fool which cannot make one sonnet, and he is mad which makes two. The other stronger reason, is my integrity to the other countess, of whose worthiness though I swallowed your opinion at first upon your words, yet I have had since an explicit faith, and now a knowledge: and for her delight (since she descends to them) I had reserved not only all the verses, which I should make, but all the thoughts of women's worthiness. But because I hope she will not disdain, that I should write well of her picture, I have obeyed you thus far, as to write: but entreat you by your friendship, that by this occasion of versifying, I be not traduced, nor esteemed light in that tribe, and that house where I have lived. If those reasons which moved you to bid me write be not constant in you still, or if you meant not that I should write verses: or if these verses be too bad, or too good, over or under her understanding, and not fit; I pray receive them, as a companion and supplement of this letter to you; and as such a token as I use to send, which use, because I wish rather they

should serve (except you wish otherwise) I send no other: but after I have told you, that here at a christening at Peckham, you are remembered by divers of ours, and I commanded to tell you so, I kiss your hands, and so seal to you my pure love, which I would not refuse to do by any labour or danger.

Your very true friend and servant,

J. Donne.

Letter XCI.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre.

Sir,

I had rather like the first best; not only because it is cleanlier, but because it reflects least upon the other party, which, in all jest and earnest, in this affair, I wish avoided. If my muse were only out of fashion, and but wounded and maimed like free-will in the Roman church, I should adventure to put her to an epithalamium. But since she is dead, like free-will in our church, I have not so much muse left as to lament her loss. Perchance this business may produce occasions, wherein I may express my opinion of it, in a more serious manner. Which I speak neither upon any apparent conjecture, nor upon any over-valuing of my abilities, but out of a general readiness and alacrity to be serviceable and grateful in any kind. In both which poor virtues of mine, none can pretend a more primary interest, than you may, in Your humble and affectionate servant,

J. Donne.

Letter XCII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre.

Sir,

Perchance others may have told you, that I am relapsed into my fever; but that which I must entreat you to condole with me, is, that I am relapsed into good degrees of health; your cause of sorrow for that, is, that you are likely to be the more troubled with such an impertinence, as I am; and mine is, that I am fallen from fair hopes, of ending all; yet I have escaped

no better, cheap, than that I have paid death one of my children for my ransom. Because I loved it well, I make account that I dignify the memory of it, by mentioning of it to you, else I should not be so homely. Impute this brevity of writing to you upon no subject, to my sickness, in which men use to talk idly: but my profession of desiring to be retained in your memory, impute to your own virtues, which have wrought so much upon

Your humble servant,

J. DONNE.

LETTER XCIII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

Because to remain in this sort guilty in your lordship's opinion doth not only defeat all my future endeavours, but lay a heavier burden upon me, of which I am more sensible, which is ingratitude towards your lordship, by whose favours I have been formerly so much bound; I hope your lordship will pardon me this care and diligence which I use to rectify myself towards you. To which purpose I humbly beseech your lordship, to admit thus much into your consideration, that I neither hunted after this business at first, but apprehended it as it was presented to me, and might perchance have fallen into worse hands, nor proceeded otherwise therein, than to my poor discretion at that time seemed lawful and requisite and necessary for my reputation, who held myself bound to be able to give satisfaction to any who should doubt of the case. Of all which, if your lordship were returned to your former favourable opinions of me, you might be pleased to make this some argument, that after his majesty had showed his inclination to the first motion made in my behalf, I was not earnest to urge and solicit that advantage of priority, but as became me, contented myself to join with him who had made a later petition therein: and as soon as I understood how it was opposed or distasted, I threw it down at your lordship's feet, and abandoned it to your pleasure. Which it is necessary for me to say at this time, lest, if he who was interested with me in that

business shall have proceeded any farther therein since that time, your lordship might conceive new suspicions of me. That your lordship's name was at all used therein, or that any words of mine occasioned such an error in my servant, I am so sorry as nothing but a conscience of a true guiltiness of having performed an injury to your lordship (which can never fall upon me) could affect me more. But I, who to the measure of my comprehension, have ever understood your lordship's nobility and evenness, cannot fear that your lordship will punish an oversight, like a crime: which should be effected upon me, if your lordship should continue your disfavour towards me, since no penalty could come so burdenous to my mind and to my fortune as that. And since the repose of both consists in your lordship's favour, I humbly entreat to be restored to your favour, giving your lordship my faith in pawn that I will be as wary of forfeiting it by any second occasion, as I am sorry for this. Yours,

J. D.

Letter XCIV.

To my honoured Friend, Mr. George Gerrard.

Sir,

I cannot choose but make it a presage that I shall have no good fortune in England, that I missed the honour of enjoying that company, which you brought to town. But I beseech you let my ill luck determine in that ominousness: for if my not coming should be by her or you interpreted for a negligence or coldness in me, I were already in actual and present affliction. For that ecclesiastical lady of whom you write, since I presume it is a work of darkness that you go about, we will defer it for winter. Perchance the cold weather, may be as good physic to you, as she, for quenching you. I have changed my purpose of going to Windsor, and will go directly into the Wight: which I tell you not as a concerning thing, but in obedience to your commandment, as one poor testimony that I am

Your affectionate servant,

J. Donne.

Letter XCV.

To my very worthy Friend, Mr. George Gerrard.

Sir,

This is the fourth of this month, and I received your packet so late, that I have scarce waking time enough to tell you so, or to write anything but dreams. I have both your letters, mother and daughter, and am gladder of them, than if I had the mother and daughter here in our neighbourhood; you know I mean Sir H. Goodyere's parties. Sir, you do me double honour when my name passes through you to that noble lady in whose presence you are. It is a better end and a better way to that than I am worth. I can give you nothing in recompense of that favour, but good counsel; which is to speak sparingly of any ability in me, lest you endanger your own reputation, by overvaluing me. If I shall at any time take courage by your letter, to express my meditations of that lady in writing, I shall scarce think less time to be due to that employment, than to be all my life in making those verses, and so take them with me and sing them amongst her fellow-angels in heaven. I should be loth that in anything of mine, composed of her, she should not appear much better than some of those of whom I have written. And yet I cannot hope for better expressings than I have given of them. So you see how much I should wrong her, by making her but equal to others. I would I could be believed, when I say that all that is written of them, is but prophecy of her. I must use your favour in getting her pardon, for having brought her into so narrow, and low-roofed a room as my consideration, or for adventuring to give any estimation of her; and when I see how much she can pardon, I shall the better discern how far farther I may dare to offend in that kind. My noble neighbour is well, and makes me the steward of his service to you. Before this letter reaches you, I presume you will be gathering towards these parts, and then all news will meet you so fast, as that out of your abundance you will impart some to

Your affectionate friend to serve you,

J. Donne.

Letter XCVI.

To Sir George Moore.

Sir,

If you were here, you would not think me importune, if I bid you good-morrow every day; and such a patience will excuse my often letters. No other kind of conveyance is better for knowledge, or love. What treasures of moral knowledge are in Seneca's letters to only one Lucilius? and what of natural in Pliny's? how much of the story of the time is in Cicero's letters? and how all of these times, in the Jesuit's eastern and western epistles; where can we find so perfect a character of Phalaris, as in his own letters, which are almost so many writs of execution? or of Brutus, as in his privy seals for money? The Evangiles and Acts, teach us what to believe, but the Epistles of the Apostles what to do. And those who have endeavoured to dignify Seneca above his worth, have no way fitter, than to imagine letters between him and St. Paul. As they think also that they have expressed an excellent person, in that letter which they obtrude, from our blessed Saviour to King Agbarus. The Italians, which are most discursive, and think the world owes them all wisdom, abound so much in this kind of expressing, that Michel Montaigne says, he hath seen (as I remember) four hundred volumes of Italian letters. But it is the other capacity which must make mine acceptable, that they are also the best conveyers of love. But, though all knowledge be in those authors already, yet, as some poisons, and some medicines, hurt not, nor profit, except the creatures in which they reside, contribute their lively activity, and vigour; so, much of the knowledge buried in books perisheth, and becomes ineffectual, if it be not applied, and refreshed by a companion, or friend. Much of their goodness, hath the same period, which some physicians of Italy have observed to be in the biting of their tarantula, that it affects no longer, than the fly lives. For with how much desire we read the papers of any living now, (especially friends) which we would scarce allow a box in our cabinet, or shelf in our library, if they were dead? And we do justly in it, for the writings and words of men present, we may examine, control, and expostulate,

and receive satisfaction from the authors; but the other we must believe, or discredit; they present no mean. Since then at this time, I am upon the stage, you may be content to hear me. And now that perchance I have brought you to it, (as Thomas Badger did the king) now I have nothing to say. And it is well, for the letter is already long enough, else let this problem supply, which was occasioned by you, of women wearing stones; which, it seems, you were afraid women should read, because you avert them at the beginning, with a protestation of cleanliness. Martial found no way fitter to draw the Roman matrons to read one of his books, which he thinks most moral and cleanly, than to counsel them by the first epigram to skip the book, because it was obscene. But either you write not at all for women, or for those of sincerer palates. Though their unworthiness, and your own ease be advocates for me with you, yet I must add my entreaty, that you let go no copy of my problems, till I review them. If it be too late, at least be able to tell me who hath them.

Yours,

J. DONNE.

LETTER XCVII.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

I send not my letters as tribute, nor interest, not recompense, nor for commerce, nor as testimonials of my love, nor provokers of yours, nor to justify my custom of writing, nor for a vent and utterance of my meditations; for my letters are either above or under all such offices; yet I write very affectionately, and I chide and accuse myself of diminishing that affection which sends them, when I ask myself why: only I am sure that I desire that you might have in your hands letters of mine of all kinds, as conveyances and deliverers of me to you, whether you accept me as a friend, or as a patient, or as a penitent, or as a beadsman, for I decline no jurisdiction, nor refuse any tenure. I would not open any door upon you, but look in when you open it. Angels have not, nor affect not other knowledge of one another, than they list to reveal to one another. It is then in

this only, that friends are angels, that they are capable and fit for such revelations when they are offered. If at any time I seem to study you more inquisitively, it is for no other end but to know how to present you to God in my prayers, and what to ask of him for you; for even that holy exercise may not be done inopportunely, no nor importunely. I find little error in that Grecian's counsel, who says, If thou ask anything of God, offer no sacrifice, nor ask elegantly, nor vehemently, but remember that thou wouldest not give to such an asker. Nor in his other countryman, who affirms sacrifice of blood to be so unproportionable to God, that perfumes, though much more spiritual, are too gross. Yea words which are our subtilest and delicatest outward creatures, being composed of thoughts and breath, are so muddy, so thick, that our thoughts themselves are so, because (except at the first rising) they are ever leavened with passions and affections: and that advantage of nearer familiarity with God, which the act of incarnation gave us, is grounded upon God's assuming us, not our going to him. And, our accesses to his presence are but his descents into us; and when we get anything by prayer, he gave us beforehand the thing and the petition. For I scarce think any ineffectual prayer free from both sin, and the punishment of sin: yet as God supposed a seventh of our time for his exterior worship, and as his Christian church early presented him a type of the whole year in a Lent, and after imposed the obligation of canonic hours, constituting thereby moral Sabbaths every day; I am far from dehorting those fixed devotions: but I had rather it were bestowed upon thanksgiving than petition, upon praise than prayer; not that God is endeared by that, or wearied by this; all is one in the receiver, but not in the sender: and thanks doth both offices; for nothing doth so innocently provoke new graces, as gratitude. I would also rather make short prayers than extend them, though God can neither be surprised, nor besieged: for long prayers have more of the man, as ambition of eloquence, and a complacency in the work, and more of the devil by often distractions: for, after in the beginning we have well entreated God to hearken, we speak no more to him. Even this letter is some example of such infirmity, which being intended for a letter, is extended and strayed

into a homily. And whatsoever is not what it was purposed, is worse, therefore it shall at last end like a letter by assuring you I am Yours,

J. DONNE.

LETTER XCVIII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre.

Sir,

The same hour that I received the honour of your commandments, by your letter left at my poor house, I put myself upon the way hither. So that I am here in the habit of a traveller, and (suitable to the rest of my unworthinesses) unfit for great presences. Therefore, I abstain from waiting upon you presently; besides that in this abstinence, (except I misinterpret the last words of your letter to my advantage) I obey your directions, in sending before I come to you. Howsoever, sir, I am entirely at your disposing, if you will be pleased to add this favour to the rest, that I may understand, wherein you will use your authority and power, which you have over

Your poor and humble servant,

J. DONNE.

LETTER XCIX.

To my Honoured Friend, Master George Gherard.

Sir,

Your letter was the more welcome to me, because it brought your commandment with it, of sending you perfumes: for it is a service somewhat like a sacrifice. But yet your commandment surprised me, when neither I had enough to send, nor had means to recover more; that lady being out of town which gave them me. But sir, if I had ten millions, I could send you no more than I do; for I send all. If any good occasion present itself to you, to send to my Lord Clifford, spare my name a room, there where you offer him most of your service. I dare contend with you, that you cannot exceed me, in desiring to serve him. It is a better office from me to you, that I go to bed,

than that I write a longer letter. For if I do mine eyes a little more injury, I shall lose the honour of seeing you at Michaelmas; for by my truth I am almost blind: you may be content, to believe that I am always disposed to your service, without exception of any time, since now just at midnight, when it is both day and night, and neither, I tell you that I am

Your affectionate friend and servant,

J. Donne.

Letter C.

To my very much respected friend, Mr. George Gherard.

Sir,

I thank you for expressing your love to me, by this diligence, I know you can distinguish between the voices of my love, and of my necessity, if anything in my letters sound like an importunity. Besides, I will add thus much out of council to you, that you can do nothing so thriftily as to keep in your purpose the payment of the rest of this year's rent, (though at your conveniency) for Sir E. H—'s curiosity being so served at first, I shall be no farther cause, but that the rest be related, and you in as good possession of his love, and to as good use, as your love deserves of him. You mock us when you ask news from hence. All is created there, or relates thither where you are. For that book which you command me to send, I held it but half an hour: which served me to read those few leaves, which were directed upon some few lines of my book. If you come to town quickly, you may get a fair widow: for Mrs. Brown is fallen to that state by death of her husband. No man desires your coming more, nor shall be readier to serve you, than

Your affectionate friend and servant,

J. Donne.

Letter CI.

To my Honoured Friend, Mr. George Gherard, over against Salisbury House.

Sir,

I do not make account that I am to come to London, when I get within the wall: that which makes it London is the meeting of friends. I cannot therefore otherwise bid myself welcome to London, than by seeking of you, which both Sir H. Goodyere and I do, with so much diligence, as that this messenger comes two days before to entreat you from us both, to reserve yourself upon Saturday: so that I may, at our coming to London that night, understand at my house where I may send you word of our supping-place that night, and have the honour of your company. So you lay more obligations upon

Your poor unprofitable servant,

J. Donne.

Letter CII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre, Gentleman of his Highness's Bedchamber.*

Sir,

I am come to that tenderness of conscience, that I need a pardon for meaning to come to Newmarket in this weather. If I had come, I must have asked you many real pardons, for the many importunities that I should have used towards you. But since I have divers errands thither, (except I belie myself in that phrase, since it is all one errand to promove mine own business, and to receive your commands) I shall give you but a short respite, since I shall follow this paper within two days. And (that I accuse myself, no farther than I am guilty) the principal reason of my breaking the appointment of waiting upon Mr. Rawlins, was, that I understood the king was from Newmarket; and for coming thither in the king's absence, I never heard of excuse; except when Butler sends a desperate

* Probably written in 1614, the year of Donne's receiving D.D. at Cambridge.—Ed.

patient in a consumption thither for good air, which is an ill errand now. Besides that I could not well come till now, (for there are very few days past, since I took orders) there can be no loss in my absence except when I come, my Lord should have thereby the less latitude, to procure the king's letters to Cambridge. I beseech you therefore, take some occasion to refresh that business to his Lordship, by presenting my name, and purpose of coming very shortly: and be content to receive me, who have been ever your servant, to the addition of

Your poor chaplain,

27th January. J. DONNE.

LETTER CIII.

*To my very much Honoured Friend, George Garret, Esq.**.

Sir,

When we think of a friend, we do not count that a lost thought, though that friend never knew of it. If we write to a friend, we must not call it a lost letter, though it never find him to whom it was addressed: for we owe ourselves that office, to be mindful of our friends. In payment of that debt, I send out this letter, as a sentinel perdue; if it find you, it comes to tell you, that I was possessed with a fever, so late in the year, that I am afraid I shall not recover confidence to come to London till the spring be a little advanced. Because you did our poor family the favour, to mention our George in your letters to Spain, with some earnestness, I should wonder if you never had anything from thence concerning him; he having been now, divers months, in Spain. If you be in London and the lady of the jewel there too, at your conveniency inform me, what is looked for at my hands, in that business; for, I would be loth to leave anything in my house, when I die, that were not absolutely mine own. I have a servant, Roper, at Paul's house, who will receive your commandments, at all times. God bless you and your son, with the same blessings which I beg for the children, and for the person of

Your poor friend and humble servant in Christ Jesus,

J. DONNE.

* Written probably in the winter of 1629.—ED.

Letter CIV.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount of Rochester,

My most Honourable good Lord,

After I was grown to be your Lordship's, by all the titles that I could think upon, it hath pleased your Lordship to make another title to me, by buying me. You may have many better bargains in your purchases, but never a better title than to me, nor anything which you may call yours more absolutely and entirely. If therefore I appear before your Lordship sometimes in these letters of thankfulness, it may be an excusable boldness, because they are part of your evidences by which you hold me. I know there may be degrees of importunity even in thankfulness: but your Lordship is got above the danger of suffering that from me, or my letters, both because my thankfulness cannot reach to the benefits already received, and because the favour of receiving my letters is a new benefit. And since good divines have made this argument against deniers of the resurrection, that it is easier for God to recollect the principles, and elements of our bodies, howsoever they be scattered, than it was at first to create them of nothing, I cannot doubt, but that any distractions or diversions in the ways of my hopes, will be easier to your Lordship to reunite, than it was to create them. Especially since you are already so near perfecting them, that if it agreed with your Lordship's purposes, I should never wish other station, than such as might make me still, and only

Your Lordship's most humble and devoted servant,

J. Donne.

Letter CV.

To Yourself.*

Sir,

I make shift to think that I promised you this book of French Satires. If I did not, yet it may have the grace of acceptation, both as it is a very forward and early fruit, since it comes

* Uncertain.—Ed.

before it was looked for, and as it comes from a good root, which is an importune desire to serve you. Which since I saw from the beginning, that I should never do in any great thing, it is time to begin to try now, whether by often doing little services, I can come towards any equivalence. For, except I can make a rule of natural phylosophy, serve also in moral offices, that as the strongest bodies are made of the smallest particles, so the strongest friendships may be made of often iterating small officiousnesses, I see I can be good for nothing. Except you know reason to the contrary, I pray deliver this letter according to the address. It hath no business, nor importunity; but as by our law, a man may be *felo de se*, if he kill himself, so I think a man may be *fur de se*, if he steal himself out of the memory of them which are content to harbour him. And now I begin to be loth to be lost, since I have afforded myself some valuation and price, ever since I received the stamp and impression of being

Your very humble and affectionate servant,

J. DONNE.

LETTER CVI.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre.*

Sir,

I sought you yesterday with a purpose of accomplishing my health, by the honour of kissing your hands. But I find by my going abroad, that as the first Christians were forced to admit some Jewish ceremonies, only to bury the synagogue with honour, so my fever will have so much reverence and respect, as that I must keep sometimes at home. I must therefore be bold to put you to the pain of considering me. If therefore my Lord upon your delivery of my last letter, said nothing to you of the purpose thereof; let me tell you now, that it was, that in obedience of his commandment, to acquaint him with anything which might advantage me, I was bold to present that which I heard, which was that Sir D. Carlton was likely to be removed from Venice to the States; of which if my Lord said nothing to you, I beseech you add thus much to your many other favours,

* Before 1610.—ED.

to entreat my Lord at his best commodity, to afford me the favour of speaking with him. But if he have already opened himself so far to you, as that you may take knowledge thereof to him, then you may ease him of that trouble of giving me an audience, by troubling yourself thus much more, as to tell him in my behalf, and from me, that though Sir D. Carlton be not removed, yet that place with the States lying open, there is a fair field of exercising his favour towards me, and of constituting a fortune to me, and (that which is more) of a means for me to do him particular services. And sir, as I do thoroughly submit the end and effect of all projects to his Lordship's will, so do I this beginning thereof, to your advice and counsel, if you think me capable of it: as, for your own sake, I beseech you to do, since you have admitted me for

Your humble servant,

J. DONNE.

LETTER CVII.

To the Honoured Knight, Sir Robert Karre.

Sir,

I amend to no purpose, nor have any use of this inchoation of health, which I find, except I preserve my room, and station in you. I begin to be past hope of dying: and I feel that a little rag of *Monte Magor*, which I read last time I was in your chamber, hath wrought prophetically upon me, which is, that death came so fast towards me, that the overjoy of that recovered me. Sir, I measure not my health by my appetite, but only by my ability to come to kiss your hands: which since I cannot hope in the compass of a few days, I beseech you pardon me both these intrusions of this letter, and of that within it. And though schoolmen dispute, whether a married man dying, and being by miracle raised again, must be re-married; yet let your friendship, (which is a nobler learning) be content to admit me, after this resurrection, to be still that which I was before, and shall ever continue,

Your most humble and thankful servant,

10th March. J. DONNE.

Letter CVIII.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre.

Sir,

When I was almost at court, I met the prince's coach: I think I obeyed your purposes best therefore, in coming hither. I am sure I provided best for myself thereby; since my best degree of understanding is to be governed by you. I beseech you give me an assignation where I may wait upon you at your commodity this evening. Till the performance of which commandment from you, I rest here in the Red Lion.

Your very thankful and affectionate servant,

J. Donne.

Letter CIX.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre.

Sir,

Your man's haste gives me the advantage, that I am excusable in a short letter, else I should not pardon it to myself. I shall obey your commandment of coming so near you upon Michaelmas day, as by a message to ask you whether that or the next morning be the fittest to solicit your further favour. You understand all virtue so well, as you may be pleased to call to mind what thankfullness and services are due to you from me; and believe them all to be expressed in this rag of paper, which gives you new assurance, that I am ever

Your most humble servant,

J. Donne.

Letter CX.

To Yourself.

Sir,

If I shall never be able to do you any real service, yet you may make this profit of me, that you be hereafter more cautious in receiving into your knowledge persons so useless and importune. But before you come to so perfect a knowledge of me, as

to abandon me, go forward in your favours to me so far, as to deliver this letter according to the address. I think I should not come nearer his presence than by a letter; and I am sure I would come no other way, but by you. Be you therefore pleased, by these noble favours to me, to continue in me the comfort which I have in being

Your very humble and thankful servant,

Drury-house, Sept. 23. J. DONNE.

LETTER CXI.

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Karre, at Court.

Sir,

If I should refuse the liberty which you enlarge to me, of eating in your chamber, you might suspect that I reserved it for greater boldnesses, and would not spend it in this. But, in good faith, I do not eat before, nor can after, till I have been at home; so much hath my this year's debility disabled me, even for receiving favours. After the sermon, I will steal into my coach home, and pray that my good purpose may be well accepted, and my defects graciously pardoned. Amen.

Yours entirely,

J. DONNE.

I will be at your chamber at one, afternoon.

LETTER CXII.

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Karre, at Court.

Sir,

I pursued my ambition of having the honour to kiss your hands somewhere, so far, as to inform myself occasionally of my great neighbour; and I perceive he is under an inundation of uncertain comers, which he cannot devest, except I had your leave to speak plain to him. A second inconvenience is, that he is so deaf, that we must speak to the whole house, if we will speak to him. And a third is, that I am in a riddling, rather juggling indisposition, fast and loose, and therefore dare not stir far. Yet, sir, I am not thereby unfit to receive the honour of seeing you here, if

greater business have not overcome or worn out your former inclinableness to come into these quarters. If you shall be pleased to say to my man that you will make, as though you dined with me to-day, and come, if your business require your going to his lordship, you may dine with him, after you have fasted with me. To-day, or any day which may be more yours, I ask it of you with all earnestness, on this side importunity, which is the detestation of

Your humblest and thankfullest servant,

J. DONNE.

LETTER CXIII.

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Karre, at Court.

Sir,

This morning I have received a signification from my Lord Chamberlain, that his Majesty hath commanded to-morrow's sermon at St. James's, and that it is in the afternoon (for into my mouth there must not enter the words *after dinner*, because that day there enters no dinner into my mouth). Towards the time of the service, I ask your leave that I may hide myself in your out-chamber; or, if business, or privateness, or company make that inconvenient, that you will be pleased to assign some servant of yours to show me the closet when I come to your chamber. I have no other way there but you; which I say, not as though I had not assurance enough therein, but because you have too much trouble thereby; nor I have no other end there, than the pulpit. You are my station, and that my exaltation; and in both I shall ever endeavour to keep you from being sorry for having thought well of, or being ashamed of having testified well for,

Your poor and very true servant in Christ Jesus,

J. DONNE.

LETTER CXIV.

To Yourself.*

Sir,

Sir Germander Pool, your noble friend and fellow in arms, hath been at this house. I find, by their diligent inquiring from

* Uncertain.—ED.

me, that he hath assured them that he hath much advanced your proceeding, by his resignation; but cooled them again with this, that the Lord Spencer pretends in his room. I never feared his, nor any man's diligence in that; I feared only your remissness, because you have a fortune that can endure, and a nature that can almost be content to miss. But I had rather you exercised your philosophy and evenness in some things else. He doth not nothing which falls cleanly and harmlessly; but he wrestles better which stands. I know you can easily forgive yourself any negligences and slacknesses, but I am glad that you are engaged to so many friends, who either by yourself or fame have knowledge of it. In all the rest of them there is a worthiness, and in me a love, which deserves to be satisfied. In this, therefore, as you are forward in all things else, be content to do more for your friends than you would for yourself; endeavour it, that is, effect it.

Your very true friend and lover,

Tuesday. J. DONNE.

LETTER CXV.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir H. G.

Sir,

After I have told you that the Lady Hay died last Tuesday, and that to her end she was anguished with the memory of the execution of that fellow which attempted her in the coach, I have told you all that hath fallen out here: except, between you and me, that may be worth the telling, that my Lord Chancellor gave me so noble and so ready a dispatch, accompanied with so fatherly advice, and remorse for my fortunes, that I am now, like an alchymist, delighted with discoveries by the way, though I attain not mine end. It spent me so little time after your going that, although you speak in your letter of good dispatch in your going, yet I might have overtaken you. And though perchance if I had gone, it might have been inconvenient for me to have put myself into my Lord Chamberlain's presence, if that sickness be earnest at Ashby, and so I should nothing have advanced my business; yet I should have come to that noble lady with better confidence and more assurance of a pardon, when I had brought a

conscience that I came despoiled of all other respects, only to kiss her hands, in whose protection I am, since I have, nor desire other station, than a place in her good opinion. I took so good contentment in the fashion which my Lord Chancellor used towards me, that out of a voluptuous lothness to let that taste go out of my mouth, I forbear to make any further trial in that business, till the King come into these quarters. So that, sir, I am here in place to serve you, if either I be capable of your commandments, or this town give anything worth the writing. As often as you see your noble friend and her good sister, allow my name a room in your discourse: it is a short one, and you will soon have done. But tell them not my desire to do them service, for then you engage yourself in a longer discourse than I am worthy. Only in pursuit of your commandment, I sent the packet to the post; for, in mine own understanding, there should appear small hope of arriving by that way, except you know otherwise that the lords mean to make some stay in their return, in those parts: but the letter is brought back again, for the post went away yesterday, and they knew of no occasion of sending till next week. Therefore except I can inform myself of some good means, I will retain it till I have a fresh commandment from you. I see Mr. Taverner is still in this town; the Lady Carey went from hence but yesterday. I am in some perplexity what to do with this packet, till some good fortune or your letters clear me.

Your humble servant,

Aug. 19. J. Donne.

Letter CXVI.

To my best of friends, Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

I heard not from you this week; therefore I write more willingly, because it hath in it so much more merit. And I might do it very cheaply, since to convey to you this letter, which mine hath the honour to bring, any little letter would serve, and be acceptable for that. Because it came not last week, I went now to solicit it, and she sent it me next day with some thanks, and some excuse that she knew not me, when I

was with her. You know, I do not easily put myself into those hazards, nor do much brag of my valor now, otherwise than I purposed it for a service to you. The newest thing that I know in the world, is my new son: whose mother's being well takes off from me any new weight upon my fortune. I hear in Newgate, that Mr. Mathew is dead. The Catholics believe it there: perchance out of a custom of credulity. But the report, is close prisoner; for I never met it abroad. This is my third letter, all which I sent by Spelty whom my boy found at Abington-house. I have now two of the best happinesses which could befall me, upon me; which are, to be a widower and my wife alive, which may make you know, that it is but for your ease, that this letter is no longer, in this leisure in which (having nothing else to write) I might vary a thousand ways that I am

Your very affectionate servant,

Monday, at night. J. Donne.

Letter CXVII.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

I love to give you advantages upon me, therefore I put myself in need of another pardon from you, by not coming to you; yet I am scarce guilty enough to spend much of your virtue from you, because I knew not of your being come till this your letter told me so, in the midst of dinner at Peckham, this Monday. Sir, I am very truly yours; if you have overvalued me in any capacity, I will do what I can to overtake your hopes of me. I wish myself whatsoever you wish me; and so I do, whatever you wish yourself. I am prisoner and close; else I had not needed this pardon, for I long much, and much more by occasion of your letter, to see you: when you find that good lady emptiest of business and pleasure, present my humble thanks; you can do me no favour, which I need not, nor any, which I cannot have some hope to deserve, but this; for I have made her opinion of me, the ballance by which I weigh myself. I will come soon enough to deliver my thanks to Sir J. Harrington for

your ease, whom I know I have pained with an ill-favoured letter, but my heart hath one style, and character; and is yours in wishing, and in thankfulness.

Peckham, Monday afternoon. J. Donne.

Letter CXVIII.

To my worthy friend G. K.

Sir,

I receive this here that I begin this return, your letter by a servant of Sir G. Gresely, by whom also I hasten this dispatch. This needs no enlargement since it hath the honour to convey one from M. Gherard. But though by telling me, it was a bold letter, I had leave to open it, and that I have a little itch to make some animadversions and criticisms upon it (as that there is a cipher too much in the sum of the king's debts, and such like) yet since my eyes do easily fall back to their distemper, and that I am this night to sup at Sir A. Ingram's, I had rather forfeit their little strength at his supper, then with writing such impertinences: the best spending them, is upon the rest of your letter, to which, sir, I can only say in general, that some appearances have been here, of some treaty's concerning this nullity, which are said to proceed from Geneva, but are believed to have been done within doors, by encouragements of some whose names I will not commit to this letter. My poor study having lain that way, it may prove possible, that my weak assistance may be of use in this matter, in a more serious fashion, than an epithalamion. This made me therefore abstinent in that kind; yet by my troth, I think I shall not escape. I deprehend in myself more than an alacrity, a vehemency to do service to that company; and so, I may find reason to make rhyme. If it be done, I see not how I can admit that circuit of sending them to you, to be sent hither; that seems a kind of praying to saints, to whom God must tell first, that such a man prays to them to pray to him. So that I shall lose the honour of that conveyance; but, for recompense, you shall escape the danger of approving it. My next letter say more of this. This shall end with deli-

vering you the remembrance of my Lady Bartlet, who is present at the sealing hereof.

Your very true and affectionate servant,

January 19. J. DONNE.

Which name when there is any empty corner in your discourse with that noble lady at Ashby, I humbly beseech you to present to her as one more devoted to her service than perchance you will say.

LETTER CXIX.

To Sir G. B.*

Sir,

Between the time of making up my other letters, and the hour that your man limited me to call for them, came to my house another packet directed to him: for by this time, the carries is as wise, as his horse, to go to the house that he hath used to go. I found liberty in the superscription to open, and so I did; but for that part which concerns him, I must attend his coming hither, for I know not where to seek him; and besides, I have enough to say for that part which concerns myself. Sir, even in the letter itself to me, I deprehend much inclination, to chide me: and it is but out of your habit of good language that you spare me. So little occasion as that postcript of mine, could not bring you so near to it, if nothing else were mistaken, which (so God help me) was so little, that I remember not what it was, and I would no more hear again what I write in an officious letter, than what I said at a drunken supper. I had no purpose to exercise your diligence in presenting my name to that lady, but either I did, or should have said, that I write only to fill up any empty corner in your discourse. So, sir, the reading of the letter, was a kind of travel to me, but when I came to the paper inclosed, I was brought to bed of a monster. To express myself vehemently quickly, I must say, that I can scarce think, that you have read M. Gherard's letter rightly, therefore I send you back your own again. I will not protest against my being such a

* This should seem to be to Sir H. Goodyere; as he refers in it to the postscript in the last letter.—ED.

knave, for no man shall have that from me, if he expect it: but I will protest against my being such a fool, as to depose anything in him with hope of locking it up, and against that lowness, of seeking reputation by so poor a way. I am not so sorry, that I am a narrow man, as that for all the narrowness, you have not seen through me yet, nor known me perfectly; for I might think by this (if I had not other testimony) that I have been little in your contemplation. Sixteen letters from M. Gherard, could not (I think) persuade a Middlesex jury of so much dishonesty in,

Your true servant,

J. DONNE.

LETTER CXX.

To Sir G. B.

Sir,

It is one of my blind meditations to think what a miserable defeat it would be to all these preparations of bravery, if my infirmity should overtake others; for, I am at least half blind, my windows are all as full of glasses of waters, as any mountebank's stall. This messenger makes haste, I thank him for it; therefore I only send you this letter, which was sent to me about three days past, and my promise to distribute your other letters, according to your addresses, as fast as my monsieur can do it; for, for any personal service, you must be content, at this time, to pardon,

Your affectionate servant,

December 23. J. DONNE.

LETTER CXXI.

To Sir H. Goodyere.

Sir,

Agreeably to my fortune, and thoughts, I was crawled this back way from Keyston; through my broken casement at Bedford, I saw, for my best dish at dinner, your coach: I studied your guests, but when I knew where you were, I went out of this town, in a doubt whether I should turn in to Wrest; and you know the wisdom of the parliament is, to resolve ever in the negative: therefore it is likeliest I shall not come in there; yet, let me give you in passing, thus much account of myself: I

thought to kiss my Lord Spencer's hands, at one house, and have passed three. If you know nothing to the contrary, risen since I came from London, I am likely to have a room in my lord of Dovor's train, into the country; if I have, I do not ask, but use the leave of waiting upon you at home: there and ever elsewhere, our Blessed Saviour bless you, and all yours, in which number, I pray, account ever

Your very thankful servant in Christ Jesus,

J. Donne.

Letter CXXII.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

I cannot obey you, if you go to-morrow to Parsons-green, your company, that place, and my promise are strong inducements, but an ague flouts them all, of which I have had two such threatenings, that I provide against it by a little physic. This is one fetter; but I have a pair: for I attend Sir George More's answer in a little business, of which I can have no account till his return, so I am fastened here, till after Sunday. As you are sure that I love you thoroughly, so think this a good expressing of that, that I promise now, that I will certainly go with you on Monday, in despite of these interruptions, and serve you with my company to the Bath; which journey, it is time to hasten. But I pray think this promise so much worth, that it may deserve your coming this way on Monday, for I make it with that reservation. God send you hawks and fortunes of a high pitch. Your honest affectionate,

J. Donne.

Letter CXXIII.

To Sir H. G.

Sir,

I live so far removed, that even the ill news of your great loss (which is ever swiftest and loudest) found me not till now, your letter speaks it not plain enough, but I am so accustomed to the worst, that I am sure it is so in this. I am almost glad

that I knew her so little: for I would have no more additions to sorrow: if I should comfort you, it were an alms acceptable in no other title, than when poor give to poor; for I am more needy of it than you. And I know you well provided of Christian, and learned, and brave defences against all human accidents. I will make by best haste after your messenger: and if myself and the place had not been ill provided of horses, I had been the messenger, for you have taught me by granting more to deny no request. Your honest unprofitable friend,

Pyesford, 3 o'clock, just as your's came. J. DONNE.

LETTER CXXIV.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.*

Sir,

I speak to you before God, I am so much affected with yesterdays accident, that I think I prophane it in that name. As men which judge nativities, consider not single stars, but the aspects, the concurrence and posture of them; so in this, though no particular past arrest me, or divert me, yet all seems remarkable and enormous. God, which hath done this immediately, without so much as a sickness, will also immediately without supplement of friends, infuse his Spirit of comfort, where it is needed and deserved. I write this to you from the Spring Garden, whither I withdrew myself to think of this; and the intenseness of my thinking ends in this, that by my help God's work should be imperfected, if by any means I resisted the amazement. Your very true friend,

J. DONNE.

LETTER CXXV.

To Sir H. G.

Sir,

I cannot yet serve you with those books of which your letter spake. In recompense I will tell you a story, which if I had had leisure to have told it you when it was fresh, which was

* This apparently refers to the loss of Lady Goodyere mentioned in the last letter.—ED.

upon Thursday last, might have had some grace for the rareness, and would have tried your love to me, how far you would adventure to believe an improbable thing for my sake who relates it. That day in the morning, there was some end made, by the earl Salisbury and others, who were arbitrators in some differences between Hertford and Mountegle, Hertford was ill satisfied in it, and declared himself so far as to say, he expected better usage in respect not only of his cause but of his expense and service in his ambassage: to which Salisbury replied, that considered how things stood between his Majesty and Hertford-house at the king's entrance, the king had done him especial favour in that employment of honour and confidence, by declaring in so public and great an act and testimony, that he had no ill affections toward him. Hertford answered, that he was then and ever an honest man to the king: and Salisbury said, he denied not that, but yet solemnly repeated his first words again. So that Hertford seemed not to make answer, but pursuing his own word, said, that whosoever denied him to have been an honest man to the king, lied. Salisbury asked him if he directed that upon him, Hertford said, upon any who denied this. The earnestness of both was such, as Salisbury accepted it to himself, and made protestation before the lords present, that he would do nothing else, till he had honourably put off that lie. Within an hour after, Salisbury sent him a direct challenge, by his servant Mr. Knightley; Hertford required only an hours leisure of consideration (it is said, it was only to inform himself of the especial danger, in dealing so with a counsellor) but he returned his acceptation: and all circumstances were so clearly handled between them, that St. James's was agreed for the place, and they were both come from their several lodgings, and upon the way to have met, when they were interrupted by such as from the king were sent to have care of it. So these two have escaped this great danger; but (by my troth) I fear earnestly that Mrs. Bolstrode will not escape that sickness in which she labours at this time. I sent this morning to ask of her passage of this night; and the return is, that she is as I left her yesternight, and then by the strength of her understanding, and voice, (proportionally to her fashion, which was ever remiss) by the even-

ness and life of her pulse, and by her temper, I could allow her long life, and impute all her sickness to her mind. But the history of her sickness, makes me justly fear, that she will scarce last so long, as that you when you receive this letter, may do her any good office, in praying for her; for she hath not for many days received so much as a preserved barbery, but it returns, and all accompanied with a fever, the mother, and an extreme ill spleen. Whilst I write this Tuesday morning, from Bartlet-house one brings me a packet to your master: he is gone, and that lady and all the company is from town. I thought I might be pardoned, if I thought myself your man for that service to open it, which I did, and for the letters I will deliver them. What else you bid Foster do in his letter, bid him do it there, for (so God help me) I know not what it is. I must end now, else the carrier will be gone. God be with you.

Yours entirely.

You know me without a name, and I know not how this letter goes.

Letter CXXVI.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

Sir,

I had destined all this Tuesday, for the court, because it is both a sermon-day, and the first day of the kings being here. Before I was to go forth, I had made up this enclosed packet for you, and then came this messenger with your packet, of which if you can remember the number, you cannot expect any account thereof from me, who have not half an hour left me before I go forth, and your messenger speaks of a necessity of returning homeward before my returning home. If upon the delivery of them, or any other occasion, there intervene new subject of writing, I shall relieve myself upon Tuesday, if Tamworth carrier be in town. To the particulars of the letter to myself, I will give this paper, and line. Of my Lady Bedford, I must say so much as must importune you to burn the letter; for I would say nothing of her upon record, that should not testify my thankful-

ness for all her graces. But upon this motion, which I made to her by letter, and by Sir Thomas Roe's assistance, if any scruple should arise in her, she was somewhat more startling, than I looked for from her: she had more suspicion of my calling, a better memory of my past life, than I had thought her nobility could have admitted: of all which, though I humbly thank God, I can make good use, as one that needs as many remembrances in that kind, as not only friends but enemies can present, yet I am afraid, they proceed in her rather from some ill impression taken from D. Burges, than that they grow in herself. But whosoever be the conduit, the water is the Holy Ghost, and in that acceptation I take it. For her other way of expressing her favour to me, I must say, it is not with that cheerfulness, as heretofore she hath delivered herself towards me. I am almost sorry, that an elegy should have been able to move her to so much compassion heretofore, as to offer to pay my debts; and my greater wants now, and for so good a purpose, as to come disengaged into that profession, being plainly laid open to her, should work no farther but that she sent me 30*l.* which in good faith she excused with that, which is in both parts true, that her present debts were burdensome, and that I could not doubt of her inclination, upon all future emergent occasions, to assist me. I confess to you, her former fashion towards me, had given a better confidence; and this diminution in her makes me see, that I must use more friends, than I thought I should have needed. I would you could burn this letter, before you read it, at least do when you have read it. For, I am afraid out of a contemplation of mine own unworthiness, and fortune, that the example of this lady, should work upon the lady where you are: for though goodness be originally in her, and she do good, for the deed's sake, yet, perchance, she may think it a little wisdom, to make such measure of me, as they who know no better, do. Of any new treaty of a match with Spain, I hear nothing. The wars in the low countries, to judge by their present state, are very likely to go forward. No word of a parliament, and I myself have heard words of the king, as directly against any such purpose, as any can sound, I never heard word, till in your letter, of any stirs in Scotland, for that of the French king, which you ask, it

hath this good ground, that in the assembly there a proposition hath been made, and well entertained, that the king should be declared, to have full jurisdiction in France; and no other person to have any. It hath much the model and frame of our oath of allegiance, but with some modification. It is true, it goes farther, than that state hath drove in any public declarations, but not further than their schools have drove often and constantly: the easiness that it hath found in passing thus far without opposition, puts (perchance unnecessarily) in me a doubt, that they are sure to choke it, at the royal assent, and therefore oppose it not, by the way, to sweeten the conveyance of their purposes. Sir, if I stay longer, I shall lose the text, at court, therefore I kiss your hand, and rest Your very true servant,

J. Donne.

We hear (but without second as yet) that Sir Richard Philip's brother in France, hath taken the habit of a Capuchin.

Letter CXXVII.

To my worthy Friend, F. H.

Sir,

I can scarce do any more this week than send you word why I wrote not last. I had then seposed a few days for my preparation to the communion of our blessed Saviour's body; and in that solitariness and arraignment of myself, digested some meditations of mine, and apparelled them (as I use) in the form of a sermon: for since I have not yet utterly delivered myself from this intemperance of scribbling (though I thank God my accesses are less and less vehement) I make account that to spend all my little stock of knowledge upon matter of delight, were the same error, as to spend a fortune upon masks and banquetting houses: I choose rather to build in this poor fashion, some spitals, and hospitals, where the poor and impotent sinner may find some relief, or at least understanding of his infirmity. And if they be too weak to serve posterity, yet for the present by contemplation of them, &c.

Letter CXXVIII.

To my Honoured Friend, George Gerrard, Esq.

Sir,

I should not only send you an account by my servant, but bring you an account often myself, (for our letters are ourselves) and in them absent friends meet, how, I do, but that two things make me forbear that writing: first, because it is not for my gravity, to write of feathers, and straws, and in good faith, I am no more, considered in my body, or fortune. And then because whensoever I tell you how I do, by a letter, before that letter comes to you, I shall be otherwise, than when it left me. At this time, I humbly thank God, I am only not worse; for, I should as soon look for roses at this time of the year, as look for increase of strength. And if I be no worse all spring, than now, I am much better, for, I make account that those church services, which I would be very loth to decline, will spend somewhat; and, if I can gather so much as will bear my charges, recover so much strength at London, as I shall spend at London, I shall not be loth to be left in that state wherein I am now, after that is done; but I do but discourse, I do not wish; life, or health, or strength, (I thank God) enter not into my prayers for myself: for others they do; and amongst others, for your sick servant, for such a servant taken so young, and healed so long, is half a child to a master, and so truly I have observed that you have bred him, with the care of a father. Our blessed Saviour look graciously upon him, and glorify himself in him, by his way of restitution to health; and by his way of peace of conscience in

Your very true friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

J. Donne.

Letter CXXIX.

To the Honourable Knight, Sir Robert Karre.

Sir,

I make account that it is a day of great distribution of honours at court: I would not therefore lose my part, and increase therein; since every letter admitted by you from me, is a new

stone in my best building, which is, my room in your service: so much you add to me, every time you give me leave thus to kiss your hands. But, sir, every addition pre-imagines a being, and the time of my being and creation is not yet come: which I am sure you will advance; because else I am no competent subject of your favours, and additions. I know, by your forbearing to tell me so, that my Lord hath had no commodity to move the king, and if this paper speak one word of difference, or impatience in my name, by my troth it lies. Only give it leave to tell you, that that lord whom perchance the king may be pleased to hear in it, is an old and momentary man, and it may be late labouring for his assistance, next winter. Besides, since it may be possible that the Master of the Rolls may a little resent this suit, there could be no fitter time, than now, to make him easy, as things stand with him at this time. If you stay in town this night, and no longer, I beseech you afford me a few of your late minutes at your own lodging, where I will wait upon you according to any directions, which by this gentleman or otherwise I shall receive from you. Your humble servant,

J. Donne.

Letter CXXX.

Henrico Goodyere.

Etiam vulgari linguâ scriptæ testantur literæ nos amicorum meminisse, sed alienâ, nos de illis meditari. In illis enim affulgent nobis de amicis cogitatiunculæ, sed ut matutinæ stellæ transeunt, et evanescunt: in his autem hæremus, et immoramur, et amicos uti solem ipsum permanentem nobiscum degentemque contemplamur; habes cur Latinè. Ipsius etiam scribendi audi rationem. Peto consilium, in quo simul amicitiam profiteor meam, tuámque agnosco: etenim non libenter nosmetipsos exuimus, aut in ingenii prudentiæve dotibus aliorum nos fatemur indigos. Nec certè quicquam quisquam (sit modò ingenuus) ei denegabit à quo consilium petiit. Quod enim divina sapientia extremum charitatis terminum posuerat, animam ponere, idem regularum ecclesiæ tractatores (quod ipsimet canonici crassam æquitatem

vocant) de fama et honore cedendo asserunt et usurpant. Certè, non tam beneficiis obnoxii quam consiliis reddimur. Sed ad rem. Philosophentur otiosiores, aut quibus otia sua negotia appellare lubet: nobis enim nos dudum perspicui sumus et fenestrati. Elucescit mihi nova, nec inopportuna, nec inutilis (paulò quàm optaram fortassis magis inhonora) occasio extera visendi regna, liberosque perquam amantissimæ conjugis charissima pignora, cæteraque hujus auræ oblectamenta, aliquot ad annos relinquendi. De hoc ut tecum agerem te convenire cupio : quod (etsi nec id recusem) nollem in ædibus Barlotianis. Habeo cur abstineam. Amicitiæ enim nec veteris, nec ita strictæ munero paulò quàm deceat imprudentiori impetu mihi videor ibi peregisse. Prandere si vacat foras, aut cænare, horulamve perdere pomeridianam, aut matutinam liceat mihi illud apud Rabbinum Lincombum jam commoranti per te intelligere, et satis mihi fiet. Interim seponas oro chartulas meas, quas cum sponsione citæ redhibitionis (ut barbarè, sed cum ingeniosissimo Appollinari loquar) accepisti. Inter quas, si epigrammata mea Latina, et catalogus librorum satiricus non sunt, non sunt ; extremum judicium, hoc est, manum ultimam jamjam subituræ sunt. Earum nonnullæ purgatorium suum passuræ, ut correctiores emanent. Alia quorum me inscio in mundum erepserunt ; exempla tamen in archetypis igne absumpta fatebuntur se à me ad inferos damnata esse. Reliquæ quæ aut virgines sunt (nisi quod à multis contrectatæ) aut ita infeliciter steriles, ut ab illis nulla ingenita sunt exemplaria, penitus in annihilationem (quod flagitiosissimis non minatur Deus) corruent et dilabentur. Vale et amore meo fruere quem vetat fortuna sola ne uti possis. Et nisi animo candido ingenuave mea libertate gaudere malis, habe tibi mancipium.

POEMS.

HOLY SONNETS.

I. La Corona.

Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Weaved in my low devout melancholy,
Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasury,
All changing unchanged Ancient of days,
But do not, with a vile crown of frail bays,
Reward my muses with sincerity,
But what thy thorny crown gained, that give me
A crown of glory, which doth flower always;
The ends crown our works, but thou crown'st our ends,
For at our ends begins our endless rest,
The first last end, now zealously possest,
With a strong sober thirst, my soul attends.
It is time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

II. Annunciation.

Salvation to all that will is nigh,
That All, which always is All everywhere,
Which cannot sin, and yet all sins must bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chose but die,
Lo, faithful Virgin, yields himself to lie
In prison, in thy womb, and though he there
Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet he will wear
Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may try.
Ere by the spheres time was created, thou
Wast in his mind, who is thy Son, and Brother,
Whom thou conceives, conceived; yea thou art now
Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother,
Thou hast light in dark, and shut in little room,
Immensity cloistered in thy dear womb.

III. Nativity.

Immensity cloistered in thy dear womb,
Now leaves his well beloved imprisonment,
There he hath made himself to his intent
Weak enough, now into our world to come;
But Oh, for thee, for him, hath the inn no room?
Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,
Stars, and wise men will travel to prevent
The effects of Herod's jealous general doom;
Seest thou, my soul, with thy faith's eyes, how he
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee?
Kiss him, and with him into Egypt go,
With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

IV. Temple.

With his kind mother who partakes thy woe,
Joseph turn back; see where your child doth sit,
Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which himself on the doctor's did bestow;
The Word but lately could not speak, and lo
It suddenly speaks wonders, whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow seeming child, should deeply know?
His Godhead was not soul to his manhood,
Nor had time mellow'd him to this ripeness,
But as for one which hath a long task, it is good,
With the sun to begin his business,
He in his ages morning thus began
By miracles exceeding power of man.

V. Crucifying.

By miracles exceeding power of man,
He faith in some, envy in some begat,
For, what weak spirits admire, ambitious hate;
In both affections many to him ran,
But Oh! the worst are most, they will and can,
Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
Measuring self-life's infinity to span,

Nay to an inch, lo, where condemned he
Bears his own cross, which yet by and bye
When it bears him, he must bear more and die;
Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
And at thy death giving such liberal dole,
Moist, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soul.

VI. Resurrection.

Moist, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soul,
Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly,) be
Freed by that drop, from being starved, hard, or foul,
And life, by this death able, shall controul
Death, whom thy death slew; nor shall to me
Fear of first or last death, bring misery,
If in thy little book my name thou enroll,
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrefied,
But made that there, of which, and for which it was;
Nor can by other means be glorified.
May then sins sleep, and death soon from me pass,
That waked from both, I again risen may
Salute the last, and everlasting day.

VII. Ascension.

Salute the last, and everlasting day,
Joy at the uprising of this Sun, and Son,
Ye whose just tears, or tribulation
Have purely washed, or burnt your drossy clay;
Behold the Highest, parting hence away,
Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon,
Nor doth he by ascending, show alone,
But first he, and he first enters the way,
O strong Ram, which hath batter'd heaven for me,
Mild Lamb, which with thy blood, has mark'd the path;
Bright torch, which shin'st that I the way may see,
Oh, with thy own blood quench thy own just wrath,
And if thy holy Spirit, my muse did raise,
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise.

VIII.

As due by many titles I resign
Myself to thee, O God; first I was made
By thee, and for thee, and when I was decayed
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine,
I am thy son, made with thyself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repaid,
Thy sheep, thine Image, and till I betrayed
Myself, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
Why doth the devil then usurp on me!
Why doth he steal, nay ravish, that's thy right?
Except thou rise and for thine own work fight,
Oh I shall soon despair, when I do see
That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not chose me.
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to loose me.

IX.

Oh my black soul! now thou art summon'd
By sickness, death's herald, and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled,
Or like a thief, which till death's doom be read,
Wisheth himself deliver'd from prison;
But damn'd and haled to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned;
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh make thyself with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,
That being red, it dyes red souls to white.

X.

This is my play's last scene; here heavens appoint
My pilgrimages last mile; and my race
Idly, yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,
And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoint
My body, and my soul, and I shall sleep a space,
But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose fear already shakes my every joint:

Then, as my soul, to heaven her first seat, takes flight,
And earth born body, in the earth shall dwell,
So, fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they are bred, and would press me to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purged of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

XI.

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, your numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scatter'd bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes,
Shall behold God, and never taste deaths woe:
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
For, if above all these, my sins abound,
It is late to ask abundance of thy grace,
When we are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

XII.

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree,
Whose fruit threw death on else immortal us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me, more heinous?
And mercy being easy, and glorious
To God, in his stern wrath, why threatens he?
But who am I, that dare dispute with thee?
O God, Oh! of thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
And drown it in my sins black memory,
That thou remember them, some claim as debt;
I think it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

XIII.

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so,
For those, whom you think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me;
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, than from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls delivery;
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell.
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better, than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more, death thou shalt die.

XIV.

Spit in my face you Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet, and scoff, scourge, and crucify me,
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and only he,
Who could do no iniquity, hath died:
But by my death cannot be satisfied
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now glorified;
Oh let me then his strange love still admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment.
And Jacob came clothed in vile harsh attire
But to supplant, and with gainful intent,
God clothed himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XV.

Why are we by all creatures waited on?
Why do the prodigal elements supply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simple, and further from corruption?
Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection?
Why dost thou, bull, and boar so seelily
Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,
Whose whole kind you might swallow and feed upon?

Weaker I am, woe is me, and worse than you,
You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us
Created nature doth these things subdue,
But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tied,
For us, his creatures, and his foes, hath died.

XVI.

WHAT if this present were the world's last night?
Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright;
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light,
Blood fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head fell;
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for his foe's fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty, of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

XVII.

BATTER my heart, three person'd God; for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, overthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurpt town, to another due,
Labour to admit you; but O, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue,
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betrothed unto your enemy,
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthral me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XVIII.

WILT thou love God, as he thee? then digest,
My soul, this wholesome meditation,
How God the spirit, by angels waited on
In heaven, doth make his temple in thy breast,

The Father having begot a Son most blest,
And still begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deigned to choose thee by adoption,
Co-heir to his glory, and Sabbath's endless rest;
And as a robbed man, which by search doth find
His stolen stuff sold, must lose or buy it again:
The Son of glory came down, and was slain,
Us whom he had made, and Satan stolen, to unbind.
'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XIX.

Father, part of his double interest
Unto thy kingdom, thy Son gives to me,
His jointure in the knotty Trinity,
He keeps and gives to me his death's conquest.
This Lamb, whose death with life the world hath blest,
Was from the world's beginning slain, and he
Hath made two wills, which with the legacy
Of his and thy kingdom, do thy sons invest;
Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man those statutes can fulfil;
None doth, but thy all-healing grace and spirit,
Revive again what law and letter kill;
Thy law's abridgement, and thy last command
Is all but love; O let this last will stand!

EPISTLES.

I. The Storm.

To Mr. Christopher Brooke.*

Thou which art I ('tis nothing to be so),
Thou which art still thyself, by these shalt know
Part of our passage: and, a hand, or eye
By Hilliard† drawn, is worth an history,
By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,
My lines are such. 'Tis the pre-eminence
Of friendship only to impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe, what we be, and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a foreign grave
(For fate's, or fortune's drifts none can soothsay,
Honour and misery have one face and way.)
From out her pregnant entrails sigh'd a wind
Which at th' air's middle marble room did find
Such strong resistance, that itself it threw
Downward again; and so when it did view
How in the port our fleet dear time did leese,
Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,
Mildly it kist our sails, and fresh, and sweet,
As to a stomach starv'd, whose insides meet,
Meat comes, it came; and swole our sails, when we
So joy'd, as Sarah her swelling joy'd to see.
But 'twas but so kind, as our countrymen,
Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them then.
Then like two mighty kings, which dwelling far
Asunder, meet against a third to war,
The south and west winds joined, and, as they blow,
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.

* Brother to Dr. Brooke, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, (who married Donne), and the friend of Jonson, Drayton, and Browne. He was himself no contemptible poet.—Ed.

† Nicholas Hilliard, born 1547, at Exeter, best known by his portraits of Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots; he was an imitator of Holbein.—Ed.

Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,
Like shot, not feared, till felt, our sails assail;
And what at first was called a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curse those men,
Who when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then;
Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfill
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wakt, I saw, that I saw not.
I, and the sun, which should teach me, had forgot
East, west, day, night, and I could only say,
If the world had lasted, now it had been day.
Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call;
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the sun had drunk the sea before;
Some coffin'd in their cabins lie, equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die.
And as sin-burden'd souls from graves will creep
At the last day, some forth their cabins peep:
And tremblingly ask what news, and do hear so,
Like jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some sitting on the hatches, would seem there
With hideous gazing to fear away fear.
Then note they the ship's sicknesses, the mast
Shak'd with this ague, and the hold and waste
With a salt dropsy clogged, and all our tacklings
Snapping, like too high-stretched treble strings.
And from our tottered sails, rags drop down so,
As from one hang'd in chains, a year ago.
Even our ordnance placed for our defence,
Strive to break loose, and scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gain?
Seas into seas thrown, we suck in again;
Hearing hath deaf'd our sailors; and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say.
Compar'd to these storms, death is but a qualm,
Hell somewhat lightsome, and the Bermuda* calm.
Darkness, light's eldest brother, his birth-right
Claim'd o'er this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light.

* The reader will remember "The still-vext Bermoothes."—Ed.

All things are one, and that one none can be,
Since all forms, uniform deformity
Doth cover, so that we, except God say
Another fiat, shall have no more day.
So violent, yet long these furies be,
That though thine absence starve me, I wish not thee.

II. The Calm.

To the Same.

Our storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
A stupid calm, but nothing it, doth swage.
The fable is inverted, and far more
A block afflicts, now, than a stork before.
Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves, or us:
In calms, heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steady as I can wish that my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines there,
The sea is now. And, as the isles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.
As water did in storms, now pitch runs out
As lead, when a fir'd church becomes one spout.
And all our beauty, and our trim, decays,
Like courts removing, or like ended plays.
The fighting place now seamen's rags supply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthorns; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to-day and yesterday.
Earth's hollownesses, which the worlds lungs are,
Have no more wind than the upper vault of air.
We can nor lost friends, nor sought foes recover,
But meteor-like, save that we move not, hover.
Only the calenture* together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fishes jaws:
And on the hatches as on altars lies
Each one, his own priest, and own sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiply
Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.

* Calenture, an illusion during calms in hot climates, which makes the sea appear like fields, and the sailors fancy it to be land, and throw themselves on it.—Johnson.

If in despite of these, we swim, that hath
No more refreshing, than our brimstone bath,
But from the sea, into the ship we turn,
Like par-boil'd wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like Bajazet encag'd, the shepherds' scoff*,
Or like slack-sinew'd Sampson, his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now, as a myriad
Of ants durst the emperor's lov'd snake invade,
The crawling gallies, sea-gulls, finny chips,
Might brave our Venices, now bed-rid ships.
Whether a rotten state, and hope of gain,
Or to disuse me from the queasy pain
Of being belov'd, and loving, or the thirst
Of honour, or fair death, out-push'd me first,
I lose my end: for here as well as I
A desperate may live, and a coward die.
Stag, dog, and all which from, or towards flies,
Is paid with life, or prey, or doing dies.
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
A scourge, 'gainst which we all forget to pray,
He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
What are we then? How little more alas
Is man now, than before he was! he was
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance, or ourselves still disproportion it.
We have no power, no will, no sense; I lie,
I should not then thus feel this misery.

III.

To Sir Henry Wootton.

Sir, more than kisses, letters mingle souls;
For thus friends absent speak. This ease controls
The tediousness of my life: but for these
I could ideate nothing, which could please,
But I should wither in one day, and pass
To a bottle of hay, that am a lock of grass.
Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways
Countries, courts, towns are rocks, or remoras;

* "The shepherds;"—the Tartars.—Ed.

They break or stop all ships, yet our state is such,
That though than pitch they stain worse, we must touch.
If in the furnace of the raging line,
Or under the adverse icy pole thou pine,
Thou know'st two temperate regions girded in,
Dwell there: but O! what refuge canst thou win
Parched in the court, and in the country frozen,
Shall cities built of both extremes be chosen?
Can dung, and garlic be a perfume? or can
A scorpion, or torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worst of all three; of all three
(O knotty riddle) each is worst equally.
Cities are sepulchres; they who dwell there
Are carcases, as if no such there were.
And courts are theatres, where some men play
Princes, some slaves, all to one end, and of one clay.
The country is a desert, where no good,
Gained, as habits, nor born, is understood.
There men become beasts, and prone to more evils;
In cities blocks, and in a lewd court, devils.
As in the first chaos confusedly
Each element's qualities were in the other three;
So pride, lust, covetous, being several
To these three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their issue incestuous.
Falsehood is denizen'd. Virtue is barbarous.
Let no man say there, Virtue's flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me, I'll do none, but know all.
Men are spunges, which to pour out, receive,
Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive.
For in best understandings, sin began,
Angels sinned first, then devils, and then man.
Only perchance beasts sin not; wretched we
Are beasts in all, but white integrity.
I think if men, which in these places live,
Durst look in themselves, and themselves retrieve,
They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing then
Utopian youth, grown old Italian.
Be thou thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn anywhere; continuance maketh hell.
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, still is at home,

Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail,
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail;
And in the world's sea, do not like cork sleep
Upon the water's face; nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line: but as
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
Nor making sound; so, closely thy course go,
Let men dispute, whether thou breath, or no:
Only in this one thing, be no Galenist. To make
Court's hot ambitions wholesome, do not take
A dram of country's dulness; do not add
Correctives, but as chymics, purge the bad.
But, sir, I advise not you, I rather do
Say o'er those lessons, which I learned of you.
Whom, free from German schisms, and lightness
Of France, and fair Italy's faithlessness,
Having from these sucked all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith, which you carried forth,
I throughly love. But if myself, I have won
To know my rules, I have, and you have

DONNE.

IV.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

WHO makes the past, a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads,
Seen things, he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life, but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 'tis that, which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays,
But he which dwells there, is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better; her next change is night:
But her fair larger guest, to whom sun and moon
Are sparks, and short-lived, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier,
Her appetite, and her digestion mend,
We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
With women's milk, and pap, unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet, you have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps, and courts;
But ask your garners if you have not been
In harvests, too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeem it? then yourself transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit, than ours, but yet more scant
Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit,
We can beginnings, but not habits choke.
Go, whither? hence; you get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smoke.

Our soul, whose country is heaven, and God her father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
That she returns home, wiser than she went.

It pays you well, if it teach you to spare,
And make you ashamed, to make your hawk's praise yours,
Which when herself she lessens in the air,
You then first say, that high enough she tow'rs.

However, keep the lively taste you hold
Of God, love him as now, but fear him more,
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promised him, at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward; but why do I touch
Things, of which none is in your practice new,
And tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much!

But thus I make you keep your promise, sir,
Riding I had you, though you still stayed there,
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
You came with me to Mitcham, and are here.

V.

To Mr. Rowland Woodward.

Like one who in her third widowhood doth profess
Herself a nun, tied to retiredness,
So affects my muse now, a chaste fallowness.

Since she to few, yet to too many hath shown
How love-song weeds, and satiric thorns are grown,
Where seeds of better arts were early sown.

Though to use, and love poetry, to me,
Betrothed to no one art, be no adultery;
Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds be.

For though to us it seem, and be, light and thin,
Yet in those faithful scales, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our souls have stained their first white, yet we
May clothe them with faith, and dear honesty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no virtue, but religion,
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names, which none
Want, which want not vice-covering discretion.

Seek we then ourselves in ourselves; for as
Men force the sun with much more force to pass,
By gathering his beams with a crystal glass;

So we, if we into ourselves will turn,
Blowing our sparks of virtue, may outburn
The straw, which doth about our hearts sojourn.

You know, physicians, when they would infuse
Into any oil, the souls of simples, use
Places, where they may lie still warm, to choose.

So works retiredness in us; to roam
Giddily and be everywhere, but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become.

We are but termers of ourselves, yet may,
If we can stock ourselves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much dear treasure for the great rent-day.

Manure thyself then, to thyself be approved,
And with vain outward things be no more moved,
But to know, that I love thee and would be loved.

VI.

To Sir Henry Wootton.

HERE's no more news, than virtue; I may as well
Tell you Calais', or St. Michael's tale for news*, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
And toil to sweeten rest, so, may God frown,
If, but to loathe both, I haunt court, or town.

For here no one is from the extremity
Of vice, by any other reason free,
But that the next to him still is worse than he.

In this world's warfare, they whom rugged fate,
(God's commissary,) doth so throughly hate,
As in the court's squadron to marshal their state;

If they stand armed with seely honesty,
With wishing prayers, and neat integrity,
Like Indians against Spanish hosts they be.

Suspicious boldness to this place belongs,
And to have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe me sir, in my youth's giddiest days,
When to be like the court, was a play's praise,
Plays were not so like courts, as courts are like plays.

Then let us at these mimic antics jest,
Whose deepest projects, and egregious gest†,
Are but dull morals of a game at chest.

But now 'tis incongruity to smile,
Therefore I end; and bid farewell awhile,
At court, though from court, were the better style.

* In Anderson's Poets, this line is printed "Tell you Calais or Saint Michael's Mount, as tell," on what authority I know not.—ED.

† Not "jest," as in Anderson's Poets, but "gest," *res gestæ*.—ED.

VII.

To the Countess of Bedford.

Madam,

Reason is our soul's left hand, faith her right,
By these we reach divinity, that's you;
Their loves, who have the blessings of your light,
Grew from their reason, mine from fair faith grew.

But as, although a squint left-handedness
Be ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand,
So would I, not to increase, but to express
My faith, as I believe, so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your saints,
Those friends, whom your election glorifies,
Then in your deeds, accesses, and restraints,
And what you read, and what yourself devise.

But soon, the reasons why you are loved by all,
Grow infinite, and so pass reason's reach,
Then back again to implicit faith I fall,
And rest on what the Catholic faith doth teach;

That you are good: and not one heretic
Denies it: if he did, yet you are so.
For rocks, which high topped* and deep rooted stick,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In everything there naturally grows
A balsamum to keep it fresh, and new.
If 'twere not injured by extrinsic blows;
Your birth and beauty are this balm in you.

But, you of learning and religion,
And virtue, and such ingredients, have made
A mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off, or cures what can be done or said.

Yet, this is not your physic, but your food,
A diet fit for you; for you are here
The first good angel, since the world's frame stood,
That ever did in woman's shape appear.

* In Anderson's Poets: "For rocks, which high do seem, deep rooted stick.—Ed.

Since you are then God's masterpiece, and so
His factor for our loves; do as you do,
Make your return home gracious; and bestow
Thy life on that; so make one life of two.
For so God help me, I would not miss you there
For all the good which you can do me here.

VIII.

To the Countess of Bedford.

Madam,

You have refined me; and to worthiest things,
Virtue, art, beauty, fortune, now I see
Rareness, or use, not nature, value brings;
And such, as they are circumstanced, they be.
Two ills can ne'er perplex us, sin to excuse;
But of two good things, we may leave and choose.

Therefore at court, which is not virtue's clime,
Where a transcendant height, (as lowness me)
Makes her not be, or not show: all my rhyme
Your virtues challenge, which there rarest be;
For, as dark texts need notes: there some must be
To usher virtue, and say, This is she.

So in the country is beauty; to this place
You are the season (Madam) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
Widowed and reclused else, her sweets she enshrines
As China, when the sun at Brazil dines.

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so;
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures, by new reckonings go.
This shows that you from nature lothly stray,
That suffer not an artificial day.

In this you have made the court the antipodes,
And will'd your delegate, the vulgar sun,
To do profane autumnal offices,
Whilst here to you we sacrificers run;
And whether priests, or organs, you we obey,
We sound your influence, and your dictates say.

Yet to that deity which dwells in you,
Your virtuous soul, I now not sacrifice;
These are petitions, and not hymns; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice.
In all religions as much care hath been
Of temples' frames, and beauty, as rites within.

As all which go to Rome, do not thereby
Esteem religions, and hold fast the best,
But serve discourse, and curiosity,
With that which doth religion but invest,
And shun th' entangling labyrinths of schools,
And make it wit, to think the wiser fools:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you are virtue's temple, not as she,
What walls of tender crystal her enfold,
What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure altars be!
And after this survey, oppose to all
Babblers of chapels, you th' Escurial.

Yet not as consecrate, but merely as fair;
On these I cast a lay and country eye.
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I find you all record, and prophecy.
Purge but the book of fate, that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the transcript, and original,
The elements, the parent, and the growth
And every piece of you, is both their all,
So entire are all your deeds, and you, that you
Must do the same things still: you cannot two.

But these (as nice thin school divinity
Serves heresy to further or repress)
Taste of poetic rage, or flattery,
And need not, where all hearts one truth profess;
Oft' from new proofs, and new phrase, new doubts grow.
As strange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then busy praise, and all appeal,
To higher courts, sense's decree is true,
The mine, the magazine, the commonweal,
The story of beauty, in Twick'n'am is, and you.
Who hath seen one, would both; as, who had been
In paradise, would seek the cherubin.

IX.

To Sir Edward Herbert, at Juliers.

Man is a lump, where all beasts kneaded be,
Wisdom makes him an ark where all agree;
The fool, in whom these beasts do live at jar,
Is sport to others, and a theatre.
Nor 'scapes he so, but is himself their prey;
All which was man in him, is eat away,
And now his beasts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed.
How happy's he, which hath due place assigned
To his beasts, and disaforested his mind!
Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in;
Can sow, and dares trust corn where they've been;
Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and every beast,
And is not ass himself to all the rest.
Else, man not only is the herd of swine,
But he's those devils too, which did incline
Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse:
For man can add weight to heaven's heaviest curse.
As souls (they say) by our first touch, take in
The poisonous tincture of original sin:
So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
Our apprehension contributes the sting.
To us, as to his chickens, he doth cast
Hemlock; and we, as men, his hemlock taste.
We do infuse to what he meant for meat,
Corrosiveness, or intense cold or heat.
For God no such specific poison hath
As kills we know not how; his fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
At least for physic, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be his pleasure, is his rod,
And is his devil, that might be his God.
Since then our business is, to rectify
Nature, to what she was, we're led awry
By them, who man to us in little show:
Greater than due, no form we can bestow
On him; for man into himself can draw
All, all his faith can swallow, or reason chaw.

All that is filled, and all that which doth fill,
All the round world, to man is but a pill:
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poisonous, or purgative or cordial.
For knowledge kindles calentures in some,
And is to others icy opium.
As brave as true, is that profession than
Which you do use to make: that you know man.
This makes it credible, you have dwelt upon
All worthy books, and now are such an one;
Actions are authors, and of those in you
Your friends find every day a mart of new.

X.

To the Countess of Bedford.

To have written then, when you writ, seemed to me
Worst of spiritual vices, simony;
And not t' have written then, seems little less
Than worst of civil vices, thanklessness.
In this, my doubt I seem'd loth to confess,
In that, I seem'd to shun beholdingness.
But 'tis not so, *nothing*, as I am, may
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
By having leave to write so, than before.
Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are shown,
May not I yield (not gold) but coal or stone?
Temples were not demolished, though profane:
Here Peter, Jove's—there Paul have Dian's fane.
So, whether my hymns you admit or choose,
In me you've hallowed a pagan muse;
And denizen'd a stranger, who, mistaught
By blamers of the times they marred, hath sought
Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
Shine in the world's best part, or all, in you*.
I have been told, that virtue in courtiers' hearts
Suffers an ostracism, and departs.
Profit, ease, fitness, plenty, bid it go,
But whither, only knowing you, I know;

* "Or all it, you." Anderson's Poets.

You, or your virtue, two vast uses serves,
It ransoms one sex, and one court preserves;
There's nothing but your worth, which being true,
Is known to any other, not to you.
And you can never know it: to admit
No knowledge of your worth, is some of it.
But since to you, your praises discords be,
Stop others' ills, to meditate with me.
Oh! to confess we know not what we would,
Is half excuse, we know not what we should.
Lightness depresseth us, emptiness fills,
We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills;
As new philosophy arrests the sun,
And bids the passive earth about it run,
So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends:
Only the body's busy, and pretends;
As dead low earth eclipses and controls
The quick high moon: so doth the body, souls.
In none but us, are such mixed engines found,
As hands of double office: for the ground
We till with them, and them to heaven we raise;
Who prayerless labours, or, without this, prays,
Doth but one half: that's none. He which said, *plough*
And look not back, to look up doth allow.
Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys
The soil's disease, and into cockle strays.
Let the mind's thoughts be but transplanted so,
Into the body, and bastardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
We but no foreign tyrants could remove,
These not engraved, but inborn dignities—
Caskets of souls, temples, and palaces.
For bodies shall from death redeemed be:
Souls but preserved, not naturally free;
As men to our prisons, new souls to us are sent,
Which learn it there, and come in innocent.
First seeds of every creature are in us,
Whate'er the world hath bad, or precious,
Man's body can produce. Hence hath it been
That stones, worms, frogs, and snakes in man are seen.
But whoe'er saw, though nature can work so,
That pearl, or gold, or corn in man did grow?

We've added to the world Virginia, and sent
Two new stars lately to the firmament:
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
T' increase with ours, those fair souls' company?
But I must end this letter; though it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Virtue hath some perverseness; for she will
Neither believe her good, nor others ill.
Even in your virtue's best paradise,
Virtue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.
Too many virtues, or too much of one,
Begets in you unjust suspicion;
And ignorance of vice, makes virtue less,
Quenching compassion of our wretchedness.
But these are riddles; some aspersion
Of vice becomes well some complexion.
Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad—a spider with a toad;
For so, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
And make her do much good against her will.
But in your commonwealth or world in you,
Vice hath no office, or good work to do;
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordial virtue, your known nourishment.

XI.

To the Countess of Bedford.—On New Year's Day.

This twilight of two years, not past nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this:
Who, meteor-like, of stuff and form perplext,
Whose *what*, and *where*, in disputation is,
If I should call me *anything*, should miss.

I sum the years, and me, and find me not
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to the new:
That cannot say, my thanks I have forgot,
Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true,
This bravery is since these time show'd me*, you.

* In Anderson,
"Since these times showed me you."
The old edition is as in the text, but with no comma at me.—Ed.

In recompense, I would show future times
What you were, and teach them t' urge towards such;
Verse embalms virtue, and tombs or thrones of rhymes
Preserve frail transitory fame, as much
As spice doth bodies, from corrupt air's touch.

Mine are short-lived; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,
New spirit; for strong agents, with the same
Force that doth warm and cherish, us do waste:
Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last.

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want
Reason and likelihood, the firmest base;
And, made of miracle, now faith is scant,
Will vanish soon, and so possess no place:
And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confess
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I,
One corn of one low ant-hill's dust, and less,
Should name, know, or express a thing so high,
And (not an inch) measure infinity.

I cannot tell them, nor myself, nor you,
But leave, lest truth be 'ndangered by my praise;
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
And useth oft, when such a heart mis-says,
To make it good; for such a praiser prays.

He will best teach you, how you should lay out
His stock of beauty, learning, favour, blood:
He will perplex security with doubt,
And clear those doubts; hide from you, and show you good;
And so increase your appetite and food.

He will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloisters, and in court;
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got,
Some pity 's not good there: some vain disport
On this side sin, with that place may comport.

Yet he, as he bounds seas, will fix your hours,
Which pleasure, and delight may not ingress;
And though what none else lost, be truliest yours,
He will make you, what you did not possess,
By using others', not vice, but weakness.

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt, that others do not so:
He will provide you keys and locks, to spy
And scape spies, to good ends; and he will show
What you may not acknowledge, what not know.

For your own conscience, he gives innocence,
But for your fame, a discreet wariness;
And though to scape, than to revenge, offence,
Be better, he shows both: and to repress
Joy, when your state swells, sadness when 'tis less.

From need of tears he will defend your soul,
Or make a rebaptizing of one tear;
He cannot (that's, he will not) disenroll
Your name; and when with active joy we hear
This private Gospel, then 'tis our new year.

XII.

To the Countess of Huntingdon.

Madam,

Man to God's image, Eve to man's was made,
Nor find we that God breathed a soul in her;
Canons will not, church functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory comets sees,
Wonders, because they're rare; but a new star
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle: for there no new things are.

In woman so perchance mild innocence
A seldom comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense;
For art and nature this in them withstood.

As such a star, which Magi led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below;
By virtue's beams, by fame, derived from you,
May apt souls, and the worst may virtue know.

If the world's age and death be argued well
By the sun's fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
Then we might fear that virtue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be near her end.

But she's not stooped, but raised; exiled by men
She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you,
She was in all men, thinly scattered then,
But now amassed, contracted in a few.

She gilded us; but you are gold, and she,
Us she informed, but transubstantiates you;
Soft dispositions which ductile be,
Elixir-like, she makes not clean, but new.

Though you a wife's and mother's name retain,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not so;
But virtue having made you virtue, 's fain
T' adhere in these names, her and you to show.

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see;
As water being into air rarified,
Neither appear, till in one cloud they be,
So for our sakes you do low names abide.

Taught by great constellations, which being framed
Of the most stars, take low names, Crab and Bull,
When single planets by the gods are named,
You covet no great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the veil* of kindred others see;
To some ye are revealed, as in a friend,
And as a virtuous prince far off, to me.

To whom, because from you all virtues flow,
And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
I, which to you as your true subject owe
Some tribute for that, so these lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries, they are,
For then your judgment is below my praise;
If they were so, oft flatteries work as far
As counsels, and as far th' endeavour raise.

* "Vale." Anderson's Poets.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remain a poisoned fountain still;
But not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood
Are more above all flattery, than my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
But my own judgment, who did long ago
Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,
And virtue should your beauty and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophecies are all fulfilled,
Rather than God should not be honoured too,
And all these gifts confessed, which he instilled,
Yourself were bound to say that which I do.

So I but your recorder am in this,
Or mouth, or speaker of the universe,
A ministerial notary, for 'tis
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse;

I was your prophet in your younger days,
And now your chaplain, God in you to praise.

XIII.

To Mr. I. W.

All hail, sweet poet! more full of more strong fire
Than hath or shall enkindle any spirit *,
I loved what nature gave thee, but this merit
Of wit and art I love not, but admire;
Who have before, or shall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
Like infancy or age to man's firm stay,
Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be
Which be envied than pitied: therefore I,
Because I wish thee best, do thee envy;
O would'st thou, by like reason, pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In nature's and in fortune's gifts, (alas,
Before by thy grace got in th' muses' school)
A monster and a beggar, am a fool.

* In Anderson's Poets,

"And full of more strong fire
Than hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit."

O how I grieve, that late-born modesty
  Hath got such root in easy waxen hearts,
  That men may not themselves their own good parts
Extol, without suspect of surquedry;
For, but thyself, no subject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
  Thy work, but thine: how good it were to see
  A poem in thy praise, and writ by thee.

Now if this song be too harsh for rhyme, yet, as
  The painter's bad god made a good devil,
  'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evil.
If thou forget the rhyme as thou do'st pass,
Then write, then I may follow, and so be
Thy debtor, thy echo, thy foil, thy zany.
  I shall be thought, if mine like thine I shape,
  All the world's lion, though I be thy ape.

XIV.

To Mr. T. W.

Haste thee, harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure
Will give thee leave, to him: my pain and pleasure
I have given thee, and yet thou art too weak,
Feet, and a reasoning soul, and tongue to speak.
Tell him, all questions which men have defended
Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended;
And 'tis decreed our hell is but privation
Of him, at least in this earth's habitation.
And 'tis where I am, where in every street
Infections follow, overtake, and meet:
Live I or die, by you my love is sent,
And you're my pawns, or else my testament.

XV.

To Mr. T. W.

Pregnant again with th' old twins, hope and fear,
Oft have I asked for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were.

As in our streets sly beggars narrowly
Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye,
And evermore conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy alms is given, thy letter is read,
Thy body risen again, the which was dead,
And thy poor starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my soul doth say grace,
And praise thee for it, and zealously embrace
Thy love, though I think thy love in this case
To be as gluttons', which say 'midst their meat,
They love that best of which they most do eat.

At once, from hence, my lines and I depart,
I to my soft still walks, they to my heart;
I to the nurse, they to the child of art.

Yet as a firm house, though the carpenter
Perish, doth stand; as an ambassador
Lies safe, howe'er his king be in danger:

So, though I languish, prest with melancholy,
My verse, the strict map of my misery,
Shall live to see that, for whose want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent,
That from unhappy me, things happy are sent;
Yet as a picture, or bare sacrament,
Accept these lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, bestow that love on me.

XVI.

*To Mr. C. B.**

Thy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
Urged by this unexcusable occasion,
Thee and the saint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain;
And let the love I bear to both sustain
No blot nor maim by this division;
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,

* Probably, Christopher Brook.—Ed.

And strong that love pursued with amorous pain;
But though besides thyself I leave behind
Heaven's liberal and earth's thrice-fair sun,
Going to where stern winter aye doth won,
Yet love's hot fires, which martyr my sad mind,
Do send forth scalding sighs, which have the art
To melt all ice, but that which walls her heart.

XVII.

To Mr. S. B.*

O thou which to search out the secret parts
Of the India, or rather paradise
Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
Lately launched into the vast sea of arts,
Disdain not in thy constant travelling
To do as other voyagers, and make
Some turns into less creeks, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring;
I sing not, siren-like, to tempt; for I
Am harsh, nor as those schismatics with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparks of poetry,
I, though I brought no fuel, had desire
With these articulate blasts to blow the fire.

XVIII.

To Mr. B. B†.

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
Yet satisfied? Is not thy brain's rich hive
Fulfill'd with honey which thou dost derive
From the arts' spirits and their quintessence?
Then wean thyself at last, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest
Th' immense vast volumes of our common law;

* Probably Samuel Brook.—Ed.

† This Poem seems to be addressed to the same person as the last.—Ed.

And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
  Which is, that that which I should have begun
  In my youth's morning, now late must be done;
And I, as giddy travellers must do,
  Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
  Light and strength, dark and tired, must then ride post.

If thou unto thy muse be married,
  Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
  Be far from me that strange adultery,
To tempt thee and procure her widowhood;
My nurse* (for I had one), because I am cold,
  Divorced herself, the cause being in me,
  That I can take no new in bigamy,
Not my will only but power doth withhold.

Hence comes it, that these rhymes which never had
  Mother, want matter, and they only have
  A little form, the which their father gave;
They are profane, imperfect, O, too bad
  To be counted children of poetry
  Except confirmed and bishoped by thee.

XIX.

To Mr. R. W.

If, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
Seem, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of me:
Never did Morpheus nor his brother wear
Shapes so like those shapes, whom they would appear,
As this my letter is like me, for it
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind and wit;
It is my deed of gift of me to thee,
It is my will, myself the legacy.
So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
Bred in thee by a wise melancholy,
That I rejoice, that unto where thou art,
Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
As kindly as any enamoured patient
His picture to his absent love hath sent.

* Query, Muse?—Ed.

All news I think sooner reach thee than me;
Havens are heavens, and ships wing'd angels be,
The which both gospel, and stern threatenings bring,
Guyana's harvest is nipped in the spring,
I fear; and with us (methinks) fate deals so
As with the Jews' guide God did; he did show
Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in;
Our slowness is our punishment and sin;
Perchance, these Spanish businesses being done,
Which as the earth between the moon and sun
Eclipse the light which Guyana would give,
Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve:
But if (as all th' all must) hopes smoke away,
Is not Almighty virtue an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to answer in some proportion
All the world's riches: And in good men, this
Virtue, our form's form and our soul's soul is.

XX.

To Mr. I. L.

Or that short roll of friends writ in my heart
Which with thy name begins, since their depart,
Whether in the English provinces they be,
Or drink of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,
There's none that sometimes greets us not, and yet
Your Trent is Lethe, that past, us you forget,
You do not duties of societies,
If from the embrace of a loved wife you rise,
View your fat beasts, stretched barns, and laboured fields,
Eat, play, ride, take all joys which all day yields,
And then again to your embracements go:
Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
Upon your muse, else both we shall repent,
I that my love, she that her gifts, on you are spent.

XXI.

To Mr. I. P.

Blest are your north parts, for all this long time
My sun is with you, cold and dark is our clime;
Heaven's sun, which staid so long from us this year,
Staid in your north (I think) for she was there,
And hither by kind nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence;
Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
Think this no south, no summer, nor no day.
With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
There sacrifice it to that beauteous sun:
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
As suddenly as lard, fat thy lean beasts;
So may thy woods oft polled, yet ever wear
A green, and when thee* list a golden hair;
So may all thy sheep bring forth twins; and so
In chace and race may thy horse all out-go;
So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold;
Thy son ne'er ward; thy loved wife ne'er seem old;
But may'st thou wish great things, and them attain,
As thou tell'st her and none but her my pain.

XXII.

To E. of D., with Six Holy Sonnets†.

See Sir, how as the sun's hot masculine flame
Begets strange creatures on Nile's dirty slime,
In me, your fatherly yet lusty rhyme
(For these songs are their fruits) have wrought the same;
But though the engendering force from whence they came
Be strong enough, and nature do admit
Seven to be born at once, I send as yet
But six; they say, the seventh hath still some maim;
I choose your judgment, which the same degree
Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these drossy rhymes to purify,
Or as elixir, to change them to gold;
You are that alchymist which always had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

* She.—*Anderson.* † The Earl of Doncaster.—Ed.

XXIII.

To Sir Henry Wootton, at his going Ambassador to Venice.

After those reverend papers, whose soul is
Our good and great king's loved hand and fear'd name,
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A taper of his torch, a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm, and dazzling sun, though it
Must in another sphere his virtue stream:

After those learned papers, which your hand
Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasures too,
From which rich treasury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or do:

After those loving papers, where friends send
With glad grief, to your sea-ward steps, farewell,
Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
To heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell

Admit this honest paper, and allow
It such an audience as yourself would ask;
What you must say at Venice, this means now,
And hath for nature, what you have for task.

To swear much love, not to be changed, before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more
Than I have done you honour, wanting it*.

But 'tis an easier load (though both oppress)
To want, than govern greatness, for we are
In that, our own and only business,
In this, we must for others' vices care.

It is therefore well your spirits now are placed
In their last furnace, in activity;
Which fits them (schools and courts and wars o'erpass'd)
To touch and test in any best degree.

* Your noble-wanting wit.—*Anderson.*

For me, (if there be such a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Spies that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me;

But though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here;
And to send you what I shall beg, his stairs
In length and ease are alike everywhere.

XXIV.

To the Countess of Bedford.

Honour is so sublime perfection,
And so refined; that when God was alone
And creatureless at first, himself had none;

But as of the elements, these which we tread,
Produce all things with which we're joyed or fed,
And those are barren both above our head:

So from low persons doth all honour flow;
Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us show,
And but direct our honour, not bestow.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
From gross, by stilling, this is better done
By despised dung, than by the fire or sun.

Care not then, madam, how low your praises lie;
In labourers ballads more of piety
God finds, than in *Te Deum's* melody.

And ordnance raised on towers so many mile
Send not their voice, nor last so long a while
As fires from the earth's low vaults in Sicil Isle.

Should I say I lived darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue,
But one; it is best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or took soul's stuff such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an amber drop enwraps a bee,
Covering discovers your quick soul; that we
May in your through-shine front our hearts' thoughts see.

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone,
Through which all things within, without are shown.

Of such were temples; so and such you are;
Being and seeming is your equal care,
And virtue's whole sum is but know and dare.

But as our souls of growth and souls of sense
Have birthright of our reason's soul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seek precedence.

Natures first lesson, so, discretion,
Must not grudge zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not banish itself, nor religion.

Discretion is a wise man's soul, and so
Religion is a Christian's, and you know
How these are one; her yea, is not her no.

Nor may we hope to solder still and knit
These two, and dare to break them; nor must wit
Be colleague to religion, but be it.

In those poor types of God (round circles) so
Religious types, the pieceless centres flow,
And are in all the lines which always go.

If either ever wrought in you alone
Or principally, then religion
Wrought your ends, and your way's discretion.

Go thither still, go the same way you went,
Who so would change, do covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

XXV.

To the Countess of Bedford.

Begun in France, but never perfected.

Though I be dead, and buried, yet I have
(Living in you,) court enough in my grave,

As oft as there I think myself to be,
So many resurrections waken me.
That thankfulness your favours have begot
In me, embalms me; that I do not rot;
This season, as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,
Must both to growth and to confession bring
My thoughts disposed unto your influence, so,
These verses bud, so these confessions grow;
First I confess I have to others lent
Your stock, and over prodigally spent
Your treasure, for since I had never known
Virtue or beauty, but as they are grown
In you, I should not think or say they shine,
(So as I have) in any other mine;
Next I confess this my confession,
For 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
Your praise to you, where half rights seem too much,
And make your mind's sincere complexion blush.
Next I confess my impenitence, for I
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
Remote low spirits, which shall ne'er read you,
May in less lessons find enough to do,
By studying copies, not originals.
Desunt cætera.

XXVI.

A Letter to the Lady Carey, and Mrs. Essex Riche, from Amiens.

Madam,

Here where by all, all saints invoked are,
'Twere too much schism to be singular,
And 'gainst a practice general to war.

Yet turning to saints, should my humility
To other saint than you directed be,
That were to make my schism, heresy.

Nor would I be a convertite so cold,
As not to tell it; if this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

Where, because faith is in too low degree,
I thought it some apostleship in me
To speak things which by faith alone I see.

That is, of you, who is a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown, or spent,
They are your materials, not your ornament.

Others whom we call virtuous, are not so
In their whole substance; but their virtues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when through tasteless flat humility
In dough-baked men some harmlessness we see,
'Tis but his phlegm that's virtuous, and not he.

So is the blood sometimes; who ever ran
To danger unimportuned, he was than
No better than a sanguine virtuous man.

So cloisteral men, who, in pretence of fear
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have virtue in melancholy, and only there.

Spiritual choleric critics, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, through their zeal, virtue but in their gall.

We are thus but parcel-guilt; to gold we are grown
When virtue is our soul's complexion;
Who knows his virtue's name or place, hath none.

Virtue is but anguish, when 'tis several,
By occasion waked, and circumstantial.
True virtue is soul, always in all deeds all.

This virtue thinking to give dignity
To your soul, found there no infirmity,
For your soul was as good virtue, as she.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty, virtue too.

Hence comes it, that your beauty wounds not hearts
As others, with profane and sensual darts,
But as an influence, virtuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friend, by the honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your virtues, and their might.

What must I think that influence must do,
Where it finds sympathy and matter too,
Virtue, and beauty of the same stuff, as you?

Which is, your noble worthy sister, she
Of whom, if what in this my ecstasy
And revelation of you both I see

I should write here, as in short galleries
The master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the room twice to our eyes,

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you, there is no way
From either, but by* the other not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testify
My true devotion, free from flattery;
He that believes himself, doth never lie.

XXVII.

To the Countess of Salisbury, August 1614.

Fair, great, and good, since seeing you, we see
What heaven can do, and what any earth can be:
Since now your beauty shines, now when the sun
Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevelled beams and scattered fires
Serve but for ladies' periwigs and tires
In lovers' sonnets: you come to repair
God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
Since now, when all is withered, shrunk, and dried,
All virtues ebbed out to a dead low tide,
All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
Where every man thinks by himself to stand,
Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
(Cements of greatness) being vapoured hence,
And narrow man being filled with little shares,
Court, city, church, are all shops of small wares,
All having blown to sparks their noble fire,
And drawn their sound gold-ingot into wire;

* "To:"—Anderson's Poets.

All trying by a love of littleness
To make abridgements, and to draw to less,
Even that nothing, which at first we were;
Since in these times, your greatness doth appear,
And that we learn by it, that man to get
Towards him that's infinite, must first be great.
Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much less mend it,
(For who can judge, or witness of those times
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
Where he that would be good, is thought by all
A monster, or at best fantastical:
Since now you durst be good, and that I do
Discern, by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
Through your light, largeness, virtue understood:
If in this sacrifice of mine, be shown
Any small spark of these, call it your own.
And if things like these, have been said by me
Of others; call not that idolatry.
For had God made man first, and man had seen
The third day's fruits, and flowers, and various green,
He might have said the best that he could say
Of those fair creatures, which were made that day;
And when next day he had admired the birth
Of sun, moon, stars, fairer than late-praised earth,
He might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday:
So though some things are not together true,
As, that another is worthiest, and, that you:
Yet, to say so, doth not condemn a man,
If when he spoke them, they were both true then.
How fair a proof of this, in our soul grows?
We first have souls of growth, and sense, and those,
When our last soul, our soul immortal came,
Were swallowed into it, and have no name.
Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast
The power and praise of both them, on the last;
No more do I wrong any; I adore
The same things now, which I adored before,
The subject changed, and measure; the same thing
In a low constable, and in the king

I reverence; his power to work on me;
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good, but more, now I am come
From having found their walks, to find their home.
And as I owe my first soul's thanks, that they
For my last soul did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whose worth
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great lesson, thus to study you;
Which none, not reading others, first, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
In a dark cave, yea, in a grave do lie;
For as your fellow-angels, so you do
Illustrate them who come to study you.
The first whom we in histories do find
To have professed all arts, was one born blind:
He lacked those eyes beasts have as well as we,
Not those, by which angels are seen and see;
So, though I am born without those eyes to live,
Which fortune, who hath none herself, doth give,
Which are fit means to see bright courts and you
Yet may I see you thus, as now I do;
I shall by that, all goodness have discerned,
And though I burn my library, be learned.

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

I.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

WHEREIN, BY OCCASION OF THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH DRURY, THE FRAILTY AND THE DECAY OF THIS WHOLE WORLD IS REPRESENTED.

The First Anniversary.

To the Praise of the Dead, and the Anatomy.

Well died the world, that we might live to see
This world of wit, in his anatomy;
No evil wants his good; so wilder heirs
Bedew their father's tombs with forced tears,
Whose state requites their loss: whiles thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead
While this muse lives? which in his spirit's stead
Seems to inform a world; and bids it be,
In spite of loss or frail mortality;
And thou the subject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble maid, could'st not have found nor sought
A fitter time to yield to thy sad fate,
Than whiles this spirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last nephews'* eye,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine:
Admired match! where strives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil, and the comely face:
A task which thy fair goodness made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch;

* *i. e.*, Descendants.—Ed.

Enough is us* to praise them that praise thee,
And say, That but enough those praises be,
Which had'st thou lived, had hid their fearful head
From the angry checkings of thy modest red:
Death bars reward and shame; when envy's gone,
And gain, 'tis safe to give the dead their own.
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their tombs, than houses: these of clay,
But those of brass, or marble were: so we
Give more unto thy ghost, than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
And may'st but thank thyself, for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'st, and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace professed all due, where 'tis repaid.
So these high songs that to thee suited bin
Serve but to sound thy Maker's praise and thine,
Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to him
Amid the choir of saints, and seraphim,
As any angel's tongue can sing of thee;
The subjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love, thy virtues did presage,
What high part thou bear'st in those best of songs,
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou virgin soul, whose lossful gain
Thy lovesick parents have bewailed in vain;
Ne'er may thy name be in our songs forgot,
Till we shall sing thy ditty, and thy note.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

The First Anniversary.

When that rich soul which to her heaven is gone,
Who all do celebrate, who know they have one,
(For who is sure he hath a soul, unless
It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
And by deeds praise it? he who doth not this,
May lodge an inmate soul, but 'tis not his.)

* "Enough it is:" (Anderson.) But the phrase is similar to "Woe is me," "Well is thee."—Ed.

When that queen ended here her progress time,
And as to her standing-house, to heaven did climb,
Where, loth to make the saints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the choir, and song;
This world in that great earthquake languished;
For in a common bath of tears it bled,
Which drew the strongest vital spirits out:
But succoured then with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gain in this,
(Because since now no other way there is,
But goodness, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as she.)
This great consumption to a fever turned,
And so the world had fits; it joyed, it mourned;
And, as men think, that agues physic are,
And the ague being spent, give over care;
So thou sick world, mistake'st thyself to be
Well, when alas! thou'rt in a lethargy.
Her death did wound and tame thee then, and than
Thou might'st have better spared the sun, or man.
That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
But this is worse, that thou art speechless grown.
Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; thou wast
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'erpast.
For as a child kept from the fount, until
A prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The ceremonies, thou unnamed had'st laid,
Had not her coming, thee her palace made:
Her name defined thee, gave thee form, and frame,
And thou forget'st to celebrate thy name.
Some months she hath been dead (but being dead,
Measures of times are all determined)
But long she'ath been away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
But as in states doubtful of future heirs,
When sickness without remedy impairs
The present prince, they're loth it should be said,
The prince doth languish, or the prince is dead:
So mankind feeling now a general thaw,
A strong example gone, equal to law;

The cement which did faithfully compact,
And glue all virtues, now resolved, and slacked,
Thought it some blasphemy to say she was dead,
Or that our weakness was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more
Than tongues, the soul being gone, the loss deplore.
But though it be too late to succour thee,
Sick world, yea, dead, yea putrefied, since she
Thy intrinsic balm, and thy preservative,
Can never be renewed, thou never live:
I (since no man can make thee live) will try,
What we may gain by thy anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world itself being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered
The world's infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissection;
For there's a kind of world remaining still,
Though she which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
Her ghost doth walk, that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weak love of virtue, and of good,
Reflect from her, on them which understood
Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth stay;
Which, from the carcase of the old world free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be
Produced: the matter and the stuff of this,
Her virtue, and the form our practice is:
And, thought to be thus elemented, arm
These creatures, from home-born intrinsic harm,
(For all assumed unto this dignity,
So many weedless paradises be,
Which of themselves produce no venomous sin,
Except some foreign serpent bring it in)
Yet because outward storms the strongest break,
And strength itself by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old;
For with due temper men do then forego,
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.

There is no health; physicians say that we,
At best enjoy but a neutrality.
And can there be worse sickness, than to know
That we are never well, nor can be so?
We are born ruinous: poor mothers cry,
That children come not right, nor orderly;
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruin, how importunate
Upon mankind it laboured to frustrate
Even God's purpose; and made woman, sent
For man's relief, cause of his languishment.
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessory, and principal in ill;
For that first marriage was our funeral:
One woman at one blow, then killed us all,
And singly, one by one, they kill us now.
We do delightfully ourselves allow
To that consumption; and profusely blind,
We kill ourselves to propagate our kind.
And yet we do not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankind, which was then,
When as the sun and man did seem to strive,
(Joint tenants of the world) who should survive;
When stag, and raven, and the long-lived tree,
Compared with man, died in minority;
When, if a slow-paced star had stolen away
From the observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see it again,
And then make up his observation plain;
When, as the age was long, the size was great;
Man's growth confessed, and recompensed the meat;
So spacious and large, that every soul
Did a fair kingdom, and large realm control:
And when the very stature, thus erect,
Did that soul a good way towards heaven direct.
Where is this mankind now? who lives to age,
Fit to be made Methusalem his page?
Alas, we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true made clock run right, or lie.
Old grandsires talk of yesterday with sorrow,
And for our children we reserve to-morrow.

So short is life that every peasant strives,
In a torn house, or field, to have three lives.
And as in lasting, so in length is man,
Contracted to an inch, who was a span;
For had a man at first in forests strayed,
Or shipwrecked in the sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an elephant, or whale,
That met him, would not hastily assail
A thing so equal to him: now alas,
The fairies, and the pigmies well may pass
As credible: mankind decays so soon,
We are scarce our fathers' shadows cast at noon.
Only death adds to our length: nor are we grown
In stature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our less volume hold
All the old text; or had we changed to gold
Their silver, or disposed into less glass
Spirits of virtue, which then scattered was.
But 'tis not so: we're not retired, but dampt;
And as our bodies, so our minds, are crampt;
'Tis shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus,
In mind and body both bedwarfed us.
We seem ambitious, God's whole work to undo;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive too,
To bring ourselves to nothing back; and we
Do what we can, to do it soon as he.
With new diseases on ourselves we war,
And with new physic, a worse engine far.
Thus man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home;
And if in other creatures they appear,
They are but man's ministers, and legats there,
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to civility, and to man's use;
This man, whom God did woo, and loth to attend
Till man came up, did down to man descend,
This man so great, that all that is, is his,
O what a trifle, and poor thing he is!
If man were anything, he's nothing now:
Help, or at least some time to waste, allow
To his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom we lament, he lost his heart.

She, of whom th' ancients seem'd to prophesy,
When they call'd virtues by the name of she;
She in whom virtue was so much refin'd,
That for alloy unto so pure a mind
She took the weaker sex: she that could drive
The poisonous tincture, and the stain of Eve,
Out of her thought, and deeds; and purify
All, by a true religious alchymy;
She, she is dead: she's dead: when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is.
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free.
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernatural food, religion:
Thy better growth grows withered, and scant;
Be more than man, or thou'rt less than an ant.
Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
Quite out of joint, almost created lame:
For, before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption entered, and deprav'd the best:
It seiz'd the angels, and then first of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joint of the universal frame.
The noblest part, man, felt it first; and than
Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man,
So did the world from the first hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day,
And now the springs and summers which we see,
Like sons of women after fifty be.
And new philosophy calls all in doubt,
The element of fire is quite put out;
The sun is lost, and the earth, and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confess that this world's spent,
When in the planets, and the firmament
They seek so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out again to his atomies.
'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone;
All just supply, and all relation:
Prince, subject, father, son, are things forgot,
For every man alone, thinks he hath got

To be a phœnix, and that there can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She that should all parts to reunion bow,
She that had all magnetic force alone,
To draw, and fasten hundred parts in one;
She whom wise nature had invented then
When she observ'd that every sort of men
Did in their voyage in this world's sea stray,
And needed a new compass for their way;
She that was best, and first original
Of all fair copies, and the general
Steward to fate; she whose rich eyes, and breast,
Gilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East,
Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow
Spice on those isles, and bade them still smell so,
And that rich India which doth gold inter,
Is but a single money coin'd from her:
She to whom this world must itself refer,
As suburbs, or the microcosm of her,
She, she is dead! she's dead: when thou know'st this
Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is:
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That this world's general sickness doth not lie
In any humour, or one certain part;
But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,
Thou seest a hectic fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be controlled,
And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit
The world's infection, to be none of it.
For the world's subtlest immaterial parts
Feel this consuming wound, and age's darts.
For the world's beauty is decay'd, or gone,
Beauty, that's colour, and proportion.
We think the heavens enjoy their spherical,
Their round proportion, embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to find out so many eccentric parts,
Such divers down right lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure form: it tears
The firmanent in eight-and-forty shires,

And in these constellations then arise
New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes:
As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or war,
When new towers rise, and old demolish'd are.
They have impal'd with a zodiac
The free-born sun, and keep twelve signs awake
To watch his steps; the goat and crab control,
And fright him back, who else to either pole
(Did not these tropics fetter him) might run
For his course is not round; nor can the sun
Perfit a circle, or mantain his way
One inch direct: but where he rose to-day
He comes no more, but with a cozening line,
Steals by that point, and so is serpentine:
And seeing weary with his reeling thus,
He means to sleep, being now fallen near us.
So, of the stars which boast that they do run
In circle still, none ends where he begun.
All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells.
For of meridians, and parallels,
Man hath weaved out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the heavens, and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
They're diversely content to obey our peace.
But keeps the earth he round proportion still?
Doth not a Tenarus or higher hill
Rise so high like a rock, that one might think
The floating moon would shipwreck there and sink?
Seas are so deep, that whales being struck to day,
Perchance to-morrow scarce at middle way
Of their wish'd journey's end, the bottom, die.
And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
As one might justly think, that there would rise
At end thereof, one of the antipodes:
If under all, a vault infernal be,
(Which sure is spacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there must
Millions into a straight hot room be thrust)
Then solidness, and roundness have no place.
Are these but warts, and pockholes in the face

Of the earth? think so: but yet confess, in this
The world's proportion disfigured is;
That those two legs whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment, are bent awry.
And, O, it can no more be questioned,
That beauty's best proportion, is dead,
Since even grief itself, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She by whose lines proportion should be
Examined, measure of all symmetry,
Whom had that ancient seen, who thought souls made
Of harmony, he would at next have said
That harmony was she, and thence infer,
That souls were but resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes, the forms from objects flow:
She, who if those great doctors truly said
That the ark to man's proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both elements and passions lived at peace
In her, who caused all civil war to cease.
She, after whom, what form soever we see,
Is discord, and rude incongruity;
She, she is dead! she's dead; when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how ugly a monster this world is:
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That here is nothing to enamour thee:
And that, not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poisoning the fountains, whence our actions spring,
Endanger us: but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To satisfy wise, and good lookers on,
(Since most men be such as most think they be)
They are loathsome too, by this deformity.
For good, and well, must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beauty's other second element,
Colour, and lustre now, is as near spent.
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone,

As a compassionate turquoise which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
As gold falls sick being stung with mercury,
All the world's parts of such complexion be.
When nature was most busy, the first week,
Swadling the new born earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport herself sometimes, and play,
To mingle, and vary colours every day:
And then, as though she could not make enough,
Himself his various rainbow did allow,
Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd; summer's robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft-dyed garment shows.
Our blushing red, which used in cheeks to spread,
Is inward sunk, and only our souls are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If she whom we lament had not been dead:
But she, in whom all white, and red, and blue
(Beauty's ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext paradise; from whom
Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For air, and fire but thick gross bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowsy, and pale to her,)
She, she is dead! she's dead; when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how wan a ghost this our world is:
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.
And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
It is now but wicked vanity, to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude men's sense.
Nor in ought more this world's decay appears,
Than that her influence the heaven forbears,
Or that the elements do not feel this,
The father, or the mother barren is.
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
In the due birth-time, down the balmy shore;
The air doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;

Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
And false conceptions fill the general wombs;
The air shows such meteors, as none can see,
Not only what they mean, but what they be;
Earth such new worms, as would have troubled much
The Egyptian magi to have made more such.
What artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in an herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch, all which those stars could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too.
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully, and powerfully on us:
Since herbs, and roots, by dying lose not all,
But they, yea ashes too, are medicinal,
Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wondered at:
And all the world would be one dying swan,
To sing her funeral praise, and vanish then.
But as some serpents' poison hurteth not,
Except it be from the live serpent shot,
So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
That unto us; she working more than it.
But she, in whom to such maturity
Virtue was grown, past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all impression came,
But by receivers' impotencies, lame,
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
So that some princes have some temperance,
Some councillors some purpose to advance
The common profit; and some people have,
Some stay, no more than kings should give, to crave;
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some nunneries some grains of chastity.
She that did thus much, and much more could do,
But that our age was iron, and rusty too,

She, she is dead! she's dead; when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is.
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That it is vain to dew, or mollify
It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
But those rich joys, which did possess her heart,
Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
The body will not last out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
So the world's carcase would not last, if I
Were punctual in this anatomy;
Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, who fain would think they're well.
Here therefore be the end: and, blessed maid,
Of whom is meant what ever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song,
Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,
Who till his dark short taper's end be spent,
As oft as thy feast seest this widowed earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,
That is, thy death; for though the soul of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis born but than
When man doth die; our body's as the womb,
And, as a midwife, death directs it home.
And you her creatures, whom she works upon,
And have your last, and best concoction
From her example, and her virtue, if you
In reverence to her, do think it due,
That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
As matter fit for chronicle, not verse;
Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
A last, and lasting'st peace, a song. He spake
To Moses, to deliver unto all,
That song, because he knew they would let fall
The law, the prophets, and the history,
But keep the song still in their memory:
Such an opinion, in due measure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade:

Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
Me, from thus trying to imprison her,
Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
I saw not why verse might not do so too.
Verse hath a middle nature, heaven keeps souls,
The grave keeps bodies, verse the fame enrolls.

A Funeral Elegy.

'Tis lost to trust a tomb with such a guest,
Or to confine her in a marble chest,
Alas, what's marble, jet, or porphyry,
Priz'd with the chysolite of either eye,
Or with those pearls, and rubies, which she was?
Join the two Indies in one tomb, 'tis glass;
And so is all to her materials,
Though every inch were ten escurials;
Yet she's demolish'd: can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they must live?
Sickly, alas, short-liv'd, aborted be
Those carcass verses, whose soul is not she.
And can she, who no longer would be she,
Being such a tabernacle, stoop to be
In paper wrapt; or when she would not lie
In such a house, dwell in an elegy?
But 'tis no matter: we may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains,
Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more,
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;
The officers for hands, merchants for feet,
By which, remote and distant countries meet.
But those fine spirits which do tune, and set
This organ, are those pieces, which beget
Wonder and love; and these were she; and she
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be;

For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can find nothing, after her, to kill,
Except the world itself, so great was she.
Thus brave and confident may nature be,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because she cannot such another show.
But must we say she's dead? may't not be said
That as a sund'red clock is piecemeal laid,
Not to be lost, but by the maker's hand
Repolish'd, without error then to stand,
Or as the Afric Niger stream inwombs
Itself into the earth, and after comes
(Having first made a natural bridge, to pass
For many leagues) far greater than it was,
May't not be said, that her grave shall restore
Her, greater, purer, firmer, than before?
Heaven may say this; and joy in't; but can we
Who live, and lack her, here, this 'vantage see?
What is't to us, alas, if there have been
An angel made, a throne, or cherubin?
We lose by't: and as aged men are glad
Being tasteless grown, to joy in joys they had,
So now the sick starv'd world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
Rejoice then nature, and this world, that you,
Fearing the last fires hastening to subdue
Your force and vigour, ere it were near gone,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;
One, whose clear body was so pure and thin,
Because it need disguise no thought within.
'Twas but a through-light scarf, her mind t'enroll;
Or exhalation breath'd out from her soul.
One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd:
And whom, whoe'er had work enough, desir'd;
As when a temple's built, saints emulate
To which of them it shall be consecrate.
But, as when heaven looks on us with new eyes,
Those new stars every artist exercise,
What place they should assign to them they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till those stars go out:
So the world studied whose this piece should be,
Till she can be nobody's else, nor she:

But as a lamp of Balsamum, desir'd
Rather to adorn, than last, she soon expir'd,
Cloth'd in her virgin white integrity,
For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth dye.
To escape the infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away, before she was one;
And the world's busy noise to overcome,
Took so much death, as serv'd for opium;
For though she could not, nor could choose to die,
She hath yielded to too long an ecstasy:
He which not knowing her said history,
Should come to read the book of destiny,
How fair, and chaste, humble, and high she'd been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen,
And measuring future things, by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either destiny mistook,
Or that some leaves were torn out of the book.
But 'tis not so; fate did but usher her
To years of reason's use, and then infer
Her destiny to herself, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die.
Her modesty not suffering her to be
Fellow-commissioner with destiny,
She did no more but die: if after her
Any shall live, which dare true good prefer;
Every such person is her delegate,
T' accomplish that which should have been her fate.
They shall make up that book and shall have thanks
Of fate, and her, for filling up their blanks.
For future virtuous deeds are legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rise;
And 'tis in heav'n part of spiritual mirth,
To see how well the good play her, on earth.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL;

WHEREIN, BY OCCASION OF THE RELIGIOUS DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH DRURY, THE INCOMMODITIES OF THE SOUL IN THIS LIFE, AND HER EXALTATION IN THE NEXT, ARE CONTEMPLATED.

The Harbinger to the Progress.

Two souls move here, and mine (a third) must move
Paces of admiration, and of love;
Thy soul (dear virgin) whose this tribute is,
Moved from this mortal sphere to lively bliss;
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
The world's last day, thy glory's full degree:
Like as those stars which thou o'er-lookest far,
Are in their place, and yet still moved are:
No soul (whilst with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee half-way;
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
So fast, that now the lightning moves but slow:
But now thou art as high in heaven flown
As heaven's from us. What soul besides thine own
Can tell thy joys, or say he can relate
Thy glorious journals in that blessed state?
I envy thee (rich soul) I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory see:
And thou (great spirit) which hers followed hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast;
So far, as none can follow thine so far,
(And if this flesh did not the passage bar
Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
Which long agone hadst lost the vulgar sight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee lessened in thine airy way;
So while thou mak'st her soul by progress known
Thou mak'st a noble progress of thine own.
From this world's carcase having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise
That more may not beseem a creature's praise,

Yet still thou vow'st her more; and every year
Mak'st a new progress, while thou wanderest here;
Still upward mount; and let thy Maker's praise
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy lays.
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh let her never stoop below the clouds:
And if those glorious sainted souls may know
Or what we do, or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs shall still content them best
Which praise those awful powers that make them blest.

The Second Anniversary.

Nothing could make me sooner to confess
That this world had an everlastingness,
Than to consider, that a year is run,
Since both this lower world's, and the sun's sun,
The lustre, and the vigour of this all,
Did set: 'twere blasphemy to say, did fall.
But as a ship which hath struck sail, doth run
By force of that force which before it won:
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two red seas, which freely ran,
One from the trunk, another from the head,
His soul be sailed to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckoned, and called back his soul.
He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seems to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soul; when all these motions which we saw,
Are but as ice, which crackles at a thaw:
Or as a lute, which in moist weather, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings.
So struggles this dead world, now she is gone;
For there is motion in corruption.
As some days are at the creation named,
Before the sun, the which framed days, was framed:
So after this sun's set, some show appears,
And orderly vicissitude of years.
Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood,
Hath drowned us all; all have forgot all good,

Forgetting her, the main reserve of all:
Yet in this deluge, gross and general,
Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall be,
To be hereafter praised, for praising thee;
Immortal maid, who though thou would'st refuse
The name of mother, be unto my muse
A father, since her chaste ambition is
Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
These hymns may work on future wits, and so
May great-grand-children of thy praises grow.
And so, though not revive, embalm and spice
The world, which else would putrefy with vice.
For thus, man may extend thy progeny,
Until man do but vanish, and not die.
These hymns, thy issue, may increase so long,
As till God's great *Venite* change the song.
Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soul,
And serve thy thirst, with God's safe sealing bowl.
Be thirsty still, and drink still till thou go
To the only health, to be hydroptic so.
Forget this rotten world; and unto thee
Let thine own times as an old story be:
Be not concerned: study not why nor when;
Do not so much as not believe a man.
For though to err, be worst; to try truths forth,
Is far more business, than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcase; thou art fed
By it, but as a worm, that carcase bred;
And why should'st thou, poor worm, consider more
When this world will grow better than before,
Than those thy fellow-worms do think upon
That carcase's last resurrection.
Forget this world, and scarce think of it so,
As of old clothes, cast off a year ago.
To be thus stupid is alacrity;
Men thus lethargic have best memory.
Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulate.
She, to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all sat hearkening how her youthful age
Should be employed, because in all she did,
Some figure of the golden times was hid.

Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,
Because she was the form, that made it live;
Nor could complain, that this world was unfit
To be stayed in, then when she was in it;
She that first tried indifferent desires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires,
She to whose person paradise adhered,
As courts to princes, she whose eyes ensphered
Star-light enough, to have made the south control,
(Had she been there) the starful Northern Pole.
She, she is gone! she is gone; when thou know'st this,
What fragmentary rubbish this world is,
Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight:
For such approaches doth heaven make in death.
Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,
And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division, and thy happiest harmony.
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack;
And think that, but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy soul, from thence.
Think thyself patch'd with fever's violence,
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy physic; chide the slackness of the fit.
Think that thou hear'st thy knell and think no more,
But that, as bells call'd thee to church before,
So this to the triumphant church calls thee.
Think Satan's serjeants round about thee be,
And think that but for legacies they thrust;
Give one thy pride, to another give thy lust:
Give them those sins which they gave thee before,
And trust the immaculate blood to wash thy sore.
Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
Weep but because they go not yet thy way.
Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this,
That they confess much in the world, amiss,
Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that,
Which they from God, and angels cover not.

Think that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
They reinvest thee in white innocence.
Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,
Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can go,)
Think thee a prince, who of themselves create
Worms which insensibly devour their state.
Think that they bury thee, and think that right
Lays thee to sleep but a Saint Lucie's night.
Think these things cheerfully; and if thou be
Drowsy or slack, remember then that she,
She whose complexion was so even made,
That which of her ingredients should invade
The other three, no fear, no art could guess:
So far were all removed from more or less.
But as in mithridate, or just perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one presumes
To govern, or to triumph on the rest,
Only because all were, no part was best,
And as, though all do know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
None can these lines or quantities unjoint,
And say this is a line, or this a point:
So though the elements and humours were
In her, one could not say, this governs there,
Whose even constitution might have won
Any disease to venture on the sun,
Rather than her: and make a spirit fear,
That he too disuniting subject were.
To whose proportions if we would compare
Cubes, they are unstable; circles, angular;
She who was such a chain as Fate employs
To bring mankind all fortunes it enjoys;
So fast, so even wrought, as one would think,
No accident could threaten any link;
She, she embraced a sickness, gave it meat,
The purest blood, and breath, that e'er it eat;
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heaven, and plead it by his faith,
And though he may pretend a conquest, since
Heaven was content to suffer violence,
Yea though he plead a long possession too,
(For they're in heaven on earth, who heaven's works do)

Though he had right and power and place, before,
Yet death must usher, and unlock the door.
Think further on thyself, my soul, and think
How thou at first wast made but in a sink;
Think that it argued some infirmity,
That those two souls, which then thou found'st in me,
Thou fed'st upon, and drew'st into thee both,
My second soul of sense, the first of growth.
Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious;
Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus.
This curded milk, this poor unlittered whelp
My body, could, beyond escape or help,
Infect thee with original sin, and thou
Could'st neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
Think that no stubborn sullen anchor it,
Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit
Bedded, and bathed in all his ordures, dwells
So foully as our souls in their first-built cells.
Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie
After, enabled but to suck, and cry.
Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor inn,
A province packed up in two yards of skin,
And that usurped or threatened with a rage
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, age.
But think that death hath now enfranchised thee,
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty;
Think that a rusty piece, discharged is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy soul allow,
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatched but now.
And think this slow-paced soul which late did cleave
To a body, and went but by the body's leave,
Twenty perchance or thirty miles a-day,
Dispatches in a minute all the way
Betwixt heaven, and earth; she stays not in the air,
To look what meteors there themselves prepare;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether the air's middle region be intense;
For the element of fire, she doth not know,
Whether she past by such a place or no;
She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world, men live, and die.

Venus retards her not, to inquire, how she
Can, (being one star) Hesper, and Vesper be;
He that charmed Argus' eyes, sweet Mercury,
Works not on her, who now is grown all eye;
Who if she meet the body of the sun,
Goes through, not staying till his course be run;
Who finds in Mars's camp no corps of guard;
Nor is by Jove, nor by his father barr'd;
But ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at, and through the firmament.
And as these stars were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguished leads
Her through those spheres, as through the beads, a string,
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing:
As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck, and back;
So by the soul doth death string heaven and earth;
For when our soul enjoys this her third birth,
(Creation gave her one, a second, grace,)
Heaven is as near, and present to her face,
As colours are, and objects, in a room
Where darkness was before, when tapers come.
This must, my soul, thy long-short progress be,
To advance these thoughts: remember then that she,
She, whose fair body no such prison was,
But that a soul might well be pleased to pass
An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her;
She, in whose body (if we dare prefer
This low world, to so high a mark as she,)
The western treasure, eastern spicery,
Europe, and Africa, and the unknown rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best;
And when we have made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part then will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
She, whom had they known who did first betroth
The tutelar angels, and assigned one, both
To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,

And to each several man, to him, and him,
They would have given her one for every limb;
She, of whose soul, if we may say, 'twas gold,
Her body was the electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that; we understood
Her by her sight; her pure, and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought;
She, she, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone;
And chides us slow-paced snails who crawl upon
Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well,
Longer, than whilst we bare our brittle shell.
But 'twere but little to have changed our room,
If, as we were in this our living tomb
Oppressed with ignorance, we still were so.
Poor soul, in this thy flesh what dost thou know;
Thou know'st thyself so little, as thou know'st not,
How thou didst die, not how thou wast begot.
Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poison of man's sin.
Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st, that thou art so)
By what way thou art made immortal, know.
Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
Even thyself: yea though thou would'st but bend
To know thy body. Have not all souls thought
For many ages, that our body is wrought
Of air, and fire, and other elements?
And now they think of new ingredients;
And one soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 'tis an even lay.
Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
The bladder's cave, and never break the skin?
Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to the other go?
And for the putrid stuff, which thou dost spit,
Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no passages, so that there is
(For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
And of those many opinions which men raise
Of nails and hairs, dost thou know which to praise?
What hope have we to know ourselves, when we
Know not the least things, which for our use be?

We see in authors, too stiff to recant,
A hundred controversies of an ant;
And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
To know but catechisms and alphabets
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
How others on our stage their parts did act;
What Cæsar did, yea, and what Cicero said,
Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have reached unto.
In this low form, poor soul, what wilt thou do?
When wilt thou shake off this pedantry,
Of being taught by sense, and fantasy?
Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem great
Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,
And see all things despoiled of fallacies:
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit, or collections to discern.
In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,
And what concerns it not, shalt straight forget.
There thou (but in no other school) may'st be
Perchance, as learned, and as full, as she,
She who all libraries had throughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practised
So much good as would make as many more:
She whose example they must all implore,
Who would or do, or think well, and confess
That all the virtuous actions they express,
Are but a new, and worse edition
Of her some one thought, or one action:
She who in the art of knowing heaven, was grown
Here upon earth, to such perfection,
That she hath, ever since to heaven she came,
(In a far fairer point,) but read the same:
She, she not satisfied with all this weight,
(For so much knowledge, as would over-freight
Another, did but ballast her) is gone
As well to enjoy, as get perfection.
And calls us after her, in that she took,
(Taking herself) our best, and worthiest book.
Return not, my soul, from this ecstasy,
And meditation of what thou shalt be,

To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear,
With whom thy conversation must be there,
With whom wilt thou converse? what station
Canst thou choose out, free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine?
Shalt thou not find a spungy slack divine,
Drink and suck in the instructions of great men,
And for the word of God, vent them again?
Are there not some courts (and then, no things be
So like as courts) which in this let us see,
That wits, and tongues of libellers are weak,
Because they do more ill, than these can speak?
The poison's gone through all, poisons affect
Chiefly the chiefest parts, but some effect
In nails, and hairs, yea excrements, will show;
So lies the poison of sin in the most low.
Up, up, my drowsy soul, where thy new ear
Shall in the angels' songs no discord hear;
Where thou shalt see the blessed mother-maid
Joy in not being that, which men have said;
Where she's exalted more for being good,
Than for her interest of motherhood.
Up to those patriarchs, which did longer sit
Expecting Christ, than they've enjoyed him yet.
Up to those prophets, which now gladly see
Their prophecies grown to be history.
Up to the apostles, who did bravely run
All the sun's course, with more light than the sun.
Up to those martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oil to the apostles' lamps, dew to their seed.
Up to those virgins, who thought, that almost
They made joint-tenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his temple give.
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities.
She, who being to herself a state, enjoy'd
All royalties which any state employ'd;
For she made wars, and triumph'd; reason still
Did not o'erthrow, but rectify her will:
And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty and chastity together kiss:

She did high justice, for she crucified
Every first motion of rebellious pride;
And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
For only herself except, she pardon'd all:
She coined, in this, that her impression gave
To all our actions all the worth they have:
She gave protections; the thoughts of her breast
Satan's rude officers could ne'er arrest.
As these prerogatives being met in one,
Made her a sovereign state; religion
Made her a church; and these two made her all.
She who was all this all, and could not fall
To worse by company, (for she was still
More antidote, than all the world was ill.)
She, she doth leave it, and by death, survive
All this, in heaven; whether who doth not strive
The more, because she's there, he doth not know
That accidental joys in heaven do grow.
But pause, my soul; and study ere thou fall
On accidental joys, th' essential.
Still before accessories do abide
A trial, must the principal be tried.
And what essential joy can'st thou expect
Here upon earth? What permanent effect
Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
Beauty? (And beauty worthiest is to move)
Poor cozened cozener, that she, and that thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now;
You are both fluid, changed since yesterday;
Next day repairs, (but ill) last day's decay.
Nor are, (although the river keep the name)
Yesterday's waters, and to-day's the same.
So flows her face, and thine eyes; neither now
That saint nor pilgrim, which your loving vow
Concerned, remains; but whilst you think you be
Constant, you are hourly in inconstancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Because that God did live so long above
Without this honour, and then loved it so,
That he at last made creatures to bestow
Honour on him; not that he needed it,
But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit.

But since all honours from inferiors flow,
(For they do give it; princes do but show
Whom they would have so honoured) and that this
On such opinions, and capacities
Is built, as rise and fall, to more and less:
Alas, 'tis but a casual happiness.
Hath ever any man to himself assign'd
This or that happiness to arrest his mind,
But that another man which takes a worse,
Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that course?
They who did labour Babel's tower to erect,
Might have considered, that for that effect,
All this whole solid earth could not allow
Nor furnish forth materials enough;
And that his centre to raise such a place
Was far too little, to have been the base;
No more affords this world foundation
To erect true joy, were all the means in one.
But as the heathen made them several gods,
Of all God's benefits, and all his rods,
(For as the wine, and corn, and onions are
Gods unto them, so agues be, and war)
And as by changing that whole precious gold
To such small copper coins, they lost the old,
And lost their only God, who ever must
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:
So much mankind true happiness mistakes;
No joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
Then, soul, to thy first pitch work up again;
Know that all lines which circles do contain,
For once that they the centre touch, do touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou such;
Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth employed;
All will not serve; only who have enjoyed
The sight of God, in fulness, can think it;
For it is both the object, and the wit.
This is essential joy, where neither he
Can suffer diminution, nor we;
'Tis such a full, and such a filling good;
Had th' angels once looked on him, they had stood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
She whom we celebrate, is gone before.

She, who had here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy;
Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
(Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural stone, or tree,
Better than when in images they be:
Who kept by diligent devotion,
God's image, in such reparation,
Within her heart, that what decay was grown,
Was her first parents' fault, and not her own:
Who being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his safe precontract;
Who by a faithful confidence, was here
Betrothed to God, and now is married there;
Whose twilights were more clear, than our mid-day;
Who dreamt devoutlier, than most use to pray;
Who being here filled with grace, yet strove to be,
Both where more grace, and more capacity
At once is given: she to heaven is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heaven, and here, became unto us all,
Joy, (as our joys admit) essential.
But could this low world joys essential touch,
Heaven's accidental joys would pass them much.
How poor and lame must then our casual be?
If thy prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this do swell thee, thou art than,
By being greater, grown to be less man.
When no physician of redress can speak,
A joyful casual violence may break
A dangerous apostem* in thy breast;
And whilst thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest,
The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
Whate'er was casual, may ever be.
What should the nature change? or make the same
Certain, which was but casual, when it came?
All casual joy doth loud and plainly say,
Only by coming, that it can away.
Only in heaven joy's strength is never spent;
And accidental things are permanent.
Joy of a soul's arrival ne'er decays;
For that soul ever joys and ever stays.

* An abscess, ἀπόστημα, corrupted into *impostume*.—JOHNSON.

Joy that their last great consummation
Approaches in the resurrection ;
When earthly bodies more celestial
Shall be, than angels were, for they could fall ;
This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part, that she,
She, in whose goodness, he that names degree,
Doth injure her ; ('tis loss to be called best,
There where the stuff is not such as the rest)
She, who left such a body, as even she
Only in heaven could learn, how it can be
Made better ; for she rather was two souls,
Or like to full on-both-sides-written rolls,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin,
As strong records for God, as minds within,
She, who by making full perfection grow,
Pieces a circle, and still keeps it so,
Longed for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
Where she receives, and gives addition.
Here in a place, where misdevotion frames
A thousand prayers to saints, whose very names
The ancient church knew not, heaven knows not yet :
And where, what laws of poetry admit,
Laws of religion have at least the same,
Immortal maid, I might invoke thy name ;
Could any saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here should'st make me a French convertite.
But thou would'st not ; nor would'st thou be content,
To take this, for my second year's true rent.
Did this coin bear any other stamp, than his,
That gave thee power to do, me, to say this,
Since his will is, that to posterity,
Thou should'st for life, and death, a pattern be,
And that the world should notice have of this,
The purpose, and the authority is his ;
Thou art the proclamation ; and I am
The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

II.

Elegy.

Language thou art too narrow, and too weak
To ease us now; great sorrow cannot speak;
If we could sigh out accents, and weep words,
Grief wears, and lessens, that tears breath affords.
Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are,
(So guiltiest men stand mutest at the bar)
Not that they know not, feel not their estate,
But extreme sense hath made them desperate;
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be,
Tyrant in the fifth and greatest monarchy,
Was't, that she did possess all hearts before,
Thou hast killed her, to make thy empire more?
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge perish th' innocent?
Was't not enough to have that palace won,
But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
Hadst thou stayed there, and look'd out at her eyes,
All had adored thee that now from thee flies,
For they let out more light, than they took in,
They told not when, but did the day begin;
She was too sapphirine, and clear to thee;
Clay, flint, and jet now thy fit dwellings be;
Alas, she was too pure, but not too weak;
Whoe'er saw crystal ordnance but would break?
And if we be thy conquest, by her fall
Thou hast lost thy end, for in her perish all;
Or, if we live, we live but to rebel,
They know her better now, that knew her well;
If we should vapour out, and pine, and die;
Since she first went, that were not misery;
She changed our world with hers; now she is gone,
Mirth and prosperity is oppression;
For of all moral virtues she was all
The ethics speak of virtues cardinal;
Her soul was paradise; the cherubin
Set to keep it was grace, that kept out sin;
She had no more than let in death, for we
All reap consumption from one fruitful tree;

God took her hence, lest some of us should love
Her, like that plant, him and his laws above,
And when we tears, he mercy shed in this,
To raise our minds to heaven where now she is;
Who if her virtues would have let her stay
We had had a saint, have now a holiday;
Her heart was that strange bush, where sacred fire,
Religion, did not consume, but inspire
Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
That what we turn to feast, she turned to pray,
And did prefigure here, in devout taste,
The rest of her high Sabbath, which shall last;
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
(For she was of that order whence most fell)
Her body left with us, lest some had said,
She could not die, except they saw her dead;
For from less virtue, and less beauteousness,
The Gentiles framed them gods and goddesses.
The ravenous earth, that now wooes her to be
Earth too, will be a lemnia*; and the tree
That wraps that crystal in a wooden tomb,
Shall be took up spruce, filled with diamond;
And we her sad glad friends all bear a part
Of grief, for all would waste a Stoic's heart.

Elegy to the Lady Bedford.

III.

You that are she, and you that's double she,
In her dead face, half of yourself shall see;
She was the other part, for so they do
Which build them friendships, become one of two;
So two, that but themselves no third can fit,
Which were to be so, when they were not yet
Twins, though their birth Cusco, and Musco take,
As divers stars one constellation make,
Paired like two eyes, have equal motion, so
Both but one means to see, one way to go;

* Lemnian earth was supposed to possess a virtue in closing the lips of wounds; but neither this nor any other application of the word, seems sufficiently to explain this obscure passage.—Ed.

Had you died first, a carcase she had been ;
And we your rich tomb in her face had seen;
She like the soul is gone, and you here stay
Not a live friend ; but the other half of clay;
And since you act that part, as men say, here
Lies such a prince, when but one part is there ;
And do all honour : and devotion due ;
Unto the whole, so we all reverence you ;
For such a friendship who would not adore
In you, who are all what both was before,
Not all, as if some perished by this,
But so, as all in you contracted is ;
As of this all, though many parts decay,
The pure which elemented them shall stay;
And though diffused, and spread in infinite,
Shall recollect, and in one all unite :
So madam, as her soul to heaven is fled,
Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed ;
Her virtues do, as to their proper sphere,
Return to dwell with you, of whom they were ;
As perfect motions are all circular,
So they to you, their sea, whence less streams are ;
She was all spices, you all metals ; so
In you two we did both rich Indies know;
And as no fire nor rust can spend or waste
One drachm of gold, but what was first shall last,
Though it be forced in water, earth, salt, air,
Expansed in infinite, none will impair ;
So to yourself you may additions take,
But nothing can you less, or changed make.
Seek not in seeking new, to seem to doubt,
That you can match her, or not be without ;
But let some faithful book in her room be,
Yet but of Judith no such book as she.

IV.

Elegy on the Lord C.

Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way :
Is, Oh, heir of it, our all is his prey.
This strange chance claims strange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be so strange, as to weep thus ;

'Tis well his life's loud speaking works deserve,
And give praise too: our cold tongues could not serve;
'Tis well, he kept tears from our eyes before,
That, to fit this deep ill, we might have store.
Oh, if a sweet-briar climb up by a tree,
If to a paradise that transplanted be,
Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
Yet that must wither, which by it did rise,
As we for him dead: though no family
E'er rigg'd a soul for heaven's discovery
With whom more venturers more boldly dare
Venture their states, with him in joy to share.
We lose what all friends loved, him, he gains now
But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
If he could have foes, in whose practice grew
All virtues, whose name subtle schoolmen knew;
What ease, can hope that we shall see him, beget,
When we must die first, and cannot die yet?
His children are his pictures: Oh, they be
Pictures of him dead, senseless, cold as he.
Here needs no marble tomb, since he is gone,
He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

V.

Elegy on the Lady Markham.

Man is the world, and death the ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This sea environs all, and though as yet
God hath set marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and still pretend,
And breaks our bank, whene'er it takes a friend.
Then our land waters (tears of passion) vent;
Our waters, then, above our firmament.
(Tears which our soul doth for her sins let fall)
Take all a brackish taste, and funeral.
And even those tears which should wash sin, are sin.
We, after God's *Noah*, drown the world again.
Nothing but man of all envenom'd things
Doth work upon itself, with inborn stings.

Tears are false spectacles, we cannot see
Through passion's mist, what we are, or what she.
In her this sea of death hath made no breach,
But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the sand:
So is her flesh refined by death's cold hand.
As men of China, after an age's stay
Do take up porcelain, where they buried clay:
So at his grave, her limbeck, which refines
The diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and mines
Of which this flesh was, her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuff, as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompense it, shall
Make and name then th' elixir of this all.
They say the sea, when it gains, loseth too;
If carnal death (the younger brother) do
Usurp the body, our soul (which subject is
To th' elder death, by sin) is freed by this;
They perish both, when they attempt the just:
For graves our trophies are, and both, death's dust.
So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both;
For none to death sins, that to sin is loth.
Nor do they die, which are not loth to die;
So hath she this, and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complains! Alas,
How little poison cracks a crystal glass!
She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
That extreme truth lack'd little of a lie,
Making omissions, acts; laying the touch
Of sin, on things that sometimes may be such.
As Moses' cherubins, whose natures do
Surpass all speed, by him are winged too:
So would her soul (already in heav'n) seem then,
To climb by tears, the common stairs of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
To speak, that death his vain haste may repent.
How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet,
To have reformed this forward heresy,
That women can no parts of friendship be;

How moral, how divine, shall not be told,
Lest they that hear her virtues, think her old;
And lest we take death's part, and make him glad
Of such a prey, and to his triumph add.

VI.

Elegy on Mrs. Boulstred.

Death I recant, and say unsaid by me
What ere hath slipp'd, that might diminish thee.
Spiritual treason, atheism 'tis to say,
That any can thy summons disobey.
The earth's face is but thy table; there are set
Plants, cattle, men; dishes for death to eat.
In a rude hunger now he millions draws
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or starved jaws.
Now he will seem to spare, and doth more wast,
Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last.
Now wantonly he spoils, and eats us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
Nor will this earth serve him; he sinks the deep
Where harmless fish monastic silence keep.
Who (were death dead) by roes of living sand,
Might spunge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnic notes
In birds, heaven's choristers, organic throats,
Which (if they did not die) might seem to be
A tenth rank in the heavenly hierarchy.
O strong and long-liv'd death, how camest thou in?
And how without creation did'st begin?
Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou diest,
All the four monarchies, and antichrist.
How could I think thee nothing, that see now
In all this all, nothing else is, but thou.
Our births and life, vices, and virtues, be
Wasteful consumptions, and degrees of thee.
For we, to live, our bellows wear, and breath,
Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death.
And though thou beest, O mighty bird of prey,
So much reclaimed by God, that thou must lay

All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth he
Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee.
And of those few, now thou hast overthrown
One whom thy blow, makes, not ours, nor thine own.
She was more stories high: hopeless to come
To her soul, thou hast offered at her lower room.
Her soul and body was a king and court:
But thou hast both of captain mist and fort.
As houses fall not, though the king remove,
Bodies of saints rest for their souls above.
Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace;
Both work a separation, no divorce.
Her soul is gone to usher up her corse,
Which shall be almost another soul, for there
Bodies are purer, than best souls are here.
Because in her, her virtues did outgo
Her years, would'st thou, O emulous death, do so?
And kill her young to thy loss? must the cost
Of beauty, and wit, apt to do harm, be lost?
What though thou found'st her proof 'gainst sins of youth?
Oh, every age a diverse sin pursueth.
Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold;
Shortly ambitious, covetous, when old,
She might have proved: and such devotion
Might once have stray'd to superstition.
If all her virtues must have grown, yet might
Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
Had she persever'd just, there would have been
Some that would sin, misthinking she did sin.
Such as would call her friendship, love, and feign
To sociableness, a name profane:
Or sin, by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wishing, though they never told her what.
Thus might'st thou have slain more souls, had'st thou not crost
Thyself, and to triumph, thine army lost.
Yet though these ways be lost, thou hast left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone.
But we may 'scape that sin, yet weep as much:
Our tears are due, because we are not such.
Some tears that knot of friends her death must cost,
Because the chain is broke, but no link lost.

VII.

To the Countess of Bedford.

Madam,

I HAVE learned by those laws wherein I am a little conversant, that he which bestows any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not the heir; I do not therefore send this paper to your ladyship, that you should thank me for it, or think that I thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are so much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which must express it: But, madam, since your noble brother's fortune being yours, the evidences also concerning it are yours, so his virtue being yours, the evidences concerning it, belong also to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one piece, in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how entirely your family possesseth

Your ladyship's most humble and thankful servant,

JOHN DONNE.

OBSEQUIES TO LORD HARRINGTON'S BROTHER.

FAIR soul, which wast, not only, as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But did'st continue so; and now dost bear
Apart in God's great organ, this whole sphere:
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious,
'Twixt heaven and earth, and that man's actions do
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown, that I can study thee,
And, by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And so can make by this soft extasy,
This place a map of heaven, myself of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest;
Time's dead low water; when all minds divest
To-morrow's business, when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this,
Now when the client, whose last hearing is
To-morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes, must shut them than
Again by death,) although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep,

Thou at this midnight see'st me, and as soon
As that sun rises to me, midnight's noon,
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all, both church and state, in seeing thee;
And I discern by favour of this light,
Myself, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glass; as thou when thou dost see
Him who sees all, see'st all concerning thee,
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All, in these mirrors of thy ways, and end;
Though God be our true glass, through which we see
All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks which do to us derive
Things, in proportion fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men, for by their living here,
Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near;
But where can I affirm, or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation;
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Those spirits, humours, blood I did last year;
And, as if on a stream I fix mine eye,
That drop, which I looked on, is presently
Pushed with more waters from my sight, and gone,
So in this sea of virtues, can no one
Be insisted on; virtues, as rivers, pass,
Yet still remains that virtuous man there was;
And as if man feeds on man's flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Because God knows where every atom lies;
So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
His virtues into names, and ranks; but I
Should injure nature, virtue, and destiny,
Should I divide and discontinue so,
Virtue, which did in one entireness grow.
For as he that would say, spirits are fram'd
Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not spirits half so much, as he
Which says, they have no parts, but simple be;

So is it of virtue; for a point and one
Are much entirer than a million.
And had fate meant to have his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old,
So then, that virtue in season, and then this,
We might have seen, and said, that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
In good short lives, virtues are fain to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercise, lack time, and space.
So was it in this person, forced to be
For lack of time, his own epitome.
So to exhibit in few years as much,
As all the long breath'd chronicles can touch;
As when an angel down from heaven doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company,
We cannot think, now he is at the sun,
Now through the moon, now he through the air doth run,
Yet when he's come, we know he did repair
To all twixt heaven and earth, sun, moon and air.
And as this angel in an instant, knows,
And yet we know, this sudden knowledge grows
By quick amassing several forms of things,
Which he successively to order brings;
When they, whose slow-paced lame thoughts cannot go
So fast as he, think that he doth not so;
Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell,
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see
And lay together every A, and B;
So, in short lived good men, is not understood
Each several virtue, but the compound good.
For, they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
As angels go, and know, and as men read.
O why should then these men, these lumps of balm
Sent thither, the world's tempest to becalm,
Before by deeds they are diffused and spread,
And so make us alive, themselves be dead?
O soul, O circle, why so quickly be
Thy ends, thy birth and death, closed up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compass still was placed
In heaven, the other might securely have paced

In the most large extent, through every path,
Which the whole world, or man, the abridgment hath.
Thou know'st, that though the tropic circles have
(Yea and those small ones which the poles engrave,)
All the same roundness, evenness, and all
The endlessness of the equinoctial;
Yet, when we come to measure distances,
How here, how there, the sun affected is,
When he doth faintly work, and when prevail,
Only great circles then can be our scale :
So, though thy circle to thyself express
All, tending to thy endless happiness,
And we by our good use of it may try,
Both how to live well young, and how to die,
Yet since we must be old, and age endures
His torrid zone at court, and calentures
Of hot ambitions, irreligion's ice,
Zeal's agues; and hydroptic avarice,
Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
As well, as lust and ignorance of youth;
Why did'st thou not for these give medicines too,
And by thy doing tell us what to do?
Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
Doth each mismotion and distemper feel,
Whose hands get shaking palsies, and whose string
(His sinews) slackens, and whose soul, the spring,
Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the fly,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly,
Whose voice, the bell, doth rattle, or grow dumb,
Or idle, as men, which to their last hours come,
If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
Or be not set, or set at every will;
So, youth is easiest to destruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none;
Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
Placed to inform whole towns, to employ their time,
An error doth more harm, being general,
When small clocks' faults, only on the wearer fall.
So work the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, servants, or the state rely.
Why would'st not thou then, which had'st such a soul,
A clock so true, as might the sun controul,

And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
Instructions, such as it could never be
Disordered, stay here, as a general
And great sun-dial, to have set us all?
O why would'st thou be any instrument
To this unnatural course, or why consent
To this, not miracle, but prodigy,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Virtue, whose flood did with his youth begin,
Should so much faster ebb out, than flow in?
Though her flood was blown in, by thy first breath,
All is at once sunk in the whirlpool death.
Which word I would not name, but that I see
Death, else a desert, grown a court by thee.
Now I grow sure, that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Methinks all cities, now, but ant-hills be,
Where when the several labourers I see,
For children, house, provision, taking pain,
They are all but ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain*;
And church-yards are our cities, unto which
The most repair, that are in goodness rich.
There is the best concourse, and confluence,
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins God's city, New Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them;
At that gate then, triumphant soul, dost thou
Begin thy triumph; but since laws allow
That at the triumph day, the people may,
All that they will, 'gainst the triumpher say,
Let me here use that freedom, and express
My grief, though not to make thy triumph less.
By law, to triumphs none admitted be,
Till they as magistrates get victory,
Though then to thy force, all youth's foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field
To which thy rank in this state destined thee,
That there thy counsels might get victory,

* Speaking of the consternation at Queen Elizabeth's death, he says, "When every one of you in the city were running up and down like ants with their eggs bigger than themselves, every man with his bags, Almighty God sent down his spirit of unity."—SERM. CLIV.

And so in that capacity remove
All jealousies 'twixt prince and subjects' love,
Thou could'st no title to this triumph have,
Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'st a grave.
That (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou should'st successfully advance
Thine arms 'gainst foreign enemies, which are
Both envy, and acclamation popular,
(For both these engines equally defeat,
Though by a divers mine, those which are great,)
Till then thy war was but a civil war,
For which to triumph, none admitted are;
No more are they, who though with good success,
In a defensive war, their power express.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Must be enlarged, and not preserved alone;
Why should'st thou then, whose battles were to win
Thyself, from those straits nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that state,
Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
(Which is thy soul and body) as entire
As he, who take endeavours, doth require,
But didst not stay, to enlarge his kingdom too,
By making others, what thou didst, to do:
Why should'st thou triumph now, when heaven no more
Hath got, by getting thee, than it had before?
For heaven and thou, even when thou lived'st here,
Of one another in possession were;
But this from triumph most disables thee,
That that place which is conquered, must be
Left safe from present war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out.
And hath he left us so? or can it be
His territory was no more than he?
No, we were all his charge; the Diocis
Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,
And he was joined in commission
With tutelar angels, sent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraid, and chide
Him who triumphed, were lawful, it was tied

With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not
At that authority, by which he got
Leave to triumph, before, by age, he might:
So, though, triumphant soul, I dare to write,
Moved with a reverential anger, thus,
That thou so early would'st abandon us;
Yet I am far from daring to dispute
With that great sovereignty, whose absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispensed with thee,
'Gainst nature's laws, which just impugners be
Of early triumphs; and I (though with pain)
Lessen our loss, to magnify thy gain
Of triumph, when I say, it was more fit,
That all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.
Though then in our time, be not suffered
That testimony of love, unto the dead,
To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives, and French soldurii* did;
And though in no degree I can express,
Grief in great Alexander's great excess,
Who at his friend's death, made whole towns divest
Their walls and bulwarks which became them best:
Do not, fair soul, this sacrifice refuse,
That in thy grave I do inter my Muse,
Who, by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
Behindhand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

* Soldurii.—On these Cæsar says, De Bell. Gall. iii. 22; "Adcantuanus, qui summam imperii tenebat, cum sexcentis devotis, quos soldurios appellant; quorum hæc est conditio, ut omnibus in vita commodis una cum his fruantur, quorum se amicitiæ dediderint; siquid iis per vim accidat, aut eundem casum una ferant, aut sibi mortem consciscant. Neque adhuc hominum memoria repertus est quisquam, qui eo interfecto, cujus se amicitiæ devovisset, mori recusaret." This seems to be the true original of our word "soldier," and not *solidarius*, as Johnson says.—Ed.

VIII.

Elegy on Prince Henry.

Look to me faith, and look to my faith, God;
For both my centres feel this period.
Of weight one centre, one of greatness is;
And reason is that centre, faith is this;
For into our reason flow, and there do end
All, that this natural world doth comprehend:
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference.
But for th' enormous greatnesses, which are
So disproportioned, and so angular,
As is God's essence, place and providence,
Where, how, when, what souls do, departed hence,
These things (eccentric else) on faith do strike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For reason, put to her best extension,
Almost meets faith, and makes both centres one.
And nothing ever came so near to this,
As contemplation of that prince we miss.
For all that faith might credit mankind could,
Reason still seconded, that this prince would.
If then least moving of the centre, make
More, than if whole hell belched, the world to shake,
What must this do, centres distracted so,
That we see not what to believe or know?
Was it not well believed till now, that he,
Whose reputation was an ecstasy,
On neighbour states, which knew not why to wake,
Till be discovered what ways he would take;
For whom what princes angled, when they tried,
Met a torpedo, and were stupified;
And others' studies, how he would be bent,
Was his great father's greatest instrument,
And activ'st spirit, to convey and tie
This soul of peace, through Christianity;
Was it not well believed, that he would make
This general peace, th' Eternal overtake,
And that his times might have stretched out so far,
As to touch those, of which they emblems are?

For to confirm this just belief, that now
The last days came, we saw heaven did allow,
That, but from his aspect and exercise,
In peaceful times, rumours of war did rise.
But now this faith is heresy: we must
Still stay, and vex our great-grandmother, dust.
Oh, is God prodigal! Hath he spent his store
Of plagues, on us, and only now, when more
Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery;
And will not let's enjoy our curse, to die!
As for the earth, thrown lowest down of all,
T'were an ambition to desire to fall,
So God, in our desire to die, doth know
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so.
Therefore we live; though such a life we have,
As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth, and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sustains in us; earth, which griefs animate;
Nor hath our world now, other soul than that.
And could grief get so high as heaven, that quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
(With grief to see him) he had stayed below,
To rectify our errors they foreknow.
Is th' other centre, reason, faster then?
Where should we look for that, now we are not men!
For if our reason be our connexion
Of causes, now to us there can be none.
For, as if all the substances were spent,
'Twere madness, to inquire of accident,
So is't to look for reason, he being gone,
The only subject reason wrought upon.
If fate have such a chain, whose divers links
Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and so steal in
A new link, man knows not, where to begin:
At a much deader fault must reason be,
Death having broke off such a link as he.
But now, for us, with busy proof to come,
That we have no reason, would prove we had some.
So would just lamentations: therefore we
May safelier say, that we are dead, than he.

So, if our griefs we do not well declare,
We have double excuse; he is not dead; and we are.
Yet I would not die yet; for though I be
Too narrow, to think him as he is he,
(Our soul's best baiting, and mid-period,
In her long journey, of considering God)
Yet, (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embraced the fires of love, with us.
Oh may I, (since I live) but see, or hear,
That she-intelligence which moved this sphere,
I pardon fate my life: whoe'er thou be
Which hast the noble conscience thou art she,
I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
By the oaths, which only you two never broke,
By all the souls ye sighed, that if you see
These lines, you wish, I knew your history,
So much, as you two mutual heavens were here,
I were an angel, singing what you were.

IX.

To Sir Robert Carr.

Sir,

I presume you rather try what you can do in me, than what I can do in verse, you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects, in this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and, if it be not worthy of you nor of him, we will smother it, and be it your sacrifice. If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced your obligation with much alacrity; but I thank you that you would command me that which I was loather to do, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poor friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

J. Donne.

An Hymn to the Saints, and to Marquess Hamilton.

Whether that soul which now comes up to you
Fill any former rank or make a new,
Whether it take a name named there before,
Or be a name itself, and order more
Than was in heaven till now; (for may not he
Be so, if every several angel be

A kind alone?) whatever order grow
Greater by him in heaven, we do not so;
One of your orders grows by his access;
But by his loss grow all our orders less;
The name of father, master, friend, the name
Of subject and of prince, in one are lame;
Fair mirth is damped, and conversation black,
The household widowed, and the garter slack;
The chapel wants an ear, council a tongue;
Story, a theme; and music lacks a song;
Blest order that hath him, the loss of him
Gangred* all orders here; all lost a limb.
Never made body such haste to confess
What a soul was; all former comeliness
Fled, in a minute, when the soul was gone,
And, having lost that beauty, would have none,
So fell our monasteries, in one instant grown
Not to less houses, but, to heaps of stone;
So sent this body that fair form it wore,
Unto the sphere of forms, and doth (before
His soul shall fill up his sepulchral stone,)
Anticipate a resurrection;
For, as in his fame, now, his soul is here,
So, in the form thereof his body's there;
And if, fair soul, not with first innocents
Thy station be, but with the penitents,
(And who shall dare to ask, then, when I am
Dyed scarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,
Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst find
Amongst those many friends now left behind,
And seest such sinners as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, let it be
Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them clean;
Wish him a David, her a Magdalen.

* Thus in the edition of 1633. Anderson has "gangrened." Johnson does not notice this form.—Ed.

X.

An Epitaph on Shakspeare.

Renowned Chaucer, lie a thought more nigh
To rare Beaumond; and learned Beaumond lie
A little nearer Spencer, to make room
For Shakspeare in your threefold fourfold tomb.
To lie all four in one bed make a shift,
For until doomsday hardly will a fift
Betwixt this day and that be slain,
For whom your curtains need be drawn again;
But, if precedency of death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this curled marble of thine own
Sleep rare tragedian Shakspeare, sleep alone,
That unto us and others it may be
Honour, hereafter to be laid by thee.

SACRED PIECES.

I.

THE LITANY.

1. The Father.

Father of heaven, and him, by whom
  It, and us for it, and all else, for us
Thou madest, and governest ever, come
  And recreate me, now grown ruinous
    My heart is by dejection, clay,
    And by self-murder, red.
From this red earth, O Father purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
I may rise up from death, before I'am dead.

2. The Son.

O Son of God, who seeing two things,
  Sin, and death crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, try'dst with what stings
  The other could thine heritage invade;
    O be thou nailed unto my heart,
    And crucified again,
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be, by applying so thy pain,
Drowned in thy blood, and in thy passion slain.

3. The Holy Ghost.

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
  Am, but of mud walls, and condensed dust,
And being sacrilegiously
  Half-wasted with youth's fires, of pride and lust,
    Must with new storms be weatherbeat;
    Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout sad tears intend; and let
(Though this glass lanthorn, flesh, do suffer maim)
Fire sacrifice, priest, altar be the same.

4. The Trinity.

O Blessed glorious Trinity,
  Bones to philosophy, but milk to faith,
Which, as wise serpents, diversely
  Most slipperiness, yet most entanglings hath,
    As you distinguished undistinct
    By power, love, knowledge be,
Give me a such self-different instinct,
Of these let all me elemented be,
Of power, to love, to know, you unnumb'red Three.

5. The Virgin Mary.

For that fair blessed mother-maid,
  Whose flesh redeemed us; that she-cherubin,
Which unlocked paradise, and made
  One claim for innocence, and disseised sin,
    Whose womb was a strange heaven, for there
    God clothed himself, and grew,
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
In vain, who hath such titles unto you.

6. The Angels.

And since this life our nonage is,
  And we in wardship to thine angels be,
Native in heaven's fair palaces
  Where we shall be but denizened by thee,
    As the earth conceiving by the sun,
    Yields fair diversity,
Yet never knows which course that light doth run,
So let me study, that mine actions be
Worthy their sight, though blind in how they see.

7. The Patriarchs.

And let thy patriarchs' desire
  (Those great-grandfathers of thy church, which saw
More in the cloud, than we in fire,
  Whom nature cleared more, than us grace and law,
    And now in heaven still pray, that we
    May use our new helps right,)
Be sanctified, and fructify in me;

Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
Nor faith, by reason added, lose her sight.

8. The Prophets.

Thy eagle-sighted prophets too,
  Which were thy church's organs, and did sound
That harmony, which made of two,
  One law, and did unite, but not confound;
    Those heavenly poets which did see
    Thy will, and it express
In rhythmic feet, in common pray for me,
That I by them excuse not my excess
In seeking secrets, or poeticness.

9. The Apostles.

And thy illustrious zodiak
  Of twelve apostles, which ingirt this all,
From whom whoso'ever do not take
  Their light, to dark deep pits throw down, and fall*,
    As through their prayers, thou hast let me know
    That their books are divine;
May they pray still, and be heard, that I go
The old broad way in applying; O decline
Me, when my comment would make thy word mine.

10. The Martyrs.

And since thou so desirously
  Did'st long to die, that long before thou could'st,
And long since thou no more couldest die,
  Thou in thy scattered mystic body would'st
    In Abel die, and ever since
    In thine, let their blood come
To beg for us, a discreet patience
Of death, or of worse life: for O! to some
Not to be martyrs, is a martyrdom.

11. The Confessors.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
  A virgin squadron of white confessors,
Whose bloods betrothed, not married were;
  Tendered, not taken by those ravishers:

* "Thrown down do fall;"—Anderson's Poets; but the word throw is here used in a neuter sense.—Ed.

They know, and pray, that we may know
In every Christian
Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow;
Temptations martyr us alive; a man
Is to himself a Diocletian.

12. The Virgins.

The cold white snowy nunnery,
Which, as thy mother, their high abbess, sent
Their bodies back again to thee,
As thou hadst lent them, clean and innocent,
Though they have not obtained of thee,
That, or thy church, or I,
Should keep, as they, our first integrity,
Divorce thou sin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaste widowhead virginity.

13. The Doctors.

Thy sacred academe above
Of doctors, whose pains have unclasped, and taught
Both books of life to us (for love
To know thy Scriptures, tells us, we are wrote
In thy other book) pray for us there
That what they have misdone
Or missaid, we to that may not adhere;
Their zeal may be our sin: Lord, let us run
Mean ways, and call them stars, but not the sun.

14.

And whilst this universal quire,
That church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warmed with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee dear,
Prays ceaselessly, and thou hearken too
(Since to be gracious
Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
Hear this prayer, Lord, O Lord deliver us
From trusting in those prayers, though pour'd out thus.

15.

From being anxious, or secure,
  Dead clods of sadness, or light squibs of mirth,
From thinking, that great courts immure
  All, or no happiness, or that this earth
    Is only for our prison framed,
    Or that thou art covetous
To them whom thou lovest, or that they're maimed
From reaching this world's sweet, who seek thee thus
With all their might, good Lord deliver us.

16.

From needing danger, to be good,
  From owing thee yesterday's tears to-day,
From trusting so much to thy blood,
  That in the hope, we wound our soul away,
    From bribing thee with alms, to excuse
    Some sin more burdenous,
From light affecting, in religion, news,
From thinking us all soul, neglecting thus
Our mutual duties, Lord deliver us.

17.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
  By our connivance, or slack company,
From measuring ill by vicious,
  Neglecting to choke sin's spawn, vanity,
    From indiscreet humility,
    Which might be scandalous,
And cast reproach on Christianity,
From being spies, or to spies pervious,
From thirst, or scorn of flame, deliver us.

18.

Deliver us for thy descent
  Into the virgin, whose womb was a place
Of middle kind; and thou being sent
  To ungracious us, staid'st at her full of grace,
    And through thy poor birth, where first thou
    Glorifiest poverty.
And yet soon after riches didst allow,

By accepting kings' gifts in the Epiphany;
Deliver, and make us, to both ways free.

19.

And through that bitter agony,
  Which still is the agony of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee,
  And interrupted evenness, with fits;
    And through thy free confession,
    Though thereby they were then
Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have gone;
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when
We may not, and we may blind unjust men.

20.

Through thy submitting all, to blows
  Thy face, thy clothes to spoil; thy fame to scorn,
All ways, which rage, or justice knows,
  And by which thou could'st show, that thou wast born;
    And through thy gallant humbleness,
    Which thou in death did'st show,
Dying before thy soul they could express;
Deliver us from death, by dying so,
To this world, ere this world do bid us go.

21.

When senses, which thy soldiers are,
  We arm against thee, and they fight for sin;
When want, sent but to tame, doth war
  And work despair a breach to enter in;
    When plenty, God's image, and seal
    Makes us idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveal;
When we are mov'd to seem religious
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

22.

In churches, when the infirmity
  Of him which speaks, diminishes the Word;
When magistrates do misapply
  To us, as we judge, lay, or ghostly sword;

When plague, which is thine angel, reigns,
Or wars, thy champions, sway;
When heresy, thy second deluge, gains;
In th' hour of death, th' eve of last judgment day,
Deliver us from the sinister way.

23.

Hear us, O hear us, Lord; to thee
A sinner is more music, when he prays,
Than spheres' or angels' praises be,
In panegyric Allelüias:
Hear us, for till thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to say.
Thine ear t' our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and word.
O thou who Satan heard'st in Job's sick day,
Hear thyself now, for thou in us dost pray.

24.

That we may change to evenness
This intermitting aguish piety,
That snatching cramps of wickedness
And apoplexies of fast sin, may die;
That music of thy promises,
Not threats in thunder may
Awaken us to our just offices,
What in thy book, thou dost, or creatures say,
That we may hear, Lord hear us, when we pray.

25.

That our ears' sickness we may cure,
And rectify those labyrinths aright,
That we, by hearkening, not procure
Our praise, nor others' dispraise so invite,
That we get not a slipperiness
And senselessly decline,
From hearing bold wits jest at kings' excess,
T' admit the like of majesty divine,
That we may lock our ears, Lord open thine.

26.

That living law, the magistrate,
  Which to give us, and make us physic, doth
Our vices often aggravate;
  That preachers taxing sin, before her growth,
    That Satan, and envenom'd men
    Which will, if we starve, dine,
When they do most accuse us, may see then
Us to amendment hear them, thee decline,
That we may open our ears, Lord lock thine.

27.

That learning, thine ambassador,
  From thine allegiance we never tempt;
That beauty, paradise's flower
  For physic made, from poison be exempt;
    That wit, born apt, high good to do
    By dwelling lazily
On nature's nothing, be not nothing too;
That our affections kill us not, nor die,
Hear us, weak echoes, O thou ear, and cry!

28.

Son of God, hear us; and since thou
  By taking our blood, owe'st it us again,
Gain to thyself, or us allow;
  And let not both us and thyself be slain;
    O Lamb of God, which took'st our sin
    Which could not stick to thee,
O let it not return to us again,
But patient and physician being free,
As sin is nothing, let it nowhere be.

II.

The Cross.

Since Christ embraced the cross itself, dare I
His image, th' image of his cross, deny?
Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
And dare the chosen altar to despise?
It bore all other sins, but is it fit
That it should bear the sin of scorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he fly his pains, who there did die!
From me, no pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandal taken, shall this cross withdraw:
It shall not, for it cannot; for the loss
Of this cross, were to me another cross.
Better were worse, for no affliction,
No cross, is so extreme, as to have none;
Who can blot out the cross, which th' instrument
Of God, dew'd on me in the sacrament?
Who can deny me power, and liberty
To stretch mine arms, and mine own cross to be?
Swim, and at every stroke, thou art thy cross;
The mast and yard make one, where seas do toss.
Look down, thou spy'st out crosses in small things;
Look up, thou see'st birds raised on crossed wings;
All the globe's frame, and spheres, is nothing else
But the meridian's crossing parallels.
Material crosses, then, good physic be,
But yet spiritual have chief dignity.
These for extracted chemic medicine serve,
And cure much better, and as well preserve;
Then are you your own physic, or need none,
When still'd or purged by tribulation.
For when that cross ungrudged unto you sticks,
Then are you to yourself a crucifix.
As perchance, carvers do not faces make:
But that away, which hid them there, do take.
Let crosses, so, take what hid Christ in thee,
And be his image, or not his, but he.
But, as oft alchymists do coiners prove,
So may a self-despising get self-love.

And then as worst surfeits of best meats be,
So is pride, issued from humility;
For 'tis no child, but monster; therefore cross
Your joy in crosses, else 'tis double loss;
And cross thy senses, else both they and thou
Must perish soon, and to destruction bow.
For if th' eye seek good objects, and will take
No cross from bad, we cannot scape a snake.
So with harsh, hard, sour, stinking, cross the rest,
Make them indifferent; call nothing best.
But most the eye needs crossing, that can roam
And move; to th' other, th' objects must come home.
And cross thy heart: for that in man alone
Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
Cross those dejections, when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
And as the brain through bony walls doth vent
By sutures, which a cross's form present,
So when thy brain works, ere thou utter it,
Cross and correct concupiscence of wit.
Be covetous of crosses, let none fall;
Cross no man else, but cross thyself in all.
Then doth the cross of Christ work faithfully
Within our hearts, when we love harmlessly
The cross's pictures much, and with more care
That cross's children, which our crosses are.

III.

The Annunciation and Passion.

Tamely frail body abstain to day; to day
My soul eats twice, Christ hither and away.
She sees him man, so like God made in this,
That of them both a circle emblem is,
Whose first and last concur; this doubtful day
Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away;
She sees him nothing twice at once, who is all;
She sees a cedar plant itself, and fall,

Her maker put to making, and the head
Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead;
She sees at once the virgin mother stay
Reclused at home, public at Golgotha.
Sad and rejoiced she's seen at once, and seen
At almost fifty, and at scarce fifteen.
At once a Son is promised her, and gone,
Gabriel gives Christ to her, He her to John;
Not fully a mother, She's in orbity,
At once receiver and the legacy;
All this, and all between, this day hath shown,
The abridgement of Christ's story, which makes one
(As in plain maps, the farthest west is east)
Of the angels *Ave*, and *consummatum est*.
How well the church, God's court of faculties,
Deals, in sometimes, and seldom, joining these;
As by the self-fixed Pole we never do
Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
Which shows where the other is, and which we say
(Because it strays not far) doth never stray;
So God by his church, nearest to him, we know,
And stand firm, if we by her motion go;
His Spirit, as his fiery pillar, doth
Lead, and his church, as cloud; to one end both:
This church, by letting those days join, hath shown
Death and conception in mankind is one.
Or 'twas in him the same humility,
That he would be a man, and leave to be:
Or as creation he hath made, as God,
With the last judgment, but one period,
His imitating Spouse would join in one
Manhood's extremes: He shall come, he is gone:
Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have served, he yet shed all;
So though the least of his pains, deeds, or words,
Would busy a life, she all this day affords;
This treasure then, in gross, my soul uplay,
And in my life retail it every day.

IV.

Good-friday, 1613. Riding Westward.

Let man's soul be a sphere, and then, in this,
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
And as the other spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motion, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleasure or business so our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is't, that I am carried towards the west
This day, when my soul's form bends towards the east,
There I should see a sun, by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget;
But that Christ on this Cross, did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made his own lieutenant Nature shrink,
It made his footstool crack, and the sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,
And tune all spheres, at once pierced with those holes?
Could I behold that endless height which is
Zenith to us, and our antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of his,
Made dirt of dust, or that flesh which was worn
By God, for his apparel, ragg'd, and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
Upon his miserable Mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
Half of that sacrifice, which ransom'd us?
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They are present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them, and thou look'st towards me,
O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.

O think me worth thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rusts, and my deformity,
Restore thine image, so much, by thy grace,
That thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

V.

Resurrection; Imperfect.

Sleep, sleep old sun, thou canst not have re-past
As yet, the wound thou took'st on Friday last;
Sleep then, and rest; the world may bear thy stay,
A better sun rose before thee to-day,
Who, not content to enlighten all that dwell
On the earth's face, as thou, enlighten'd hell,
And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
As, at thy presence here, our fires grow pale.
Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
Hasting to heaven, would, that he might allow
Himself unto all stations, and fill all,
For these three days become a mineral;
He was all gold when he lay down, but rose
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make even sinful flesh like his.
Had one of those, whose credulous piety
Thought, that a soul one might discern and see
Go from a body, at this sepulchre been,
And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen,
He would have justly thought this body a soul,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.

VI.

A Hymn to Christ, at the Author's last going into Germany.

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood;

Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face; yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
And all whom I loved there, and who lov'd me;
When I have put our seas 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy seas betwixt my sins and thee.
As the trees sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but thee, the eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost control,
The amorousness of an harmonious soul;
But thou would'st have that love thyself: as thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
My soul: who ever gives, takes liberty:
O, if thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all,
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered be
On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for prayer, that have least light:
To see God only, I go out of sight:
And to scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

VII.

A Hymn to God the Father.

1.

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still: though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

2.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin? and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year, or two, but wallowed in, a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

3.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore
But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, thou hast done,
I fear no more.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

I.

ELEGY.

Oh, let me not serve so, as those men serve
Whom honour's smokes at once fatten and starve;
Poorly enrich'd with great men's words and looks;
Nor so write my name in thy loving books,
As those idolatrous flatterers, which still
Their princes' styles, which many realms* fulfil
Whence they no tribute have, and where no sway.
Such services I offer as shall pay
Themselves; I hate dead names: Oh then let me
Favourite in ordinary, or no favourite be.
When my soul was in her own body sheath'd,
Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd
Into my purgatory, faithless thee,
Thy heart seem'd wax, and steel thy constancy.
So, careless flowers strew'd on the waters face,
The curled whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,
Yet drown them; so, the tapers beamy eye
Amorously twinkling, beckons the giddy fly,
Yet burns his wings; and such the devil is,
Scarce visiting them, who are entirely his.
When I behold a stream, which, from the spring,
Doth with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechless slumber, calmly ride
Her wedded channels bosom, and then chide
And bend her brows, and swell if any bough
Do but stoop down, or kiss her upmost brow:
Yet, if her often gnawing kisses win
The traitorous banks to gape, and let her in,
She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native, and her long-kept course,

* Al. 'names.'

And roars, and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
In flattering eddies promising return,
She flouts the channel, who thenceforth is dry;
Then say I; that is she, and this am I.
Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget
Careless despair in me, for that will wet
My mind to scorn; and oh, love dull'd with pain
Was ne'er so wise, nor well arm'd as disdain.
Then with new eyes I shall survey thee, and spy
Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye;
Though hope breed faith and love; thus taught I shall
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall.
My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
Am the recusant, in that resolute state,
What hurts it me to be excommunicate?

II.

An Epithalamion, or Marriage Song, on the Lady Elizabeth and Count Palatine, being Married on St. Valentine's Day.

1.

Hail Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy Diocis;
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners,
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove,
The sparrow that neglects his live for love,
The household bird, with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the black-bird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch, or the halcyon;
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully then ever shine.
This day, which might enflame thyself, Old Valentine.

2.

Till now, thou warm'st with multiplying loves
Two larks, two sparrows, or two doves.
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two phœnixes;
Thou mak'st a taper see
What the sun never saw, and what the ark
(Which was of fowls, and beasts, the cage, and park,)
Did not contain, one bed contains through thee,
Two phœnixes, whose joined breasts
Are unto one another mutual nests,
Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give
Young phœnixes, and yet the old shall live.
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

3.

Up then fair phœnix bride, frustrate the sun,
Thyself from thine affection
Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye
All lesser birds will take thier jollity.
Up, up, fair bride, and call,
Thy stars, from out their several boxes; take
Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds forth, and make
Thyself a constellation of them all,
And by their blazing signify,
That a great princess falls, but doth not die;
Be thou a new star, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder; and be thou those ends,
Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date records, from this thy Valentine.

4.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
Meeting another, grows the same,
So meet thy Frederic, and so
To an unseparable union go,
Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but one, can disunite.
You are twice inseparable, great, and one;

Go then to where the bishop stays,
To make you one, his way, which divers ways
Must be effected, and when all is past,
And that you are one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left, yourselves to entwine,
Besides this bishop's knot, O Bishop Valentine.

5.

But oh, what ails the sun, that here he stays,
Longer to-day, than other days?
Stays he new light from these to get?
And finding here such store, is loth to set?
And why do you two walk
So slowly paced in this procession?
Is all you care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle, and talk?
The feast, with gluttonous delays,
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,
The masquers come too late, and I think, will stay,
Like fairies, till the cock crow them away.
Alas, did not antiquity assign
A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine?

6.

They did, and night is come; and yet we see
Formalities retarding thee.
What mean these ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in pieces,) go
So nicely about the bride;
A bride, before a good-night could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes, into her bed,
As souls from bodies steal, and are not spied.
But now she is laid; what though she be?
Yet there are more delays, for, where is he?
He comes, and passes through sphere after sphere.
First her sheets, then her arms, then anywhere;
Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

7.

Here lies a she sun, and a he moon here,
She gives the best light to his sphere,

Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe,
And yet they do, but are
So just and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor stay,
Neither desires to be spared, nor to spare,
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No such occasion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Than all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine.

8.

And by this act of these two phœnixes
Nature again restored is,
For since these two are two no more,
There's but one phœnix still, as was before.
Rest now at last, and we
As Satyrs watch the sun's uprise, will stay
Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day,
Only desired, because your face we see;
Others near you shall whispering speak,
And wagers lay, at which side day will break,
And win by observing, then, whose hand it is
That opens first a curtain, hers or his;
This will be tried to-morrow after nine,
Till which hour, we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

III.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks:
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run
Warmed by thy eyes, more than the sun.
And there th' enamoured fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen beest loth,
By sun, or moon, thou darkenest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs, which shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowy net:

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors' sleave-silk* flies
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait,
That fish, that is not catched thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

IV.

A Valediction forbidding Mourning†.

As virtuous men pass mildly 'away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no:

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move.
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant,
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

* Sleave-silk, knotted or tangled silk.—Johnson.

† This was written to his wife, on his going into France, about the year 1609. Walton appears to have quoted it from memory, as he differs widely from the original edition.—Ed.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love, so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to aery thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two,
Thy soul the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end, where I begun.

V.

The Will*.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great love, some legacies; here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;

* Richard of England was satiated with the glory and misfortunes of his first adventure, and he presumed to deride the exhortations of Fulk of Neuilly, who was not abashed in the presence of kings. "You advise me," said Plantagenet, "to dismiss my three daughters, pride, avarice, and incontinence; I bequeath them to the most deserving; my pride to the knights templars, my avarice to the monks of Cisteaux, and my incontinence to the prelates.—Gibbon, chap. lx.

My tongue to fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women or the sea, my tears;
Thou love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such, as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give,
My truth to them, who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness,
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any, who abroad hath been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou love taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship, to an university;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
My patience let gamesters share.
Thou love taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To nature, all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit;
Thou love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I did but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels, I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, mine English tongue.

Thou, love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more; but I'll undo
The world by dying; because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth.
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave;
Thou love taught'st me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent, and practise this one way to annihilate all three.

POEMS NOT IN THE EDITION OF 1633.

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert,

With the Poem following.

Madam,

Your favours to me are everywhere; I use them, and have them. I enjoy them at London, and leave them there; and yet find them at Mitcham. Such riddles as these become things inexpressible; and such is your goodness. I was almost sorry to find your servant here this day, because I was loth to have any witness of my not coming home last night, and indeed of my coming this morning; but my not coming was excusable, because earnest business detained me; and my coming this day is by the example of your St. Mary Magdalen, who rose early upon Sunday, to seek that which she loved most; and so did I. And, from her and myself, I return such thanks as are due to one to whom we owe all the good opinion, that they whom we need must have of us. By this messenger, and on this good day, I commit the enclosed holy hymns and sonnets (which for the matter, not the workmanship, have yet escaped the fire) to your judgment, and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it; and I have appointed this enclosed sonnet to usher them to your happy hand.

Your unworthiest servant,
unless your accepting him to be so,
have mended him,

Mitcham, July 11, 1607. John Donne.

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert; of St. Mary Magdalen.

Her of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo;
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew more than the church did know,
The resurrection; so much good there is
Delivered of her, that some fathers be
Loth to believe one woman could do this;
But think these Magdalens were two or three.
Increase their number, lady, and their fame;
To their devotion, add your innocence;
Take so much of th' example as of the name;
The latter half; and in some recompence
That they did harbour Christ himself a guest,
Harbour these hymns, to his dear name addrest.

John Donne.

On the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In that, O Queen of Queens! thy birth was free
From that which others doth of grace bereave,
When in their mother's womb they life receive,
God, as his sole-born daughter, loved thee.

To match thee like thy birth's nobility,
He thee his spirit for thy spouse did leave,
By whom thou did'st his only Son conceive,
And so wast link'd to all the Trinity.

Cease then, O Queens! that earthly crowns do wear,
To glory in the pomp of earthly things:
If men such high respects unto you bear,
Which daughters, wives, and mothers, are of kings,
What honour can unto that queen be done
Who had your God for father, spouse, and son?

Elegy on Mrs. Boulstred.

Death! be not proud: thy hand gave not this blow;
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow:
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to destroy the just is not thy part.
Thy coming terror, anguish, grief, denounces;
Her happy state, courage, ease, joy, pronounces.
From out the crystal palace of her breast,
The clearer soul was called to endless rest:
(Not by the thundering voice wherewith God threats,
But as with crowned saints in heaven he treats)
And, waited on by angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers sought;
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The door 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock.
Nor boast the fairest frame was made thy prey,
Because to mortal eyes it did decay:
A better witness than thou art, assures
That, though dissolved, it yet a space endures.
No dram thereof shall want, or loss sustain,
When her best soul inhabits it again.

Go then to people curst before they were,
Their souls in triumph to thy conquest bear.
Glory not thou thyself in these hot tears,
Which our face not for her, but our harm, wears.
The mourning livery given by grace, not thee,
Which wills our souls in these streams washt should be;
And on our hearts, her memory's best tomb,
In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were those eyes saw not how bright did shine,
Through flesh's misty veil, those beams divine:
Deaf were the ears not charmed with that sweet sound
Which did i' th' spirit's instructed voice abound;
Of flint the conscience, did not yield and melt
At what in her last act it saw and felt.
Weep not, nor grudge, then, to have lost her sight,
Taught thus our after-stay's but a short night;
But by all souls not by corruption chok'd,
Let in high-rais'd notes that pow'r be invok'd;
Calm the rough seas by which she sails to rest,
From sorrows here t' a kingdom ever blest;
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing,
"The grave no conquests gets, death hath no sting."

On Himself.

My fortune and my choice this custom break,
When we are speechless grown to make stones speak;
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside see'st what thou art now:
Yet thou'rt not yet so good; till death us lay
To ripe and mellow, here we're stubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
Us to be glass; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcases;
So we ourselves miraculously destroy;
Here bodies with less miracle enjoy
Such privileges, enabled here to scale
Heav'n, when the trumpet's air shall them exhale.
Hear this, and mend thyself, and thou mend'st me,
By making me, being dead, do good for thee:
And think me well composed, that I could now
A last sick hour to syllables allow.

Elegy.

Madam,

That I might make your cabinet my tomb,
And for my fame, which I love next my soul,
Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
Admit to that place this last funeral scroll.
Others by wills give legacies, but I,
Dying, of you do beg a legacy.
My fortune and my will this custom break,
When we are senseless grown, to make stones speak;
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside see what thou art now.
Yet thou'rt not yet so good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, we're stubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
Us to be glass; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcases.

Ode.

Vengeance will sit above our faults; but till
She there do sit
We see her not, nor them. Thus blind, yet still
We lead her way; and thus, whilst we do ill,
We suffer it.

Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill:
Enough we labour under age and care:
In number the errors of the last place are
The greatest still.

Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
As soon repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,
But past us; neither felt, but only in
The punishment.

But we know ourselves least; mere outward shows
Our minds so store,
That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
But form and colour: only he who knows
Himself, knows more.

Upon the Translation of the Psalms,

By Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke.

Eternal God! (for whom whoever dare
Seek new expressions, do the circle square,
And thrust into strait corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerless and infinite)
I would but bless thy name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
Fix we our praises therefore on this one,
That as thy blessed spirit fell upon
These Psalms' first author in a cloven tongue,
(For 'twas a double power by which he sung,
The highest matter in the noblest form)
So thou hast cleft that spirit, to perform
That work again, and shed it here upon
Two, by their bloods and by thy spirit one;
A brother and a sister, made by thee
The organ, where thou art the harmony;
Two that made one John Baptist's holy voice;
And who that Psalm, "now let the isles rejoice,"
Have both translated, and applied it too;
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They show us islanders our joy, our king;
They tell us why, and teach us how to sing.
Make all this all, three choirs, heaven, earth, and spheres;
The first, heaven, hath a song, but no man hears:
The spheres have music, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danced than sung;
But one third choir, to which the first gives ear,
(For angels learn by what the church does hear)
This choir hath all. The organist is he
Who hath tuned God and man, the organ we:
The songs are these, which Heaven's high holy muse
Whispered to David, David to the Jews,
And David's successors in holy zeal,
In forms of joy and art, do re-reveal
To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
That I must not rejoice as I would do,
When I behold that these Psalms are become
So well attired abroad, so ill at home;

So well in chambers, in thy church so ill,
As I can scarce call that reformed until
This be reformed. Would a whole state present
A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
And shall our church unto our spouse and king
More hoarse, more harsh, than any other, sing?
For that we pray, we praise thy name for this,
Which by this Moses, and this Miriam is
Already done; and, as those Psalms we call
(Though some have other authors) David's all;
So though some have, some may some psalms translate,
We thy Sydnean psalms shall celebrate;
And till we come th' extemporal song to sing,
(Learned the first hour that we see the king,
Who hath translated those translators,) may
These, their sweet learned labours, all the way
Be as our tuning, that when hence we part,
We may fall in with them and sing our part.

To Ben Jonson,

Jan. 6, 1603.

The state and men's affairs are the best plays
Next yours: 'tis not more nor less than due praise.
Write, but touch not the much-descending race
Of lords' houses, so settled in worth's place,
As but themselves none think them usurpers;
It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.
If the queen masque, or king a hunting go,
Though all the court follow, let them. We know
Like them in goodness that court ne'er will be,
For that were virtue, and not flattery.
Forget we were thrust out. It is but thus
God threatens kings, kings lords, as lords do us.
Judge of strangers, trust and believe your friend,
And so me; and when I true friendship end,
With guilty conscience let me be worse stung
Than with Popham's sentence thieves, or Cook's tongue
Traitors are. Friends are ourselves. This I thee tell
As to my friend, and myself as counsel.

Let for a while the time's unthrifty rout
Contemn learning, and all your studies flout:
Let them scorn hell, they will a serjeant fear
More than we them, that ere long God may forbear,
But creditors will not. Let them increase
In riot and excess, as their means cease:
Let them scorn him that made them, and still shun
His grace, but love the whore who hath undone
Them and their souls. But that they that allow
But one God, should have religious enow,
For the queen's masque, and their husbands for more
Than all the Gentiles knew or Atlas bore.
Well, let all pass, and trust him who not cracks
The bruised seed, nor quencheth smoking flax.

To Mr. Tilman,

After he had taken Orders.

Thou, whose diviner soul hath caused thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy plough,
Making lay-scornings of the ministry
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bring'st thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected since the vintage? dost thou find
New thoughts and strings within thee? and, as steel
Touch'd with a loadstone, dost new motions feel?
Or as a ship, after much pain and care,
For iron and cloth, brings home rich Indian ware?
Hast thou thus traffick'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with less time and pain?
Thou art the same materials as before,
Only the stamp is changed, but no more.
And as new-crowned kings alter the face,
But not the money's substance, so hath grace
Chang'd only God's old image by creation
To Christ's new stamp, at this thy coronation;
Or as we paint angels with wings, because
They bear God's message, and proclaim his laws:
Since thou must do the like, and so must move,
Art thou new-feather'd with celestial love

Dear! tell me where thy purchase lies, and show
What thy advantage is above below:
But if thy gainings do surmount expression,
Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession
Whose joys pass speech? Why do they think unfit
That gentry should join families with it?
As if their day were only to be spent
In dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
Alas! poor joys, but poorer men, whose trust
Seems richly placed in sublimed dust!
(For such are clothes and beauty, which, though gay,
Are at the best but of sublimed clay.)
Let then the word thy calling disrespect,
But go thou on, and pity their neglect.
What function is so noble as to be
Embassador to God and destiny?
To open life, to give kingdoms to more
Than kings give dignities; to keep heaven's door?
Mary's prerogative was to bear Christ; so
'Tis preachers' to convey him, for they do
As angels out of clouds, from pulpits speak,
And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak;
If then th' astronomers, whereas they spy
A new-found star, their optics magnify,
How brave are those who with their engine can
Bring man to heav'n, and heav'n again to man?
These are thy titles and pre-eminences,
In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences;
And so the heav'ns which beget all things here,
And th' earth, our mother, which these things doth bear,
Both these in thee are in thy calling knit,
And make thee now a blest hermaphrodite.

To Mr. George Herbert.

SENT HIM WITH ONE OF MY SEALS OF THE ANCHOR AND CHRIST.

QUI priùs assuetus serpentum fasce tabellas
Signare (hæc nostræ symbola parva domûs)
Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmate, nanciscor stemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi crux, primo quæ fronti impressa lavacro,
Finibus extensis, anchora facta patet.

Anchora in effigem crux tandem desinit ipsam.
Anchora fit tandem crux tolerata diu.

Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
Crux, et ab affixo est anchora facta Jesu.
Nec natalitiis penitus serpentibus orbor;
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Quà sapiens, dos est; quà terram lambit et ambit,
Pestis; at in nostrâ fit medicina cruce
Serpens; fixa cruci si sit natura; crucique
A fixo nobis gratia tota fluat.
Omnia cum crux sint, crux anchora fixa, sigillum
Nontam dicendum hoc, quàm catechismus erit.
Mitto, nec exigua, exiguâ sub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiæ, et munera, vota, preces.
Plura tibi accumulet sanctus cognominis ille,
Regia qui flavo dona sigillat equo.

A Sheaf of Snakes used heretofore to my Seal, the Crest of our poor Family.

Adopted in God's family, and so
Our old coat lost, unto new arms I go.
The cross (my seal at baptism) spread below,
Does by that form into an anchor grow.
Crosses grow anchors: bear as thou shouldst do,
Thy cross, and that cross grows an anchor too.
But he that makes our crosses anchors thus
Is Christ, who there is crucified for us.
Yet may I, with this, my first serpents hold;
God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old.
The serpent may, as wise, my pattern be;
My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me:
And as he rounds the earth to murder sure,
My death he is, but on the cross my cure.
Crucify nature then, and then implore
All grace from him crucified there before.
When all is cross, and that cross anchor grown,
This seal is a catechism, not a seal alone.
Under that little seal great gifts I send,
Works, and prayers, pawns and fruits of a friend,
And may that saint which rides in our great seal
To you who bear his name great bounties deal.

In Sacram Anchoram Piscatoris, G. Herbert.

Quod crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi,
(Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
Tuîve Christum devocans facundia,
Ultra loquendi tempus: addit anchora:
Nec hoc abundè est tibi, nisi certæ anchoræ
Addas sigillum; nempe symbolum suæ
Tibi debet unde et terra certitudinis.

Quondam fessus Amor loquens amato,
Tot et tanta loquens amica, scripsit:
Tandem et fessa manus dedit sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta dolens lacerando recludi,
Sanctius in regno magni credebat amoris
(In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare sigillum!
Munde, fluas fugiasque licet, nos nostraque fixi.

Although the cross could not Christ here detain,
Though nailed unto it, but he ascends again,
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,
But only while thou speak'st; this anchor will:
Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
This certain anchor add a seal; and so
The water and the earth, both unto thee
Do owe the symbol of their certainty.

When love, being weary, made an end
Of kind expressions to his friend,
He writ; when his hand could write no more
He gave the seal, and so left o'er.

How sweet a friend was he who, being grieved
His letters were broke rudely up, believed
'Twas more secure in great love's common weal
(Where nothing should be broke) to add a seal!

Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure;
This holy cable is of all storms secure.

Translated out of Gazæus.

Vota Amico facto, fol. 160.

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
Thou who dost, best friend, in best things outshine:
May thy soul, ever cheerful, ne'er know cares;
Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs;
Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds;
Nor thy purse, ever plump, know plaits or folds;
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing;
Nor thy words, ever mild, know quarrelling;
Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise;
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies;
Nor thy prayers know low objects, still divine
God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

Hymn to God, my God, in my Sickness.

Since I am coming to that holy room
  Where with the choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music, as I come
  I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then think here before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
  Cosmographers, and I their mass, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown,
  That this is my south-west discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die.

I joy that in these straits I see my west;
  For though those currents yield return to none,
What shall my west hurt me? as west and east
  In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the resurrection.

Is the Pacific Sea my home? or are
  The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem,
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar?
  All straits, and none but straits are ways to them,
Whether where Japheth dwelt, or Cham, or Sem,

We think that paradise and calvary,
  Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
Look, Lord! and find both Adams met in me:
  As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So in his purple wrapped receive me, Lord!
  By these his thorns give me his holy crown;
And as to others' souls I preached thy Word,
  Be this my text, my sermon to mine own;
Therefore, that he may raise, the Lord throws down.

THE END.

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